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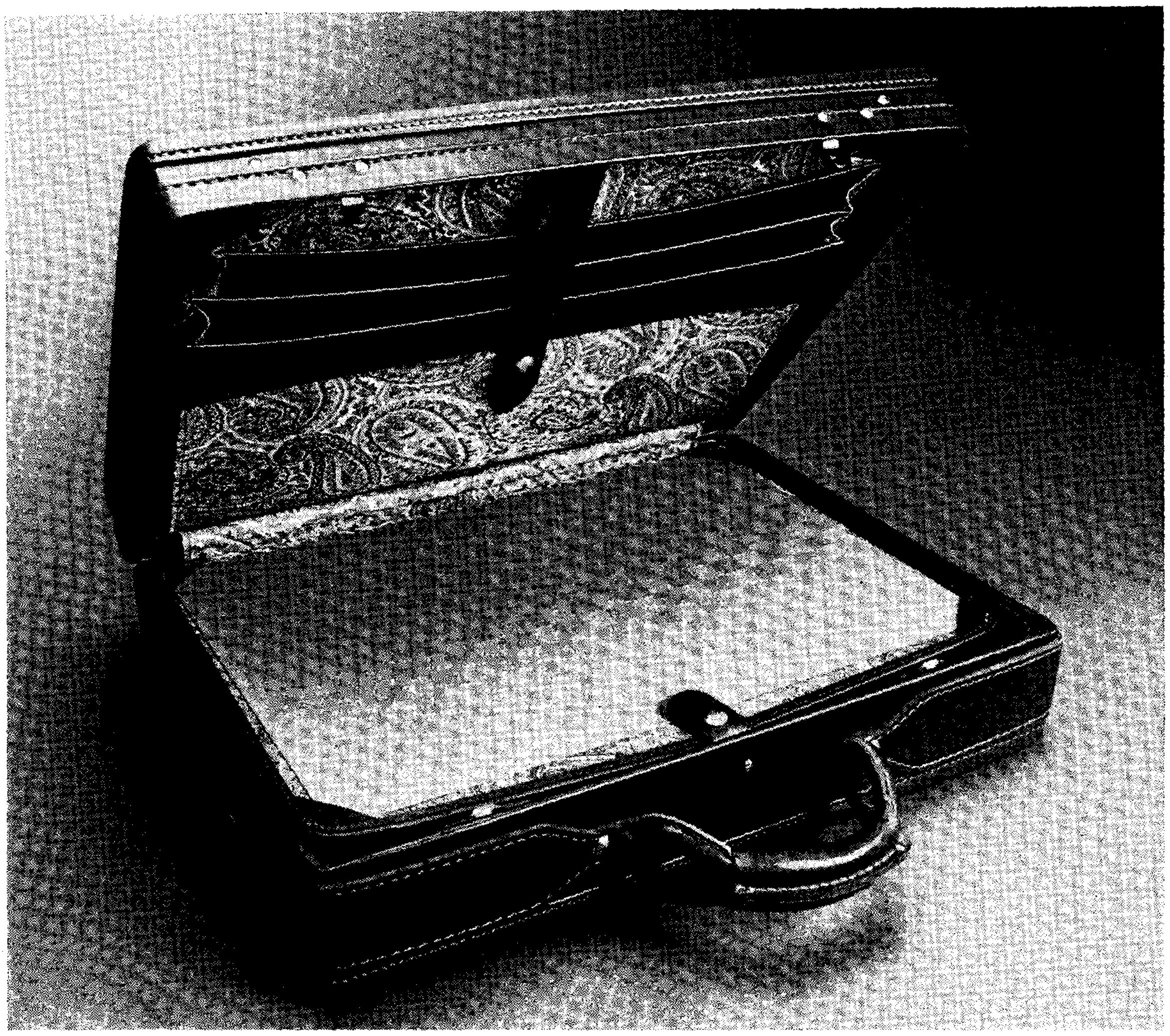

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—Admirable performances by Estelle Parsons, Julie Harris, et al., in an oddly dated play by Paul Zindel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Back Bog Beast Bait —A play by Sam Shepard. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 5.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A play by David Rabe. Preview Wednesday, May 19. Opens officially on Thursday, May 20, at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Homecoming—Janice Rule, Tony Tanner, and Eric Berry in a revival of Harold Pinter's play. Jerry Adler directed. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A smarmy little English comedy, starring Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lenny—A play by Julian Barry based on the life and words of Lenny Bruce. With Cliff Gorman, Tresa Hughes, and Jane House. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Tuesday, May 25. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 26. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A triumph. Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sophocles' **antigone:** A conscientious attempt to do justice to a very great play. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The School for Wives—A creditable, uninspired production of Molière's marvellous comedy. Brian Bedford plays the distracted cornutophobe. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—the metamorphoses: Some very good-looking and talented young people enacting some of the wittiest stories ever told. If that isn't a rarity, what is? Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **story theatre:** Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—a doll's house: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Wednesday, May 19, and Monday, May 24, through Wednesday, June

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COVER: *Ilonka Karasz*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Ed Fisher, Robert Day, Donald Reilly, Frank Modell, Everett Opie, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Richard Oldden, Robert Weber, Boris Drucker, William Steig, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman*

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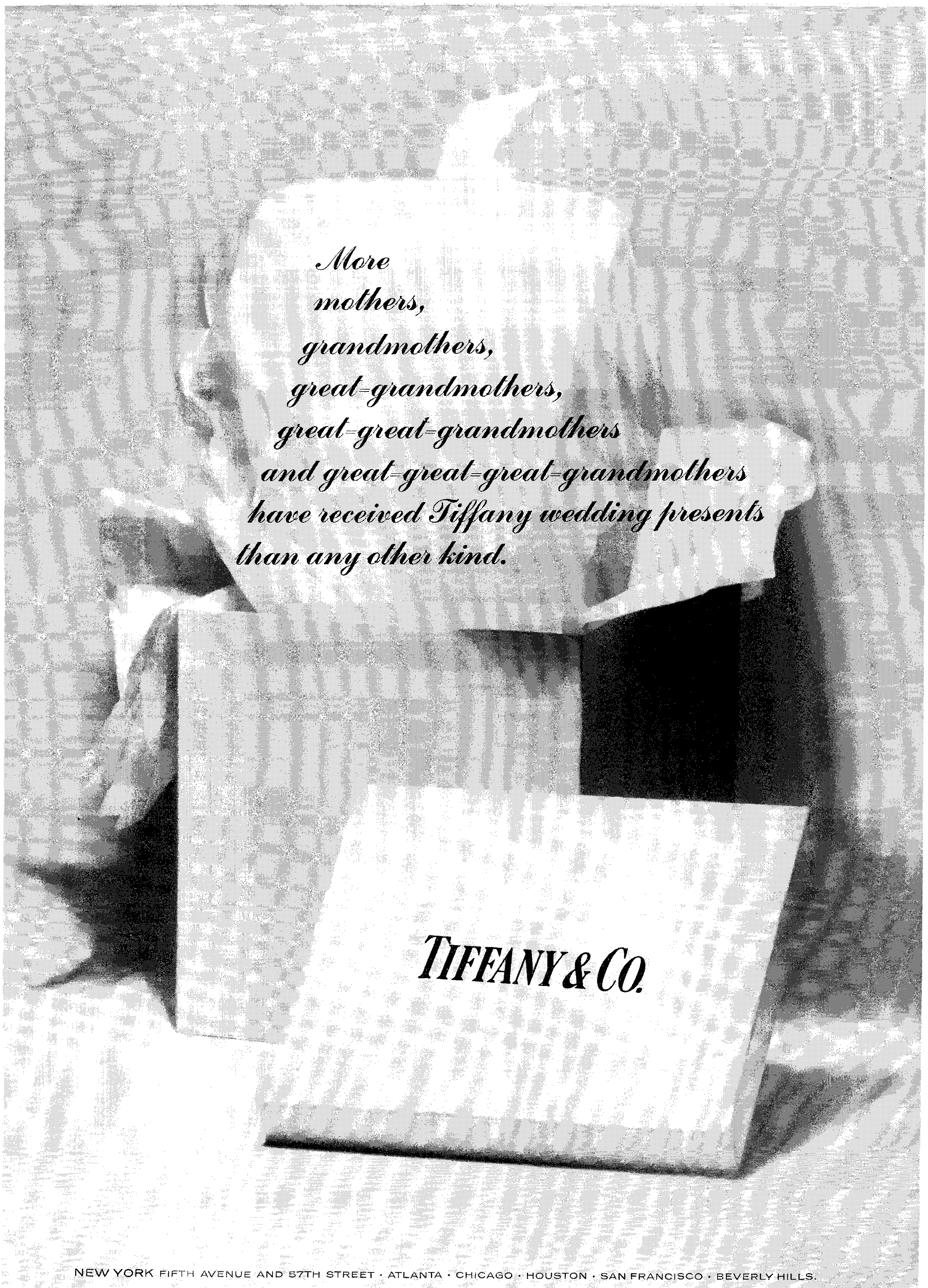
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WANDERERS—Mabel Mercer and Marian Mercer in six playlets taken from the stories of Eudora Welty. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Monday, May 24, and Monday, May 31, at 7:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

FOLLIES—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

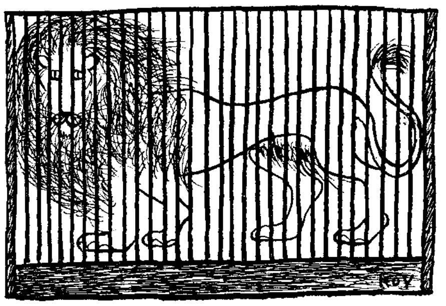
GODSPELL—A musical based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew, conceived by John-Michael Tebelak. Stephen Schwartz composed the score. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO, NO, NANETTE—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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TWO BY TWO—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Haines, who had been laughing guardedly, walked on beside Stephen and said: —We oughtn't to laugh, I suppose. He's rather blasphemous. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** I'm not a believer myself, that is to say. Still his gaiety takes the harm out of it somehow, doesn't it? What did he call it? Joseph the Joiner? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —The ballad of Joking Jesus, Stephen answered. —O, Haines said, you have heard it before? —Three times a day, after meals, Stephen said drily. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** There was only a small part of his estate that Sir Walter could dispose of; but had every acre been alienable, it would have made no difference. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** He had condescended to mortgage as far as he had the power, but he would never condescend to sell. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Moves on Tuesday, May 25, to the Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W., 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** No; he would never disgrace his name so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams and Howard Da Silva is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. Reopens Thursday, May 27. Previews Friday through Wednesday, May 21-26. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 19, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Dim Lustre," "Who Cares?," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 1: "Swan Lake," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 7: "Ballet Imperial," "Agon," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 25, at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Agon," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 26, at 8: "Fantasies," "Illuminations," "Octandre," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 8: "Dim Lustre" and "The Goldberg Variations" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 8: "Illuminations" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Octandre," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 19: "Eugene Onegin.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "The Catalyst," "Salade," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 21, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 22: "Eugene Onegin.". . . ¶ Monday evening, May 24: "The Catalyst," "Salade," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 25-26: "Mozart Concerto," "Divertissement," and "The Seasons.". . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 26: "The Taming of the Shrew.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 27-28, and Saturday matinée, May 29: "The Taming of the Shrew.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 29: "Mozart Concerto," "Divertissement," and "The Seasons." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Metallics," "Sight Seeing" (première), "Footnotes," and "Pain.". . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Pain," "Footnotes," "Fatal Birds," and "Era.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "Cut Flowers," "Palomas," "Era," and "Sight Seeing." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—A continuous march-past, two by two, of animals, clowns, tumblers, and other rare specimens. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Monday, May 24, singer and composer Kris Kristofferson does some of the songs he writes about hitchhiking, jailhouses,

You've heard of creating fashion waves?

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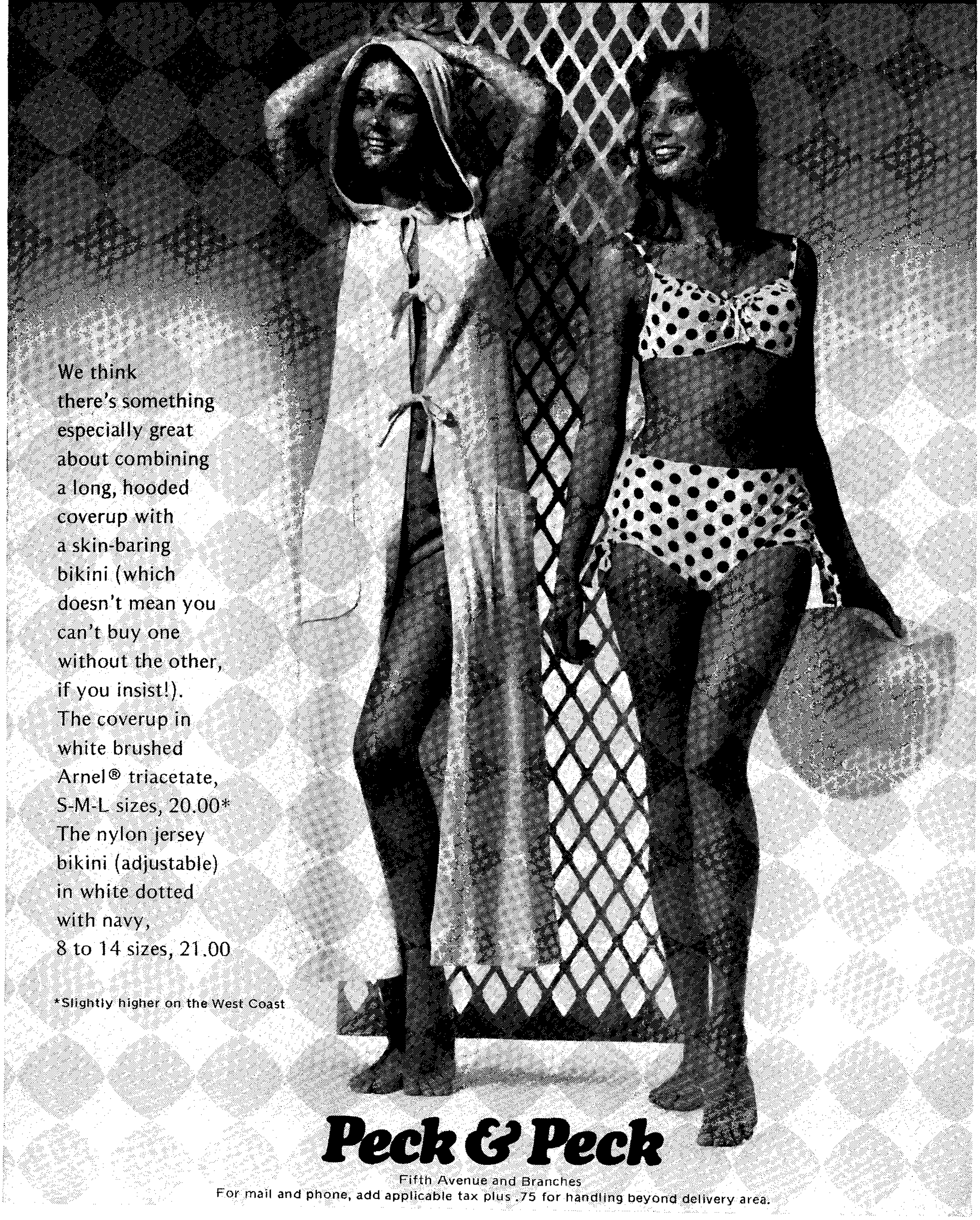

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and the like. Carly Simon sings opposite him. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A recent addition to the jazz-and-soul-food scene. This one provides music and meals in a softly lighted, often crowded setting. Pianist Norman Simmons, with a bassist, plays each Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursdays through Sundays, May 20-23 and May 27-30, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. Through Sunday, May 23, Jan Hammer will be handling the electric piano, while Gene Perla plays bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—What better setting for the sound of music than this well-lit forum? There are folk songs by Susan Reed and jazz piano by Sammy Price. They're in action from eight until one. Sundays, Dill Jones plays piano from seven to twelve. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

Gaslight au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this recently opened coffeehouse (known, in an earlier incarnation, as the Café au Go Go) ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. At the moment, drummer Tony Williams leads his high-intensity Lifetime, and flutist Jeremy Steig heads a quartet. On Tuesday, May 25, old pro Dizzy Gillespie will move in with some musician friends. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an attenuated version of soul food. Through Sunday, May 23, the brothers Leon (guitar) and Lisle (bass) Atkinson will be teaming up. Wednesday through Sunday, May 26-30, Carl Thompson will work with a bassist. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The well-schooled rhythm section here includes Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. One or another horn player will abet them through Sunday, May 23. On Tuesday, May 25, the J.P.J. Quartet (with Budd Johnson, Oliver Jackson, Bill Pemberton, and Dill Jones) will arrive. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Jimmy McPartland and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, trumpeter Eddie Gale will lead a quartet. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, a tenor player named Yaya will conduct a foursome. Sundays and Mondays the Quartet Noire takes the stand. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another synthetic museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band makes whoopee from nine until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A group called Circle, with Chick Corea, Barry Altschul, David Holland, and Anthony Braxton, will be onstage through Sunday, May 23. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: the Mose Allison trio plays blues-oriented jazz until Tuesday, May 25, when Ahmad Jamal comes along with his trio. On Mondays, the regulars rest, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when Symphony Sid presents Latin jazz bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rhythm is in the ascendancy, as Mongo Santamaria uses his congas and bongos to propel his septet into various Latin modes. On Tuesday, May 25, reed man Pharoah Sanders (who leans toward mystically oriented Asian, African, American music) will bring in his quintet. On Sunday, May 23, from five to nine, a six-piece band called the Jazz Contemporaries will play before the nightly session. Mondays are reserved for the block-busting and highly accomplished Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, May 23, cornettist Wild Bill Davison will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

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DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by Cody Marshall, who sings. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with Emmis. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance, but these days it is open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The port of entry for many of the most *furioso* acrobats of the Latin world. For the record, the occupants are a troupe of flamenco singers and dancers. There will be further contributions, starting Thursday, May 20, by composer-singer-pianist Armando Manzanero of Mexico. . . . ¶ Down the hall is an alcove assigned—between the hours of eight and four every night—to the guitar of Ramon y Barra, wherefore the alcove subtly becomes an Alhambra. On Thursday, May 20, the Tablao Flamenco will succeed Señor y Barra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 26, is the last night for Bobby Vinton, the sort of lordly troubadour for the newest generations. From then on, this place will give you the Pips; that is, Gladys Knight and the Pips, who will sing their (and your) heads off. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**La Forêt:** The kings and queens are in their countinghouse eating bread and honey—the

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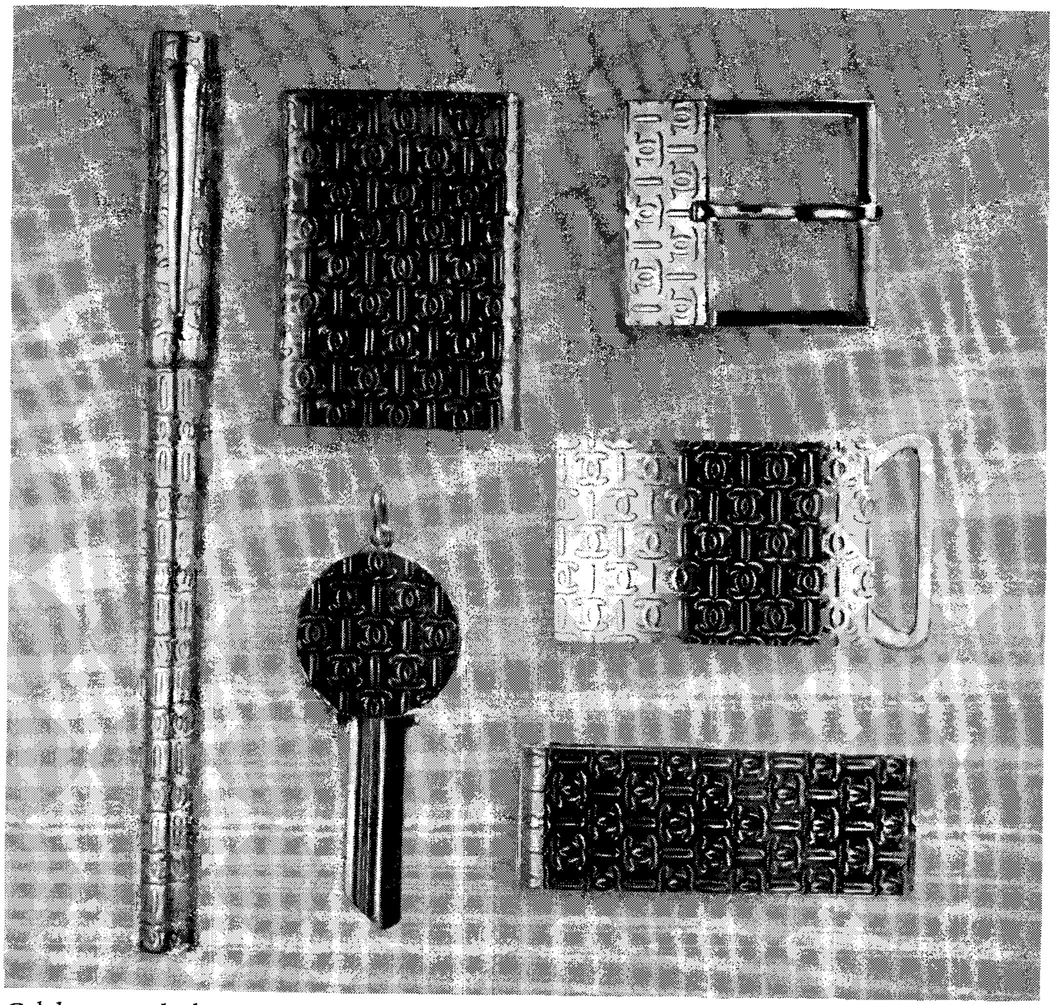

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bread Parisian, the honey Phil Wayne's great and ingenious little band, which is Debussy with a beat. Other sets of musicians help it keep going until two; after that, the music is all tape-measured. The one disappointment is that this woodland is closed down Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Dancing every night in the mannerly **CAFÉ**, as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tuesday, May 25, is departure time in the **PERSIAN ROOM** for Charlie Manna, who lives by his own wit, not the wits of others, and the Burgundy Street Singers. On Wednesday, May 26, Doc Severinsen's band will become the showpiece, and during dinner and supper sounds of definitely jazz origin will pervade the stately hall. Opening night, the band will appear only at ten-fifteen. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **EDWARDIAN ROOM** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Promenade deck with a view. Memories stir, and so do quite a lot of estimable songs-with-piano when Hazel Scott takes her place at dinner and supper. The rest of the evening, Sy Oliver, sort of a master builder for one band after another, puts himself, his trumpet, his voice, and his men to good use. On Monday, May 24, Frankie Avalon takes over, and songs with a touch of spring and about young men's thoughts lightly turning will thenceforth be issued during mealtimes. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively and long: buffet dinner, plus piano, from five-thirty until nine every night in the **OAK ROOM**; dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **MAISONETTE** (a dance band); last of all, a late-evening session in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** by the guitar duo of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli and vocalist Peter Dean. The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, La Boite and the Maisonette on Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM**, during the course of dinner and supper, there is great activity by Paul Anka, just about the best of the more youthful minstrels-with-a-band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, Orpheus of the Overworld, arrives around ten with his playmates, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to perform his lays of modern Rome, Paris, London, the Riviera, and New York. Closed Sundays and Mondays and Friday and Saturday, May 28-29. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, epitome of the Angry Young Woman, blows her top (and sometimes everyone's mind) in conversation pieces sprinkled with occasional notes of cheer. Never before nine-thirty, or on Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking starts at eleven-fifteen. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks, the leader of which is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after ten, sits Jacques Kayal at his piano, to sing in the native French; over here is the maitre d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE**, 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): If pub-crawling is the exercise the doctor ordered, this oddball salon might as well be included. Dan Ruskin, the one-time pianist of Chucks' Composite, is on duty from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.

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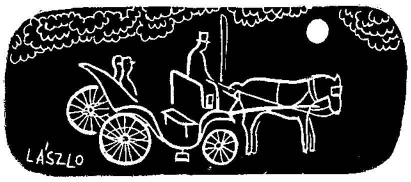
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old watering place, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. An instrumental and vocal trio provide the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S**, 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage, their carefully curtailed synopsis of "The Boys from Syracuse," that well-remembered Rodgers and Hart musical, and set it forth with drive, dint, and delight. At seven-thirty and nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, plus an eleven-thirty extra Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Dan Edwards, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this duplex. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Mondays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

YAACOV AGAM—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in Paris; through May 31. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Heads, horses, and figures in bronze and terra cotta by a veteran New York sculptor known for his work in plaster; through June 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOANNIS AVRAMIDIS—The first one-man show in New York of figurative sculptures, many of them large, and working drawings by a Russian who studied in Vienna; through June 12. (Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BARDAZZI—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract canvases incorporating acrylics and charcoal; through June 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARIANE R. BERMAN—Figurative paintings;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, May 29. (Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Bontecou—Sculptures, drawings, and lithographs by this prominent constructionist; through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Check Boterf—Seven shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Braun—Paintings that speculate about characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; through Saturday, May 29. (Misrachi, 780 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clarence Carter—Paintings by an American identified during the past thirty years with Magic Realism and Surrealism; through June 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Moshe Elzaar Castel—Relief paintings by an Israeli artist who uses calligraphy to represent impressions of the Middle East; starting Thursday, May 20. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Ciarrochi—The first one-man show in New York of the artist's realistic landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through June 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Couture—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century artist who taught many Americans; through June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roberto Crippa—Abstract landscapes in collage and paint on wood; through Friday, May 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vieira da Silva—Paintings by this prize-winning post-Cubist who works in Paris; through June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Charles Dufresne (1876-1936)—Paintings by a contemporary of Matisse and Picasso; through Friday, May 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Long, narrow, horizontal paintings by a follower of the color-field movement; through Tuesday, May 25. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antonio Frasconi—Boxes containing pictures and objects related to Venice; through Friday, May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Gibbs—Soft horizontal and vertical stripes; through June 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morris Graves—A retrospective exhibit of drawings by this West Coast veteran; through Saturday, May, 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Harvey—Groups of figures reminiscent of the twenties and thirties, against geometric backgrounds; through Saturday, May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935) **and Ernest Lawson** (1873-1939)—Paintings by the well-known American Impressionists; through June 5. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Milton Hebald—Figurative bronze sculptures and low reliefs; through June 8. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Golf in the twenties as seen in watercolor by the late cartoonist; through June 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Douglas Huebler—Photographs relating to projects of a conceptualist; starting Saturday, May 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ingres (1780-1867)—A benefit showing of a hundred and fifty drawings done by Ingres in Rome; through Saturday, May 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Robert Irwin—Two twelve-foot cast-acrylic shafts; through Saturday May 29. (101 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Early drawings and watercolors by this Expressionist; through Friday, May 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Abstractly conceived figurative paintings; through Saturday, May 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs centering on an allegorical theme; through Saturday, May 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Collage paintings by a German husband-and-wife team of post-First World War experimentalists; through June 5. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Modell—Drawings and constructions; through May 31. (Zingale, 1057 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in rich color; starting Saturday, May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Welded and painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; through June 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso, Braque, and Gris—Works presented in connection with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum and the coinciding Cubist exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through June 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gio Pomodoro—Sculptures by a Milanese contemporary; through June 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Renouf—Paintings with a diamond motif by a former sculptor; through Wednesday, May 26. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

George Rickey—Constructions by a leading kinetic sculptor; through June 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maynard Sandol—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Sellers—Sculptures based on simple geometrical forms; through Saturday, May 22. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

Lucy Steig—Landscapes, figures, and fantasies in oil; through May 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

William Talbot—Abstract sculptures in concrete with electronically activated lights; through Saturday, May 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marie Taylor and Toko Shinoda—Stone sculptures of animals by the first and sumi ink drawings by the second; through Friday, May 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joyce Treiman—Oil paintings of figures in interiors; through Friday, May 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Weinrib—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through June 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Ingratiating still-lifes; through Saturday, May 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Sculptures, including three large works in raw steel for outdoors; through June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Woodward—Paintings of rural subjects; through Saturday, May 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Mario Yrisarry and Paul von Ringelheim—Geometric paintings and drawings by the former and abstract monumental sculptures by the latter; through Saturday, May 29. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1971 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; through May 30. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.:

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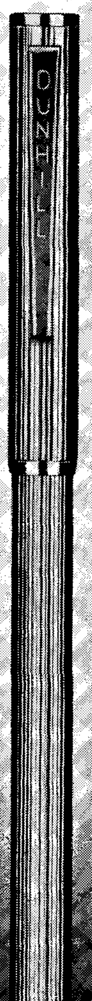

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paintings by six younger artists; through June 30. . . . **FLATSFIXED**, 453 West Broadway: Works by four young artists using odd materials and techniques; through June 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings by about thirty-five contemporary Americans—de Kooning, di Suvero, Goodnough, Gottlieb, Guston, Johns, Lieberman, Newman, and Oldenburg, for example; through June 23. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American watercolors and drawings; through Saturday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, including Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; through Saturday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by gallery artists, among them Bishop, Cadmus, Mayhew, Thon, and Vickrey; through June 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: A gallery group of painters and sculptors, among whom are Brandt, Cavallon, Ferren, John Little, Mehring, Crovello, and Kipp; starting Tuesday, May 25. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through Saturday, May 22.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, May 21, and continuing through Sunday, June 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Velázquez, "Juan de Pareja," is now being shown. . . . ¶ More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 8. Complements to this show are the exhibits of Cubist painters at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ A major exhibition presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred outstanding items from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred objects—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through June 1. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE**: The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty pieces done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; through June 6. . . . ¶ Thirty-six Cubist paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; through June 6. Complements to this show are "The Cubist Epoch" show at the Metropolitan Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Caricatures, landscapes, and figure studies in oil and watercolor by David Levine, and portraits, including White House studies, and figures in oil, charcoal, and pastel by Aaron Shikler; through Sunday, May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"A Rainbow of East African Butterflies" recently acquired by the Museum and enhancing its collection of over fourteen million insects; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through Friday, May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—"Ancient Mayan Calligraphy," a display of about eighty-five examples of Mayan art, most of them funerary vases; through June 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. . . . ¶ More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films by British artists. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—One large collage presenting symbols of the situation of blacks and of America, also sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Benny Andrews, through June 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and

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"As a final trial, the watch was lowered on the end of a steel wire to a depth of 400 feet, double the maximum depth to which it was possible to dive with independent compressed-air equipment. After an hour of this test no water had infiltrated into the watch."

From an underwater photographer in New Guinea:

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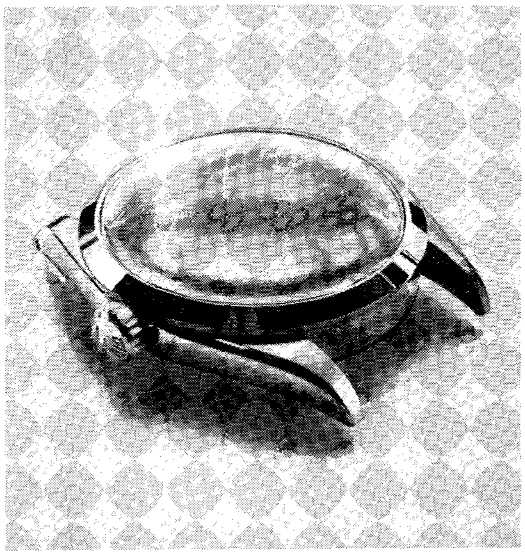

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"Our first check on the time broadcast by Radio Delhi in early January proved that both Harrop's Rolex and mine were within seconds of the correct time after five months away from civilisation."

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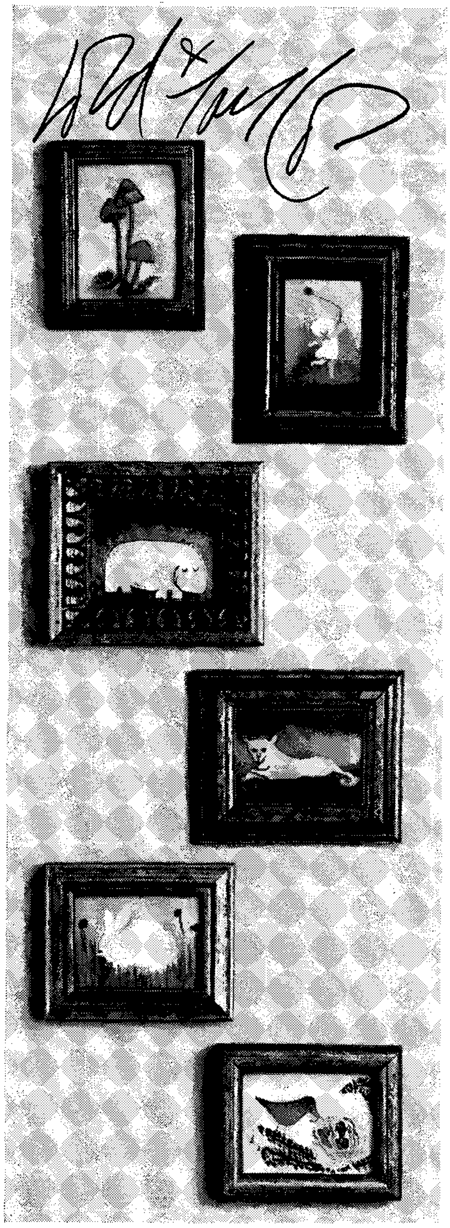

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the première of Hall Overton's "Huckleberry Finn," based on the novel, with a libretto by the composer and Judah Stampfer. Directed by William Woodman, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Thursday, May 20, and Saturday, May 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Hunter College Opera Theatre—The New York première of "Horspfal," with music by Eric Stokes and a libretto by Alvin Greenberg. Conducted by Thomas Nee and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30; Thursday, May 27, at 8:40; and Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, June 12—"Venice Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 8:30 (with Anna Moffo, soprano, and Aaron Rosand, violin); "Salute to Spring Promenade" on Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, and Tuesday, May 25, all at 8:30 (with Raymond Lewenthal, piano); a repeat performance of the "Venice Promenade" on Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30; and "Invitation to the Dance" Thursday through Saturday, May 27-29, at 8:30 (with Edward Villella and Anna Aragno, dancers).

Senior Concert Orchestra of Local 802—David Mendoza conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 23, at 2:30.)

Sarah Lawrence College Chorus and Princeton University Glee Club—A joint concert, with Harold Aks and Walter Mollner directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, May 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band—William D. Revelli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Abbott Ruskin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 8.)

Verda Erman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooks Tillotson—French horn, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Henry Schuman; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30.)

Käbi Laretei—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 27, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Leon Russell, Taj Mahal, and Donny Hathaway—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Sunday, May 20-23, at 8.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons—With Morty Storm III. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.

Bobby Jones-Kenny Dorham Ensemble—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, May 28, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Lee Michaels, Fanny, and Humble Pie—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, May 21, at 8:05; Saturday, May 22, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 23, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25-26, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. California, Friday, May 28, at 8, and Saturday, May 29, at 2.

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. Saturday, May 22.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 19, and Saturday, May 22.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 22. . . . **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 24, through Saturday, June 26. The Edgemere Handicap, Monday, May 24, and the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 31.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, May 22. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Monday, May 24, through Thursday, July 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "On Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, May 22, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty paintings by children of Italy; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "On the Shoulders of Giants." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Hugo and Josephine," a Swedish film with English dialogue, Saturday, May 29, at 11. . . . ¶ "Vacation in the Clouds," a Czech film with English dialogue, Saturday, May 29, at 3. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** A child's world, where everything is built to size and where the small visitors may pet the rabbits, lambs, and other friendly animals. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, May 21), the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, May 25), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, *Mondays through Fridays. (General* Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—In **CITY HALL PARK:** The first two programs in a series of readings. Mayor John V. Lindsay, Helen Chasin, Galway Kinnell, *Stephen Stepanchev,* and May Swenson. (Friday, May 21, at noon.) . . . ¶ Carol Clemmons, Audre Lorde, and Raymond Patterson. (Thursday, May 27, at 12:30.) . . . **MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB:** Howard Moss, Isabella Gardner, Kevin McCarthy, and Micki Grant reading from the works of Mr. Moss and Miss Gardner. (321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Friday, May 21, at 8:30.) . . . **BRYANT PARK,** Sixth Ave. at

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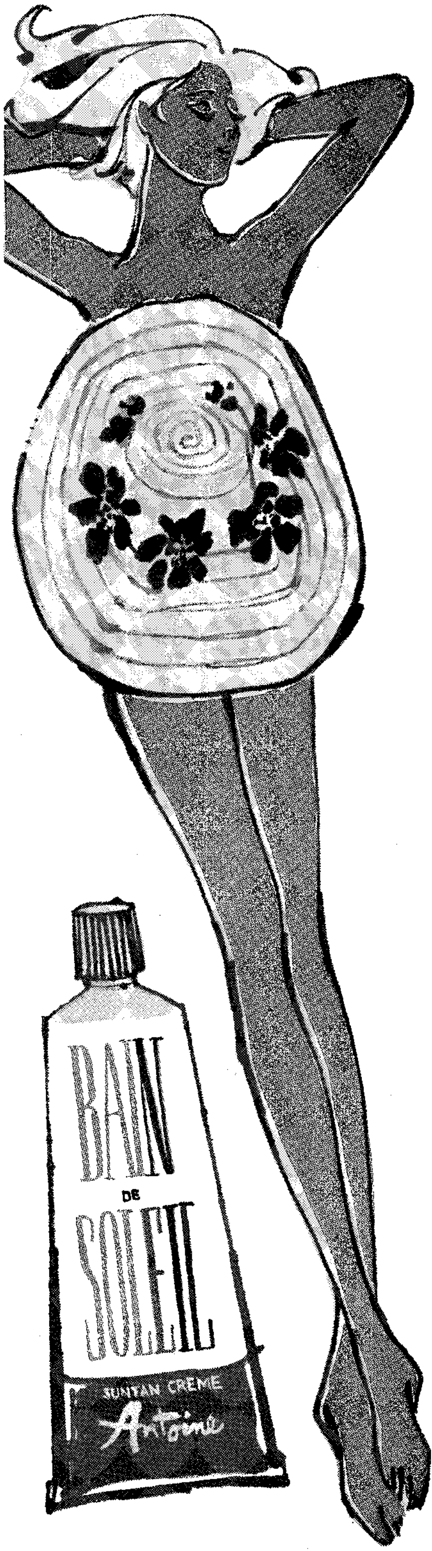

42nd St.: The first program in a series of readings. Michael Benedikt, Allan Kaplan, Frank Lima, and David Shapiro. (Wednesday, May 26, at 12:30.)

The Great Outdoors—The roadways in Central Park will be closed to vehicles between eleven and three, Wednesday through Friday, May 19-21, and Monday and Tuesday, May 24-25, to permit strollers to walk unencumbered by exhaust fumes and traffic noises. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 20, at 2: Old-master and English paintings by Gainsborough, Rubens, and others; from numerous collections. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental art, including snuff bottles and early dynastic pottery and porcelain; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Kosed and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: American furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 25, at 10:15: Books on Americana, travel, aeronautics, and ballooning, together with maps, paintings, drawings, and prints; from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 25, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 26, at 2: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 21. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 2: Post-Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 22.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969), directed by Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2: "I Am Curious—Blue" (1967), a Swedish film, directed by Vilgot Sjöman. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5:30: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1967) and "I Am Curious—Blue" (1967), both in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Georg" (1964), directed by Stanton Kaye. . . . ¶ May 22 at 11:30: "Fièvre" (1921), directed by Louis Delluc, no titles; and "El Dorado" (1921), directed by Marcel l'Herbier, with French flash titles. . . . ¶ May 22 at 3 and 5:30: "Hellz-a-Poppin" (1941), directed by H. C. Potter, with Olsen and Johnson. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2 and 5:30: "The Projectionist" (1971), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann. . . . ¶ May 24 at 12:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride and Bob Maurice. . . . ¶ May 24 at 6 and May 25 at 2: "Point of Order!" (1964), a documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954, compiled by Emile de Antonio and Daniel Talbot. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5:30: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Coming Apart" (1969), directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg, with Rip Torn and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2 and 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride and Bob Maurice. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "The Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), in Russian, directed by Dziga Vertov; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through June 2.

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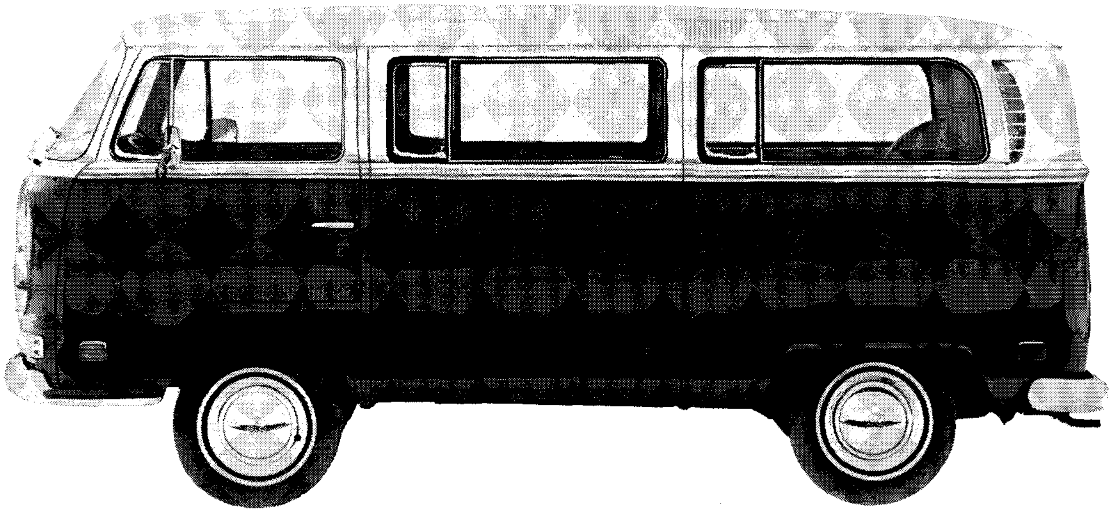

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 25 (tentative): "Cactus Flower" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."
From May 26 (tentative): "Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 25: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Yellow Submarine."
From May 26: "A New Leaf."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 25: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."
From May 26: "The Love Goddesses."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 23: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Romance."
May 24-27: "Two-Faced Woman" and "The Painted Veil."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 27 (tentative): "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Dirtymouth."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Sky at Morning."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse" and "My Night at Maud's."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Bed and Board."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 20: "Yours, Mine and Ours" and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming."
From May 21 (tentative): "The Confession."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 25: "Little Murders."
From May 26: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 25: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" and "The Out-of-Towners."
From May 26: "Big Jake."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Guess What We Learned in School Today?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 25: "Mrs. Pollifax—Spy" and "Yellow Submarine."
From May 26: "Support Your Local Gunfighter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
May 19: "Tropic of Cancer" and "The Italian Job."
From May 20: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 25: "Bed and Board" and "Stolen Kisses."
From May 26: "Claire's Knee."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 25: "THX 1138."
From May 26: "A New Leaf."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Most Dangerous Game" and "Dead of Night."
Through May 26: "Z" and "Putney Swope."
From May 27: "Une Femme Douce."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 25: To be announced.
From May 26: "The Confession."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 19: "Poppy" and "The Old-Fashioned Way."
May 20-24: W. C. Fields shorts.
From May 25: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "The Immortal Story."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 25: "The Beguiled."
From May 26: "When Eight Bells Toll."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
May 19: "The Saga of the Taira Clan" and "Chikamatzu Monogatari."
May 20: "Woman in the Dunes."
May 21: "Children of Paradise."
May 22: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
May 23: A program of Greek films.
May 24-26: "The Sword of Doom."
From May 27: "Kuroneko" and "Sanjuro."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 25: "Lawrence of Arabia."
From May 26: "Big Jake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 25: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."
From May 26: "The Barefoot Executive."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 25: "Derby."
From May 26: "The Cop."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 25: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."
From May 26: "The Love Goddesses."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through May 25: "Bed and Board" and "Stolen Kisses."
From May 26: "Claire's Knee."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Red Sky at Morning."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 25: "Pretty Maids All in a Row" and "The Gypsy Moths."
From May 26: "The Barefoot Executive."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 25: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
From May 26: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 25: "Cactus Flower" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."
From May 26: "Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 19: "Report from China" and three short films.
May 20: "Little Caesar" and "Strawberry Blonde."
May 21: "Strawberry Blonde" and "The General."
May 22: "The General" and "Go Into Your Dance."
May 23: "Go Into Your Dance" and "West Side Story."
May 24: "West Side Story" and "Jimmy the Gent."
May 25: "Jimmy the Gent" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."
May 26: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Outward Bound."
May 27: "Outward Bound" and "The African Queen."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 25: "The McKenzie Break" and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."
From May 26: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 20: "The Horse's Mouth" and "The Battle of the Sexes."
May 21-24: "The Thief of Bagdad" and "Love Happy."
May 25-27: "My Uncle" and "My Wife's Husband."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 25: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."
From May 26: "The Confession."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked river-boat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of director John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt, so it's no wonder that the captain finds her funny and irresistible. It's a great comedy-romance. (New Yorker; May 27.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this explosive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Cinema I.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Symphony; starting May 26.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

The Barefoot Executive—With Kurt Russell, directed by Robert Butler. (Guild and Cinema Studio; starting May 26.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings in a foreseeable but still quite funny comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. English, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia; through May 20.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "endearing." In French. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Waverly and Lincoln Art, through May 25.)

The Beguiled—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War story as a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles run by Geraldine Page. A peculiar sort of late-Gothic picture, and pretty misogynistic, but

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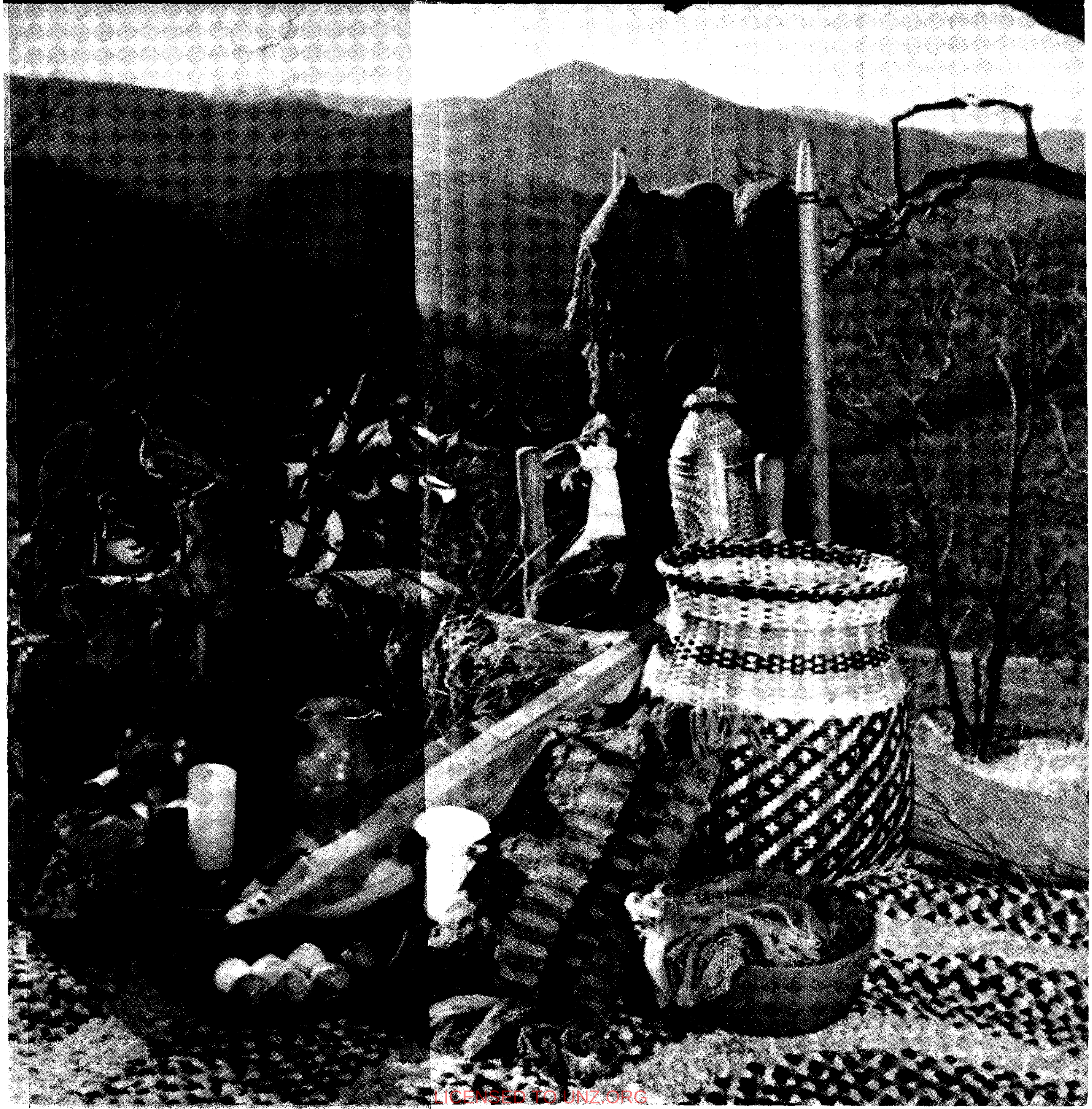

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the performances are O.K. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 25.)

Big Jake—With John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Orpheum and Rivoli; starting May 26.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 25. . . . ¶ Charles; through May 25, tentative.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. (Regency; through May 25.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Regency; through May 25.)

Cactus Flower (1969)—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 25. . . . ¶ Charles; through May 25, tentative.)

Chikamatzu Monogatari (1954)—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 19.)

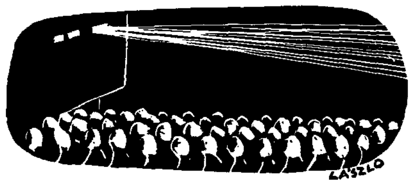
Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bijou Cinema; May 21.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Waverly and Lincoln Art; starting May 26.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. (In English at the Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting May 21, tentative. . . . ¶ In French at the Greenwich and Midtown; starting May 26.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)



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The Cop—With Michel Bouquet, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting May 26.)

Dead of Night (1946)—A series of eerie episodes that includes everything from Death disguised as a bus driver to a ventriloquist's dummy that succeeds in dominating its master. (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 26.)

Derby—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through May 25.)

Dirtymouth—Bernie Travis as Lenny Bruce, directed by Herbert Altman. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Dreams That Money Can Buy (1948)—A Hans Richter Surrealist film. (Bijou Cinema; May 22.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Gramercy; through May 25.)

Une Femme Douce—With Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin, directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 27.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Elgin; May 20-24.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 26. . . . ¶ Charles; starting May 26, tentative.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. To be seen at all costs. (New Yorker; May 21-22.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren, also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (New Yorker; May 22-23.)

Guess What We Learned in School Today?—About sex education in school. Directed by John Avildsen, who directed "Joe." (Loew's Ciné.)

The Gypsy Moths (1969)—Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman, and Scott Wilson as three exhibition parachutists risking their lives to earn a poorish living out of small-town audiences hungry for the spectacle of risk-taking. Very well directed by John Frankenheimer, the acting as finely as the action sequences. (Cinema Studio; through May 25.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gulley Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thomas). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid; Renée Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about non-conformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Thalia; through May 20.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Elgin; starting May 25.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 26. . . . ¶ Charles; starting May 26, tentative.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. (Guild; through May 25.)

The Italian Job (1969)—Michael Caine is a handsome ex-con with all the ideas and none of the loot. He breaks *into* prison to meet Noël Coward to get financial backing. Noël Coward wears his usual smoking-jacket—what else, even if we are in prison? The climax literally hangs on a cliff. Enjoyable. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 19.)

Jimmy the Gent (1934)—We are watching a Michael Curtiz film of 1934, and Jimmy is James Cagney, so the gentlemanizing of Jimmy is fairly wry. It is done for the sake of Bette Davis, the eternal sadist; Cagney as her matching masochist is a funny idea. (New Yorker; May 24-25.)

Kuroneko (1968)—Directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting May 27.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 25.)

The Landlord—There are some engaging moments in Hal Ashby's film, which shows a rich white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Juliet 2.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli; through May 25.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (New Yorker; May 20.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (U. A. East; through May 25.)

The Love Goddesses (1965)—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines, astonishingly various in their beauty, dress, and deportment. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 26.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Thalia; May 21-24.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

The McKenzie Break—Brian Keith in an entertaining adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Symphony; through May 25.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Bijou Cinema; May 22.)

Mrs. Pollifax–Spy—Rosalind Russell is a matron spy from New Jersey. The born masochist has to ride a mule in Albania and take the bullet out of a more sophisticated spy's leg with an unsterilized knife. Mild fun for Rosalind Russell collectors. Directed by Leslie Martinson. (86th St. East; through May 25.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—A suspense story, with Joel McCrea and Leslie Banks, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack. (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 26.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Midtown; through May 25. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 27, tentative.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle, intermittently inventive satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia; May 25-27.)

My Wife's Husband (1965)—Labyrinthine French farce, tirelessly complex and trivial, with Fernandel and Bourvil. There is one quite funny scene about a waterside restaurant near Marseille being visited on an off day by a representative of the *Guide Michelin*. In French. (Thalia; May 25-27.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; starting May 26.)

The Old-Fashioned Way (1934)—W. C. Fields and (Lord preserve us) Baby Le Roy. (Elgin; May 19.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Orpheum; through May 25.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Out-of-Towners (1970)—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Orpheum; through May 25.)

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Outward Bound (1930)—With Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., directed by Robert Milton. (New Yorker; May 26-27.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslawsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall as her husband and George Brent as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Murray Hill; May 24-27.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields did not write this script on the back of an envelope. It was a play first, and then some ladies and gentlemen adapted it and wrote it all out, and Fields was given sticky-sweet, cow-eyed Rochelle Hudson for a daughter, and she was given sticky-sweet, cow-eyed Richard Cromwell for a sweetheart, and really they're not the sort of people Fields should be mucking around with. Still, he has his moments as con man Eustace McGargle. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Elgin; May 19.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (Cinema Studio; through May 25.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (Symphony; through May 25.)

Red Sky at Morning—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (Beekman and Paramount.)

Report from China (1967)—Red China, seen with precision by a Japanese woman documentary filmmaker called Toshie Tokieda. The commentary is crass and doesn't match the wit or the exactness of her eye. (New Yorker; May 19.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Elgin; starting May 25.)

Romance (1930)—With Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon, directed by Clarence Brown. (Murray Hill; through May 23.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through May 20.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

The Saga of the Taira Clan (1954)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 19.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting May 27.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly and Lincoln Art; through May 25.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," that play of life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (New Yorker; May 20-21.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (New Yorker; May 25-26.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly fatuous, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Support Your Local Gunfighter—A Western, with James Garner and Suzanne Pleshette, directed by Burt Kennedy. (86th St. East; starting May 26.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (Murray Hill; through May 23.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star actor of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (Art.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 24-26.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

10 Rillington Place—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Baronet.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Thalia; May 21-24.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 25.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 25.)

TRISTANA—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. (Guild; through May 25.)

TROPIC OF CANCER (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immortal Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 19.)

TWO-FACED WOMAN (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Murray Hill; May 24-27.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Trans-Lux East.)

WATERLOO—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

WEST SIDE STORY (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (New Yorker; May 23-24.)

WHEN EIGHT BELLS TOLL—A suspense thriller, with Anthony Hopkins and Robert Morley, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. Directed by Etienne Perier. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 26.)

WHERE'S POPPA?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Juliet 2.)

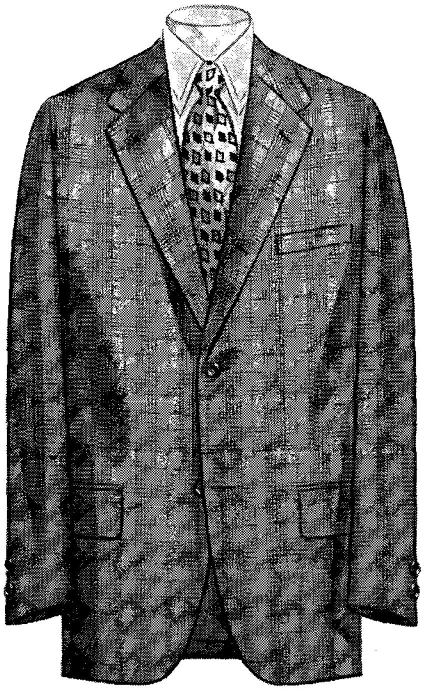
THE WILD BUNCH (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Symphony; starting May 26.)

WOMAN IN THE DUNES (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; May 20.)

WOMEN IN LOVE—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Midtown; through May 25. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 27, tentative.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Gramercy and 86th St. East; through May 25.)

YOURS, MINE AND OURS (1968)—Sex comedy that reaches peaks previously unscaled in nonsexiness and noncomedy. The gag is that Henry Fonda and Lucille Ball, between them, already have a colossal number of children, and then make a gurgling little mistake in blue or pink—one forgets which—at an age that is supposed to be hysterical. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through May 20.)



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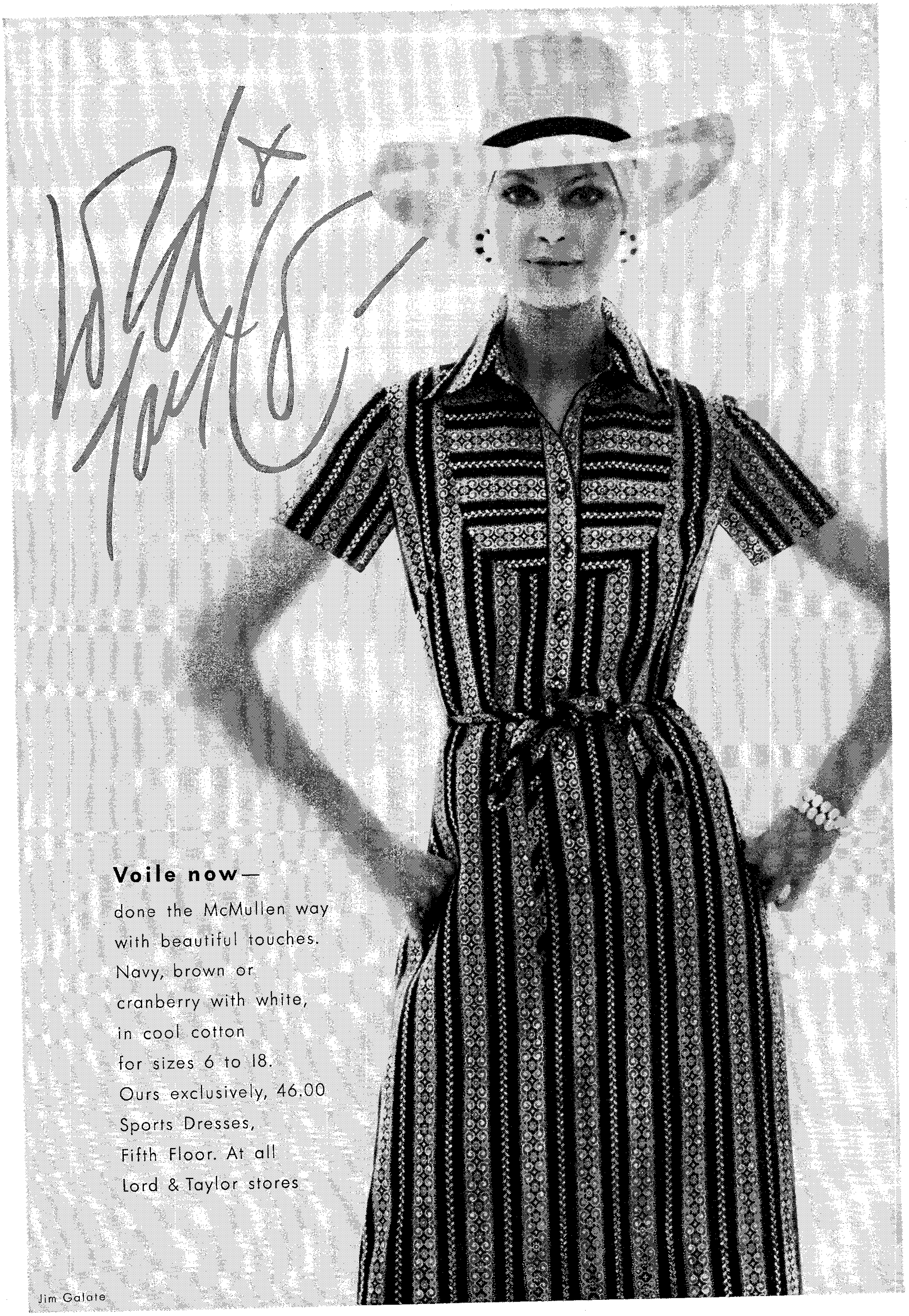

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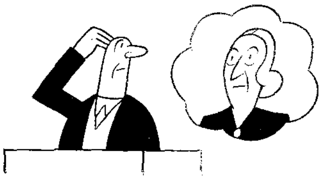
THE NEW YORKER

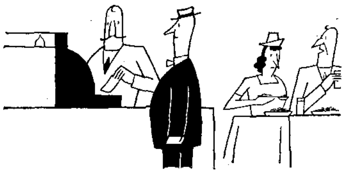
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

YOU might think it would be easy enough for a politician to say a few eloquent words about Mother's Day, and perhaps it once was. As with so many things these days, the instinct that once made it all so easy seems to have died, and no amount of conscious thought and effort can set things right again. On this past Mother's Day, for example, President Nixon came up, in part, with "Throughout this nation's history, American mothers have played a very special role—helping to pioneer the land, enriching our community life, and bringing deeper meaning to the lives of their husbands and children." You can't argue with this, but there's still something wrong with it. Deeper than what? Deeper than if there weren't any American mothers? His defense of mothers seems strangely haunted by its inconceivable opposite: a world without mothers. There's a lot more that might be said in this vein, if anyone cared to say it. "Fathers and sons have played a special role, too," some politician might point out. And he could go on to say, "In fact, human beings generally have contributed enormously to this nation's history—tilling the land, bringing deeper meaning to community life, and so on. And let's not forget the planet Earth, which has continued faithfully to revolve around the sun, and which has enriched our lives so much; and let's not forget the sun, moon, and stars, which have had a special role of their own to play. The ground underfoot, the sky overhead, the ocean, the birds, the fish, the animals, the plants . . ." He could go on endlessly. But it would probably be better just to forget the whole thing and let mothers go on being mothers, without any political backing.



LETTER from a friend who keeps track of the world of getting and spending: "It is always reassuring to find that great public events are governed by the same laws as small private ones, and I was delighted to realize last week that the current dollar crisis more or less recapitulated a private financial crisis of mine that took place some thirty years ago. As a college student, I had become summer editor of a small-town weekly newspaper in New Jersey, which I'll call the Ong's Hat *Herald*. I solicited advertisements, wrote the whole paper, assembled it, and read proof right off the press—all for a salary that I found entirely satisfactory: twenty-five dollars a week. One Friday, after we had gone to press, Mrs. Sampson, the owner of the *Herald*, handed me my paycheck in a rather tentative way and asked me please, *please* not to negotiate it until the following Wednesday. When I inquired why, she explained that her enterprise was operating on a rather narrow margin, and that payment of my check before Wednesday, when certain accounts receivable were expected to materialize, would set off a most inopportune chain of events. The *Herald's* checking account would be overdrawn, leading to a loss of confidence on the part of the bank, leading in all probability to the calling of certain outstanding loans, and the outcome might well be the necessity for the *Herald* to cease publication for reason of bankruptcy, meaning that the following week I would get no check at all, not even a slow one. Seeing the cogency of the argument, I took the check and accepted Mrs. Sampson's terms. However, I was trying to support myself that summer, and it now became necessary to find a way of paying for my meals. I took Mrs. Sampson's check to Herman's, the restaurant I usually patronized, explained to Herman the terms on which it had been issued, and asked him what about it. With a shrug for the failings of humanity, he instructed me to endorse the check to him, he put it in the drawer of his cash register, and he said that he would give me credit until Wednesday, on which date he would send the check to the bank. If it cleared, he would keep what I owed him and give me the balance; if it bounced, I would owe him nothing. The check cleared, Herman and I settled up, and the next Friday Mrs. Sampson gave me a new check, with no rider attached.



"Well, any country's currency, when it crosses the nation's borders, becomes a check written on the national reserves, and just now the United States is in far worse shape than Mrs. Sampson was, what with about ten and a half billion dollars in gold reserves in our coffers and almost fifty billion in dollars abroad—enough of them in West Germany alone to empty Fort Knox. What saves us, temporarily, is the fact that under the Bretton Woods agreements of 1944 the international monetary system is based on the principle that the currencies of the hundred or so member nations of the International Monetary Fund are pegged to the United States dollar, and therefore the Europeans can't present their dollars for redemption, because to do so would empty Fort Knox and bring the whole thing crashing down. Thus, to take a bit of literary license, Mrs. Sampson is the United States; her check is the dollar; I am a foreign holder of dollars I don't dare redeem; the *Herald's* shaky bank account is the United States' gold stock; and Mrs. Sampson's check, after being pledged to Herman, is Eurodollars—dollars on deposit in Europe. Where the analogy breaks down is in the way the Treasury is treating the problem, or, rather, *its* problem—that is, by airily doing nothing, looking the other way, and adopting an attitude that has been described by some economists (in the phrase that was applied not long ago to government policy on racial matters by Daniel Patrick Moynihan) as 'benign neglect.' The floated German mark and Dutch gulden, the revalued Swiss franc and Austrian schilling represent minor monetary plumbing readjustments, when the real problem is that the boiler is broken. There will be more and successively worse dollar crises until we begin to get our international payments in balance, and the way to begin doing that is to eliminate the worst source of dollar drain—the Vietnam war. If Mrs. Sampson, on handing me my check, had informed me that she intended to treat *her* dollar crisis with benign neglect I would surely have been entitled, young as I was, to laugh in her face."

Copology

THE basis of traditional New York hospitality is the willingness of New Yorkers to agree when a visitor expresses thankfulness at not having to live here. A courteous New Yorker will always begin his first conversation with an out-of-town guest by exchanging a few atrocity stories about the city's hideous traffic or outrageous prices or appalling rudeness. In that spirit, our first question to Per Wahlöö and Maj Sjöwall the other day was "Does anybody in Sweden call policemen pigs?" We like to give visitors the opportunity to complain in their own field of interest, and the Wahlöös—they are husband and wife—are not only renowned writers of *romans policiers* (they were here partly to accept an Edgar from the Mystery Writers of America for "The Laughing Policeman") but also serious students of police methods (they will eventually publish a comparison of the police forces of Stockholm, New York, London, and Budapest). Our intention was to give them the chance to say that Sweden is much too civilized for its citizens to go around referring to each other by the names of animals.

"That would be very mild—calling them pigs," Mr. Wahlöö said. "In Sweden, it is more common to hear them referred to as Gestapo swine."

Could it be, we wondered, that Stockholm hospitality has the same basis that New York hospitality has? Refusing to permit the host's role to be snatched away, we asked Mr. and Mrs. Wahlöö if they had already had an opportunity to see the New York force in action, and then settled back to hear tales of New York police brutality or of New York lawlessness through permissiveness—whichever pleased them more.

"There was a demonstration when we were here three years ago," Mr. Wahlöö said. "The New York police handled it with much less force than the Stockholm police would have used."

"Less force?" We were beginning to feel inhospitable.

"Here the police carry nightsticks, which can be used to push crowds back without hitting people," Miss Sjöwall said. "In Stockholm, they use rubber billy clubs."

We were speechless.

"The common citizen has much more protection against the police in New York than he does in Sweden," Mr. Wahlöö continued. "There the police can pick somebody up and hold him for twenty-four hours without letting him call a lawyer or even notify his family."

"But don't you have something like the Civil Liberties Union to object to that kind of thing?" we asked, forgetting our manners.

"Well, there are some lawyers who work on such things," Mr. Wahlöö said. "They're now trying to make the police wear badges with numbers on them, so they can be identified if they assault someone."

"They don't wear numbers!" we said, adding, before we could catch ourself, "The New York police once considered wearing *name tags!*"

"The head of the national police in Sweden still opposes numbered badges," Mr. Wahlöö said. "One of Sweden's police commissioners says that the police force isn't a Rugby team, which needs numbers for identification. The police hide behind anonymity."

We were beginning to feel uncomfortable. "How did you happen to pick Budapest as one of the cities for your study?" we asked, hoping to change the subject.

"Well, it was the scene of one of our novels, so we're familiar with it," Mr. Wahlöö said. "Also, it has the lowest crime rate of any large city in the world."

That was the kind of talk we understood. Prepared to attest, if necessary, that the New York crime rate is shocking and that anyone who lives in such a murderous jungle is to be pitied, we told the Wahlöös we hoped they would enjoy their stay in the city.

Service

A FRIEND who finds shopping in bookstores more and more discouraging (the clerks have no savvy, he says) walked into one the other day and asked for a Polish-English dictionary. "We don't have it," said the bright-eyed young female clerk, "but we *do* have a Portuguese-English!"

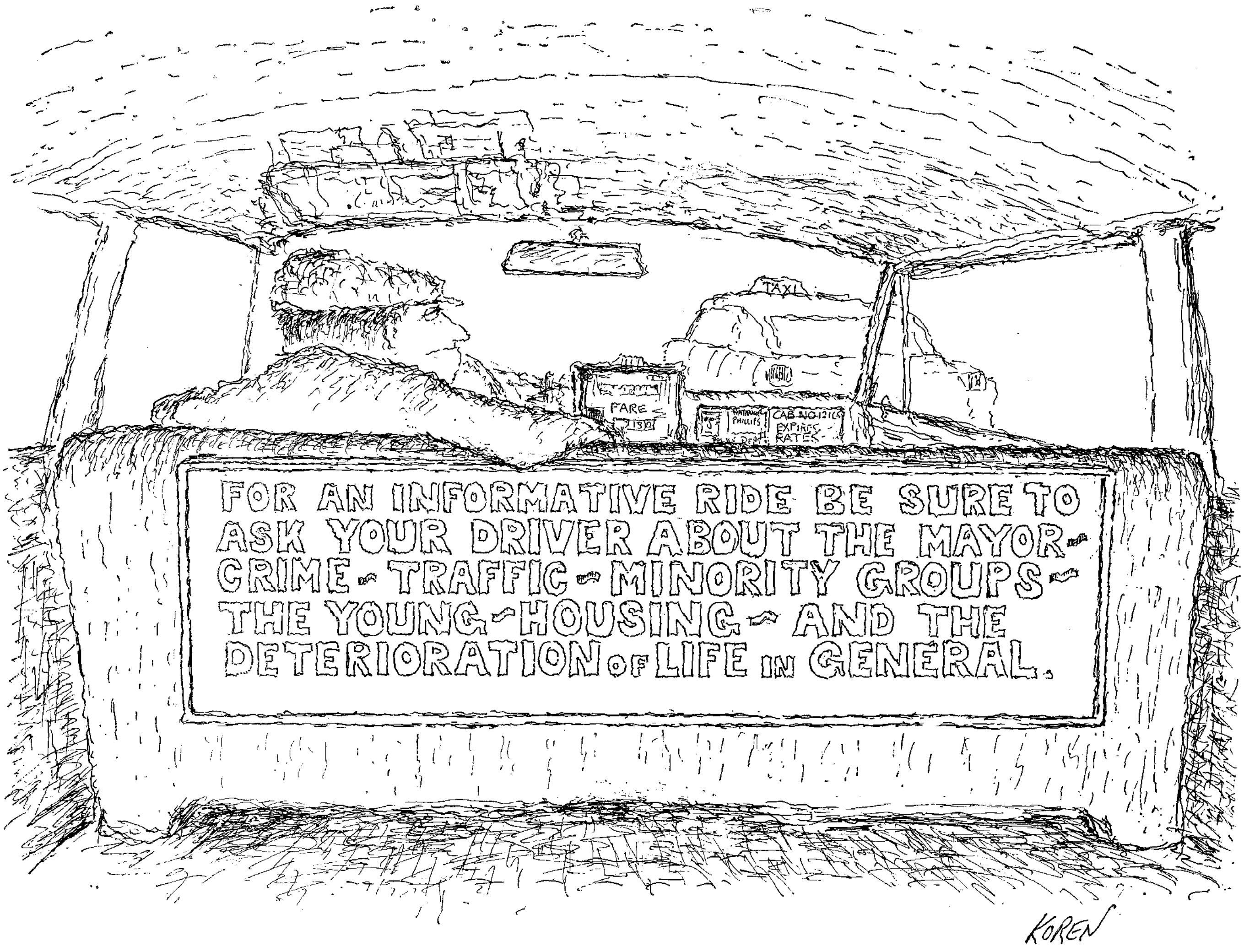
Choreographic Partners

IT'S rare for George Balanchine, director of the New York City Ballet, to collaborate with anyone on a dance work, because Mr. B., as he is known around Lincoln Center, produces such an endless stream of choreographic ideas that he usually finds it simpler to do everything himself. Consequently, we were interested to learn that Mr. B. had gone into partnership with Arthur Mitchell—one of his leading soloists and the founder of the Dance Theatre of Harlem—to choreograph a new work for the New York City Ballet's Annual Gala Benefit. Their joint effort, "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra," used twenty-four dancers from each company, as well as the combined services of the New York City Ballet orchestra and Doc Severinsen and the "Tonight Show" orchestra, one of the few jazz organizations in the country that can play a complex dodecaphonic jazz score. (The "Concerto," a serial work by the Swiss composer Rolf Liebermann, consists of alternating jazz and classical passages all based on a twelve-tone row.)

We dropped in on a rehearsal of the "Concerto" two days before the première, and found Mr. Balanchine and Mr. Mitchell positioning a group of young black dancers for a blues sequence, while Robert Irving, in the orchestra pit, tried to coördinate his musical cues with Doc Severinsen, who was leading his band from a podium onstage.

"Now, how are we going to do that final bar?" said Irving as he finished an agitated twelve-tone scherzo. "You should be right on the last chord with your downbeat, but will you be able to see me with all those lovely bodies flying between us?"

"Probably not," said Severinsen, with a grin. "But don't change a thing. If you can give us a little signal just before the end, I'll have our drummer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give a cymbal roll that will keep us together. Then I can pick it up on four."

"Let's try it," said Irving. He ended the scherzo with a broad wave of his baton, and Severinsen picked up the beat with a slow, brassy blues.

A group of black dancers slithered across the stage from left to right and divided into couples, and then Mitchell, a lithe young man in a dark-red turtleneck, pushed them into a large semicircle. Balanchine, a slight, graceful figure wearing gray slacks and a navy sports shirt, stood near the footlights with his back to the auditorium, snapping his fingers and counting the beats. "I don't want to make too much of that," said Mitchell as the boys lifted the girls, who had their legs stretched in a split. "This is a blues, a heavy, weighted thing, so you shouldn't jump too high." Balanchine nodded and moved to the center of the stage, watching a young boy who had clasped his partner in a rather awkward backbend with her feet extending between his legs. With a quick, nervous movement, Balanchine took the girl's place, showing the boy where to put his hand on his partner's back and how the two of them should sway with the blues rhythm. "Now support her, Derek, so she can just hang there," Mitchell said after the girl had resumed her position. As she arched her back, Balanchine leaned over and bent her long legs at the knees, moving them slowly outward and back around her partner's ankles. Then he pushed the boy over in a backbend and turned the girl around to face the audience, demonstrating a circular leg motion. "*Ronde de jambe*?" said Mitchell. Balanchine nodded, and Mitchell took over, putting the couple through the slow, sinuous movements a second time. He added an upthrust arm as the boy went over backward and lay flat on the floor. "Maybe he should separate at the knees, too," said Balanchine, watching the girl open and close her legs with perfect control. Mitchell raised the boy's legs from the hips and pulled them apart as a counterpoint to his partner's movements. Then Mitchell picked up the ballerina and slid her across his shoulders in a single fluid movement. As she repeated the step with her partner, Balanchine and Mitchell turned to each other and shook hands.

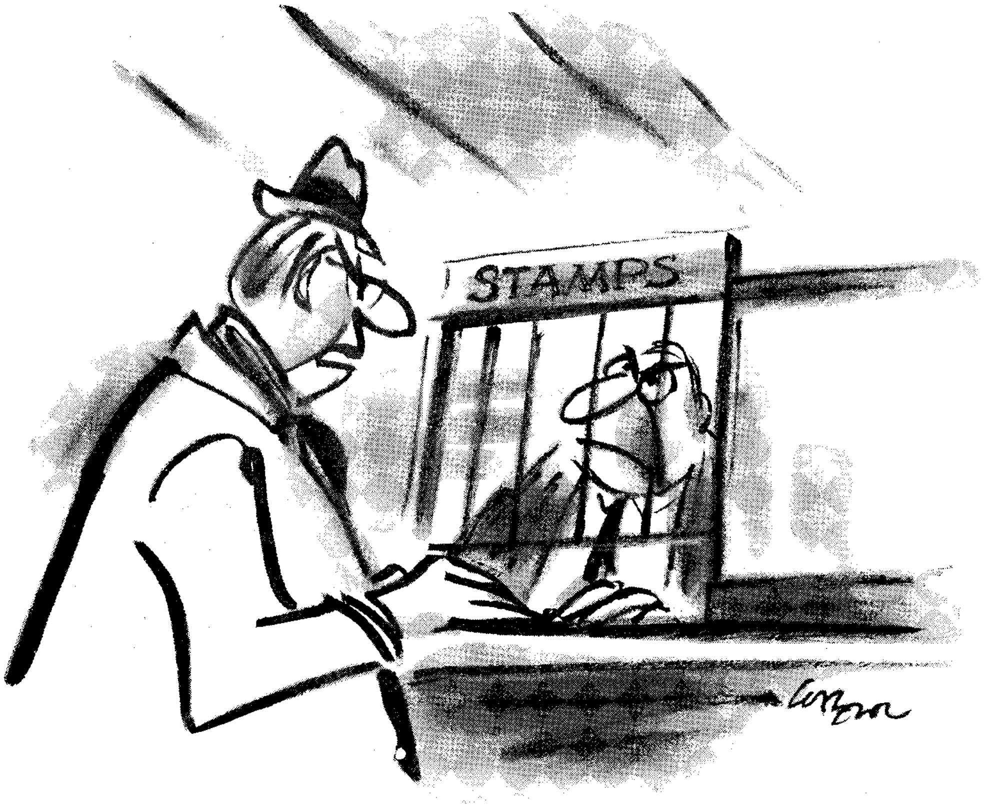
"Now we clean up the mambo," said Balanchine.

"After the break," said Mitchell. "You know, we've got a traffic problem when your people come in on *pointe*."

During the twenty-minute break, we wandered backstage and asked the two choreographers—who were perched on high stools, discussing costumes—how they had arrived at this unusual partnership.

"Mr. B.'s been talking about doing something with a group of black dancers for years," said Mitchell. "Then, when I started the Dance Theatre of Harlem, he asked me to try the Liebermann score as an experimental thing for the school. But when the Gala came along, we decided to hire a band and do it onstage."

"We can have only a single performance," said Balanchine, in his Russian-accented English, "because a virtuoso jazz band that can play twelve-tone music is terribly expensive. Then you must have a skillful conductor like Robert Irving, who can get everybody to participate in the music together. If you asked a square to conduct this



"I suppose when these go up to a dime we can expect a Jesse James commemorative."

score, he would spoil everything because he would start beating on the half beats."

"We took our cue from the contrasting sections," said Mitchell. "Classic into jazz, classic into jazz. That's the base."

"It's like putting a dinner together," said Balanchine. "He cuts carrots and I cut potatoes. I put in a little salt; he puts in a little sugar. But we decide on the proportions in advance."

"Within this musical format, you see where things have to happen," said Mitchell. "For instance, in the jazz sequences I utilized the boogie-woogie, the Lindy, the Shorty George, and the Suzi-Q. The challenge of it for me was to take these period steps and make them stylized and interesting. Whether I've achieved it or not, I don't know. The contrast between this and what Mr. B. has done with his classical dancers is the basic wit of the piece."

"Steps are easy," said Balanchine. "It's why you do them that's important. By 'why' I mean a visual reason for moving in a certain way. This is the problem for young choreographers."

"You learn to focus the eye," said Mitchell. "That's where Mr. B.'s been very helpful. As he says, 'There's a point where you have to let go and bring in something new, something fresh.' I've been a dancer most of my life, but when you start with choreography it's like learning to see all over again."

"The eyes accept only a certain amount, so the problem is to put the images that you become aware of into time," said Balanchine. "I encourage young choreographers, but sometimes they say, 'Why don't you like my work?' and I tell them it's because it's not skillful enough. 'Skillful' means not only that you know the basic grammar of dance; you have to have a flair for putting steps together in some design that will provoke an appetite in people. And then you must apply these steps, these gestures, to bodies."

"That's the difficult thing," said Mitchell. "To convey your ideas through a specific body and to make that body look good."

"Yes," said Balanchine. "That is skill. You take out of people what they look like."

"When to stop something, when to start something," said Mitchell. "It's so simple it eludes everyone. A young choreographer will say, 'Oh, that's beautiful,' and do a step ten times. But maybe it's just beautiful because it's *his* idea."

"No," said Balanchine with a sudden smile. "You know what the problem is? A skillful dancer who has perfected and trained her body for twenty years can just stand there and *confuse* a choreographer. What is a choreographer, really? He's a bad dancer who decides to teach and then becomes a choreographer. He's supposed to tell a skillful person how to dance. But he gets so fascinated by this trained body that he looks at it and says, 'Would you bend, please?' and then the person bends, and he says, 'Would you turn, please?' and the person turns. And then he signs his name. It's not his. It took twenty years for that boy or girl to learn those steps! Ninety per cent of the people who call themselves choreographers are amateurs! If they were doctors treating patients, everybody would be dead by now. Here, it isn't quite so serious. Only the public dies if we produce a bad ballet."

"You see what I mean?" said Mitchell, who had nearly fallen off his stool in a fit of laughter. "The things I'm learning here money can't buy."

"He wasn't a particularly promising pupil in the school," said Balanchine, waving an autocratic arm at his protégé. "But when I audition for the company I don't take ready-made successes. I look for dancers who may take time to develop skills and personalities. Now, between us when we work, there is a kind of double-talk. I am from St. Petersburg and he is from Harlem, but we each know exactly what the other one is going to do and why."

•

CHALKED graffito observed on a downtown Brooklyn office-building wall:

POWER TO JIMMY AND STEVE

Organic

WE'RE feeling pretty good this week, because we've been eating organic oranges, organic grapefruit, organic strawberries, organic lettuce, organic cucumbers, organic spinach, organic stringbeans, fertile eggs free of medication, goat cream cheese, organic apple juice without sugar added, peanut butter without preservatives or salt added, honey from bees that are never dusted, treated, or fed Terramycin or sulfathiazole, and some other stuff we bought at Mother Nature & Sons, Ltd., on Bleecker Street, between West Tenth and Charles.

"I get fifteen people a day in here who want to open up stores like this store," Abbe Borov, proprietor of Mother Nature, told us as we went a little wild in his place, picking up groceries. "Everybody wants to open up organic-food stores. They come in here and want me to give them a crash course on how to do it."

"How *did* you do it?" we asked Mr. Borov, a *very* skinny young man with kinky red hair tied Colonial style behind his neck, a kinky red Fu Manchu mustache, and a light, nonabrasive voice. He had a lot of freckles and was wearing a brown Wallace Beery shirt, bluejeans held up with suspenders, and brown-and-white Fred Astaire shoes. It was midafternoon, and Mother Nature, which measures about fifteen by twenty-five feet, with some kind of storage area in the rear, behind a tie-dyed orange-and-red curtain, contained half a dozen other customers, as well as a truckman delivering brown rice, raisins, and nuts.

"First of all, I went to every health-food store in this general area," Mr. Borov said. "I knew the need was here, because I live just a block away, and every week my girl and I used to get on a bus and go over to the East Village and spend twenty or thirty dollars for groceries and organically grown vegetables. For some reason, it's been hard to get organically grown vegetables in the West Village. Anyway, until a year ago I was working as a filmmaker. Then the recession came along, and I found it difficult to get jobs. I was walking up and down this street, and I saw this store. It was empty. The idea came over me, in the back of my mind, and it fused with the empty store. At first, I wanted to open an organic restaurant. It was too much of an effort, but I still have that in mind—a store and restaurant combined."

"How much did it cost to start it?" we asked, looking over a box of strawberries (ninety-nine cents a box) picked in California twenty-four hours earlier.

"About three thousand dollars. Everything I'd made working as a filmmaker," Mr. Borov said. "I bought the cash register, refrigerator—all those kinds of fixtures—secondhand on the Bowery. Some of the money went for painting, plastering, and carpentry. Then I bought eighteen hundred dollars' worth of merchandise all in one day, and my girl and I stayed up all one night putting it on the shelves."

Mr. Borov waited on some of his customers before going on with his story. A small, healthy-looking woman in a brown coat and matching hat gave him her selections: strawberries, Brussels sprouts, eggs, and a bottle of apple-orange juice imported from West Germany.

"I come in here once a week," the woman said to Mr. Borov as he packed up her purchases. "I come all the way from the Bronx."

"Beautiful," said Mr. Borov.

"I wish you'd find somebody who makes hot dogs without nitrates," the woman said, picking up her sack of provisions. "And carries chickens with the heart and lungs included. I love lungs."

"*All* our chickens have a little side package with the heart and lungs," Mr. Borov said.

"That's good," said the lady. "Adelle Davis says the lungs are great."

"Adelle Davis is the guru," Mr. Borov said to us, directing his attention to several other customers. "I don't have any help at the moment. My employee went to his yoga class," he explained, between customers. "But I can talk and work at the same time."

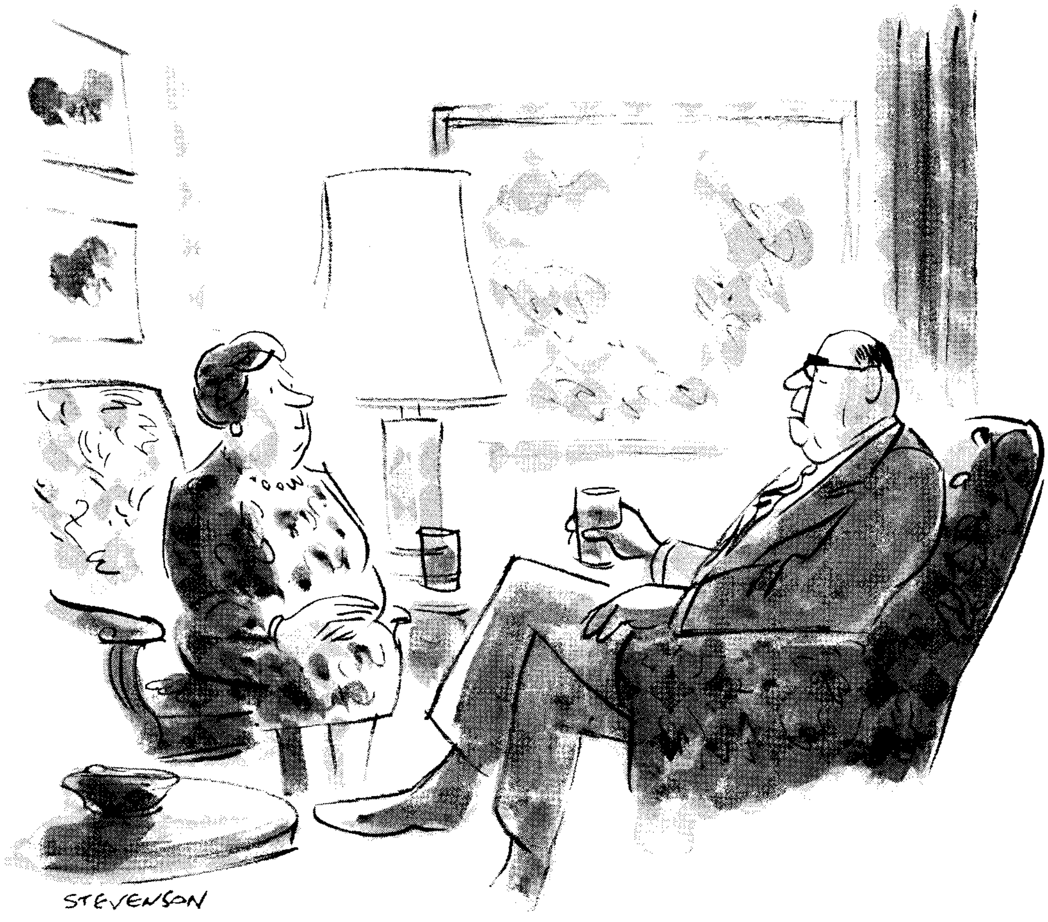
"What's your most popular item?" we asked.

"Granola, by all odds," he replied. "People are hypnotized by its sweet, icky taste. It's a very popular cereal."

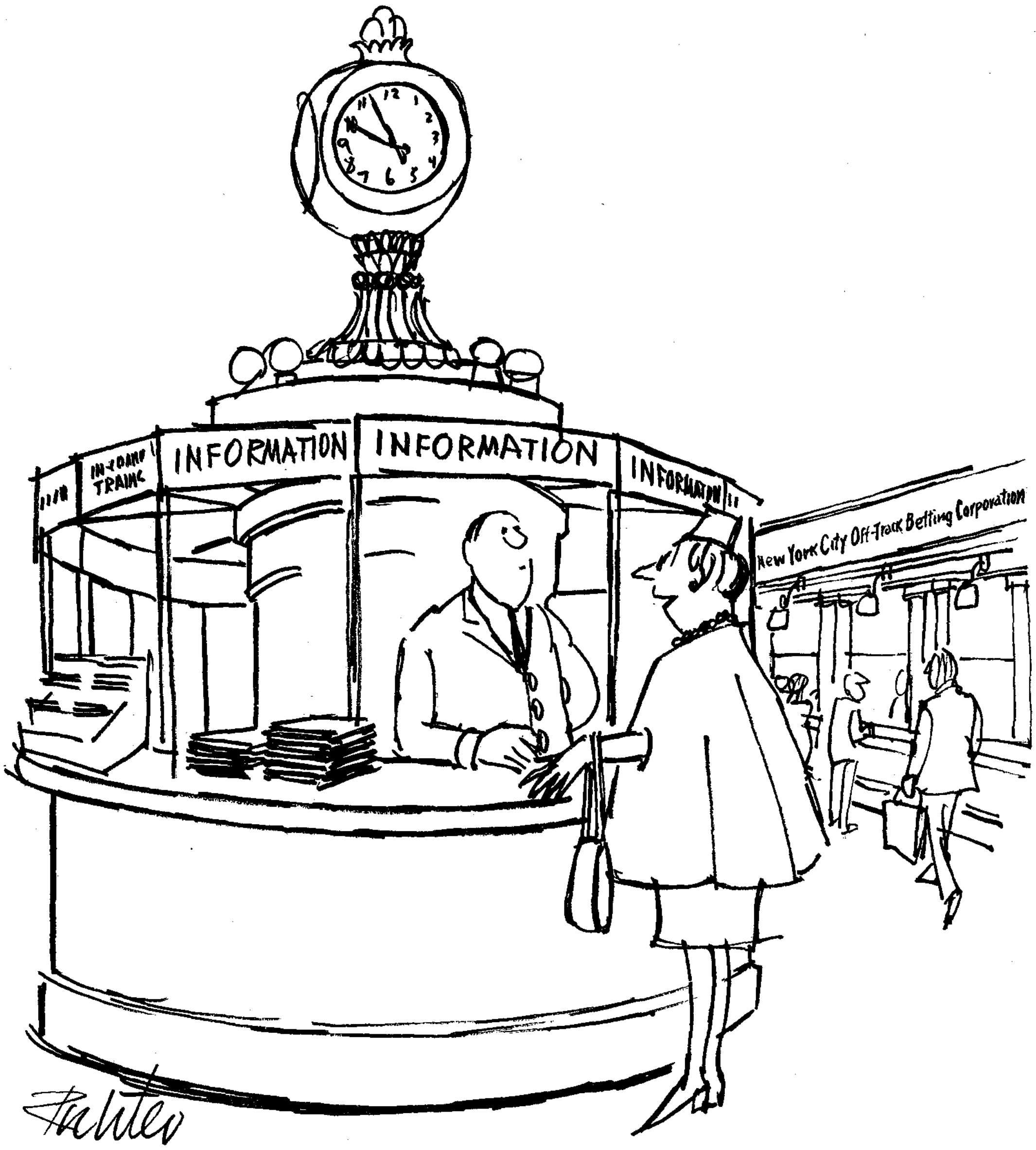
Mr. Borov filled requests, in rapid succession, for toasted wheat germ, for yogurt soap, for honey ice cream made with goat's milk, for Tiger's Milk bars, for soybean margarine, for sesame salt, for rice cakes, for cucumber soap, for high-protein cookies with millet, for non-instant dry milk. There were several large burlap bags in the middle of the store, each provided with a little shovel for customers to use in serving themselves. We shovelled up some bags of raw sugar and raw oats, and hesitated between brown rice short and brown rice long.

"What's the difference between long brown rice and short brown rice?" we asked.

"Short has more vitamins," said a glamorous-looking girl with a multi-



"O.K. The forward rate for marks rose in March and April, combined with a sharp increase in German reserves and heavy borrowing in the Eurodollar market, while United States liquid reserves had dropped to fourteen billion dollars, causing speculation that the mark might rise and encouraging conversion on a large scale. Now do you understand?"



"What looks good in the fifth at Roosevelt?"

• •

colored silk scarf tied around her head, babushka style.

"This is a neighborhood store," Mr. Borov said. "All my customers are well informed. If there's anything you need to know, I carry books: 'Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit,' by Adelle Davis; 'The Poisons in Your Food,' by William Longgood; 'Mucusless Diet Healing System,' by Arnold Ehret; 'Silent Spring,' by Rachel Carson—just about everything."

A sturdy four-year-old boy with a grimy face came into the store with his mother and helped himself to a doughnut from an open box of whole-wheat apple-filled doughnuts.

"Does he ever catch a cold?" we asked the mother, glancing at the kid, who was barefoot and wore only short pants and a sweaty T-shirt.

"You don't get sick if you eat organically," the mother said.

"All our people here are interested in their bodies," Mr. Borov told us during a brief lull. "In Europe, women take great pride in what they feed their kids. In this country, for the most part, it's go into the supermarket and buy every gadgety, chemical-filled, synthetic, junky thing advertised on television."

"Like that packaged pudding," the barefoot kid's mother said. "It's not refrigerated, and it keeps forever. Nobody even knows what it *is*."

"All goat stuff is good for you," Mr. Borov said. "We have goat sour cream, as well as goat's-milk ice cream. Goat's milk is lower in saturated fats and calories than cow's milk."

"Use honey instead of sugar," the barefoot kid's mother said. "Honey acts differently in the body. Sugar gives you a quick energy boost, but it makes the body work overtime."

"How do you like the honey ice cream?" we asked the barefoot kid.

"Beautiful," he said, taking a large bite out of his doughnut.

"You know those exotic flavors in ice cream?" his mother said. "There are fifty-six chemicals used to give you those exotic flavors. The one for pineapple is used to clean leather with. The maple-syrup one contains embalming fluid."

"Oh, my God!" we said. We turned to a couple of juice machines in the store. They had the juice pumping up and down inside large inverted glass containers. One had papaya juice; the other was apple.

"Organic juices *without sugar*," Mr. Borov said, and, at our request, gave us a paper cup of apple juice. "Well?" he asked as we tasted it.

"Oh, boy!" we said.

A plump girl came in wheeling a bicycle. She picked up a box of strawberries. "Are these real organic strawberries?" she asked.

"What do *you* think?" Mr. Borov said.

"Where do they come from?" she asked.

"Sun Circle Farms, California," Mr. Borov said. "They're the largest distributor of organic foods in the United States. If they're not organic, nobody is."

He paused to give a bottle of Vitamin E tablets to a young man wearing orange corduroy trousers and a Moroccan peasant shirt.

"It's for your heart," the young man said to us. "It cleans out your system."

We picked up a bag of terrific-looking spinach.

"Vegetables are very important in an organic store," Mr. Borov said, taking the spinach from us and sort of caressing it. "That's the nucleus of eating. I used to get vegetables flown in once a week. Now I'm getting them twice a week and planning to get them three times a week. We were at the airport this morning at 3 A.M. to meet the plane. We came back here with all kinds of goodies. I really think I started this store because I wasn't enjoying food the way I used to."

"And now?" we asked.

"I enjoy *some* food the way I used to," he said.

THE MAGAZINE

I

I FIRST met Zeinvel Gardiner in Warsaw in a soup kitchen for intellectuals. He sat across the table eating mushroom-and-noodle soup that had peas and carrots and parsley in it. I watched as he rummaged around in the dish—he seemed to be looking for something—and then absently added salt and pepper. He left more than half of his portion, and I could barely stop myself from asking him to let me have what remained. In those days my appetite was strong.

He seemed to be in his twenties—dark, with a broad face, high cheekbones, and a head of black, dishevelled hair. His eyes were set too far apart. He must have known me from stories I had published in the little magazines—the ones that don't pay anything and demand a contribution from the author. Every once in a while he raised his curly eyelashes and gave me a fluttery look that said, "Since we're bound to get acquainted anyhow, why wait?" The moment we began to speak, he tried to persuade me that we should publish a magazine together. "By profession, I'm a typesetter," he said. "I have a box of type at home. We could print it for practically nothing. If we sell two hundred copies, we get back our expenses. I can distribute a hundred copies myself—maybe more."

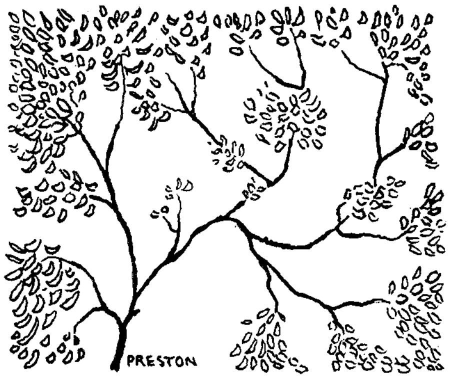
"But there are too many of these magazines already."

"What are you talking about? Their publishers are all literary prostitutes. For three zlotys they'll print the worst hacks, and they're a clique: You praise me, I'll praise you. You and I could bring out a pure magazine. We could elevate literature to new levels."

The word "magazine" had a magic power over me; I had dreamed of having a journal of my own to publish my writing, so that I would not be dependent on the whims of editors. One of them used to take out any part that in his opinion was too sexy. Another complained that I indulged too much in mysticism. A third simply liked to cut and change my style. My stories and articles appeared with spelling errors, with lines reversed, and sometimes with the pages in the wrong order. What could be better for a writer than to be his own publisher? I went with Zeinvel Gardiner to his attic on Nowolipki Street, and climbed four flights of stairs. On every landing there were open doors. Tailors sat at sewing machines singing Socialist ballads. Girls peeled potatoes and sang love songs. Mothers rocked babies. A carpenter planed a long board, his gray beard full of shavings. From the kitchens came the smell of fried onions, diapers, and garlic. On the fifth floor, we passed through a dark corridor and entered a room with a slanting ceiling. High up just under the ceiling was a little window. Pictures of Spinoza, Kropotkin, Mme. Blavatsky, Nietzsche were tacked on the walls. On a stand was a box of type. Over the bookcase, on a sheet of paper, Zeinvel Gardiner had printed in huge letters: "Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself."

It didn't take me long to find out Zeinvel Gardiner's brand of idealism. He didn't eat meat or fish or eggs—just bread, vegetables, and fruit. He belonged to a group that spoke Esperanto and to a circle that followed Stirner's theory of anarchism. He offered me a raw turnip and said, "The world is waiting for the pure word. We will tell our readers the truth. Every line will be polished. We will practice what we preach—experiment on ourselves first."

Soon we announced our magazine at the Yiddish Writers' Club. It was to be called *The Voice*, and we were immediately flooded with manuscripts and congratulatory letters from the provinces. Established writers we thought wouldn't be interested in a fledgling journal sent us stories, chapters from novels, and "fragments from larger works." As I read them, I realized that in the whole heap of manuscripts not one represented the pure word for which the human race was waiting. Zeinvel Gardiner's contribution was an essay on Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra." He used a great number of dots and dashes, and he seldom finished a sentence. He was trying to say something, but I could not fathom what it was. He complained that Georg Brandes didn't understand Nietzsche, but as far as I could tell Zeinvel Gardiner didn't even understand Georg Brandes. His writing was a hodgepodge of allusions and obscurities, and countless quotations from Ibsen. Whole pages were devoted to Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," which was still having a vogue with the intellectuals of Warsaw. It was Zeinvel's contention that after Zarathustra reached the summit of the mountain he would find not only the Eagle and the Snake but the Blue Bird as well, and that would enable the Superman to redeem himself and humanity to boot.



I PACKED all the manuscripts into a paper bag and carried them to Zeinvel Gardiner's attic room. When I got there, I found him putting type into a justifier. He was setting the introduction that we had written together. I put down the bag and said, "Zeinvel, I'm no longer an editor."

He became pale. "Why?"

"*The Voice* isn't a voice, the word isn't a word. There's nothing to work with."

Zeinvel Gardiner tried desperately to persuade me to stay. He argued in the name of humanity, culture, and progress. In his agitation he knocked over the justifier, and the type fell on the floor. He warned me that all the writers in Warsaw would turn against me when they found out that I had abandoned the magazine.

We went out into the street and began to walk. After each few steps, Zeinvel stopped and gave me a new argument. The manuscripts could be edited. Our meeting was not just an accident. Literature was waiting for young men like ourselves. A chance and a combination like this might never occur again. Zeinvel began to tell me about his past. His father was a Hebrew teacher in a small town and his mother had died young. His sister had committed suicide. He had left the town because of a girl who didn't understand his ideals, his problems, his spiritual crises. To spite him, she had taken up with the bookkeeper of a sawmill. Zeinvel Gardiner lapsed into silence. His black eyes were sad. Suddenly he said, "Hamlet was right."

A few days later, another young writer took my place as editor. The first number of the magazine was three months late. The binder was keeping back several hundred copies because he hadn't been paid in full. It appeared without a cover and was printed on two different kinds of paper: one gray, one yellowish. Not only the text but the names of the contributors were full

"Are you sure it can't wait? I'm in rather a hurry."

of misprints, and already there were quarrels and intrigues. An essayist whose manuscript had been rejected accused Zeinvel Gardiner of cheating him out of twenty-five zlotys. The wife of a poet whose poem was printed on the last page slapped Zeinvel. He was called a thief and a sellout. The Communist magazine *Aufgang* came out against *The Voice* with a three-page attack. According to *Aufgang*, *The Voice* was the swan song of dying capitalism, rotten imperialism, and Jewish chauvinism. Zeinvel had ignored the class struggle, the needs of the masses, and the shining light of the Soviet Union. What Zeinvel Gardiner meant by the Blue Bird was Mussolini's Fascist regime.

After Zeinvel read this attack, he sat up all night and wrote a rebuttal, but *Aufgang* refused to publish it. Instead, it launched a fresh attack and warned that the day of revenge was near. Zeinvel became sick. He got cramps in his stomach and couldn't keep his food down.

One day I heard that Zeinvel had gone back to the small town he came from. Someone told me that he had married his former girl, who had given up the bookkeeper at the sawmill for him. Her father had a small plant that manufactured seltzer water and Zeinvel had gone into business with him.

II

TWENTY years passed. In that time, I had gone to America and Hitler had destroyed Poland. In 1947, I got two months' vacation from the Yiddish newspaper in New York where I worked, and I went to Paris. There I found the remnants of the Polish Yiddish literati. They lived in a house that the city of Paris had given them temporarily on Rue de Patay. Some had fled the Nazis and gone to the Soviet Union. Some had managed to escape to Morocco and Algeria, and some had hidden in France during the Nazi invasion. Former Communists had become anti-Communists. Husbands had different wives, wives different husbands. Boys who were beginners in my time were now gray-haired men and spoke with authority.

For whole days and half nights I sat with them, listening to stories of Nazi murders and Bolshevik insanity. They spoke of Asiatic cities and villages in which they had found refuge between 1940 and 1945, and of all varieties of rightist and leftist bands. A number had been in Auschwitz, others in Soviet slave camps. Still others had fought in the Red Army or with Sikorski's Polish troops. All their tales were of hunger, murder, lice, epidemics, lechery, and senseless brutality.

Paris itself looked like a dead city. American tourists threw cigarette butts into the gutter and shabby pedestrians picked them out. The stores were empty, and in my hotel the elevator functioned only a few hours a day. Often the electricity failed and the bath had no hot water. I had to buy my food on the black market.

One morning someone knocked on my door. As a rule my visitors telephoned first, but this one came unannounced. I opened the door and saw Zeinvel Gardiner. He had not changed much. He stood there, swarthy, badly shaved, his hair unruly and knotted. His clothes were rumpled, as if he had slept in them.

"Zeinvel, come in!"

"You recognize me, huh?" His voice was muffled. He walked unsteadily and sat in a chair. There was something stiff and dramatic in his manner. His eyes twitched. He reminded me of the bearers of bad tidings in the Book of Job.

When I began to question him, he answered haltingly. Yes, he had been through the holocaust, first in the Ghetto, then in Russia. Where hadn't he been? In Bialystok, in Vilna, in Moscow, Tashkent, and Jambol . . . Exiled? . . . Yes, he had been exiled. . . . Forced labor? Yes, in barracks and factories . . . Starved? . . . What else? . . . His wife? The children? . . . Wiped out by the Nazis. . . . Married again? . . . After the war, in a German camp.

I asked him why he didn't live in the house that the city of Paris had given to the Yiddish writers. For a long while he was silent. Then he asked, "What for?" All at once he became talkative. I could barely believe my ears, but Zeinvel Gardiner wanted to publish a magazine—here in Paris—in Yiddish! He was saying that the whole misfortune would never have happened if the intellectuals had not turned traitor. The German writers had all become Nazis. In Russia they capitulated to Stalin. What happened in Bialystok in the first weeks of the war was impossible to describe. The writers from Poland jumped on the Communist bandwagon. They became Bolsheviks overnight—the Labor Zionists, the Bundists, the Folkists, and the Independents. To pacify those in power, they denounced each other. They discovered in the writings of their former friends Trotskyite deviations, Menshevik renegation, traces of Zionism. He, Zeinvel, had told the truth, and they forced him to leave Bialystok. He was put into prison—forty people in one cell. The stench from the latrine was enough to kill you. Day and night they deloused themselves and debated. In the middle of the night, prisoners were dragged off to be grilled. Many died from the tortures and others went mad. Trials were held in which hundreds of the accused stood in a row to be sentenced wholesale to slave camps, to jail, to work in the gold mines—all in the name of Socialism. How strange, the editor of *Aufgang* was one of the first to be liquidated.

Zeinvel recounted this in a low monotone, in unfinished sentences, staring at a corner of the ceiling. Although I was too familiar with such events, I was shocked by his matter-of-fact account. I asked, "And you want to cure all this with a little magazine?"

"Someone has to tell the truth."

"To whom?"

"To the few."

"Who's going to read a little magazine in Yiddish?"

"Someone will read it."

Zeinvel told me that he had an apartment—a room with a kitchen in Belleville. He could get a set of type. His present wife was a dressmaker and she earned a decent living. She had lost her husband and children in Poland. She loved Yiddish literature and had read my articles in the New York Yiddish newspaper, which had been sent into the camps after the war, as well as some of my books. She was ready to help financially. The name of the magazine could be the same as it had been in Warsaw: *The Voice*.

I asked the same question I had asked in Poland twenty years before: "Whom do you have to work with?"

"There are still honest people. The trouble is that the wicked make all the noise and the just sleep."

"They'll always sleep," I said.

"They can be woken up."

"If they're woken up, they'll become wicked."

"It doesn't have to be that way."

I should have given Zeinvel a flat no. He lived in Paris and I in New York. I had neither the time nor the energy to devote to a little magazine. But before I had a chance to refuse him he made me promise that I would come to his apartment for dinner.

That evening I bought a bottle of wine and a tin of sardines and went to see Zeinvel Gardiner. I walked up four flights of narrow, crooked stairs. Walking behind me were two suspicious-looking couples, and I guessed that rooms in the building were let out to streetwalkers. Zeinvel opened the door and there was a homely smell that even the holocaust had not eradicated.

Zeinvel's wife was small, with a young face, a short nose, and full lips. There was something playful in her eyes. It was hard to believe that this woman had gone through a concentration camp and lost a husband and children. She gave me a small, firm hand. She spoke as if she knew me. Zeinvel had told her a lot about me, she said, and of course she was familiar with my writing. She said, "Maybe you can get this magazine nonsense out of my husband's head."

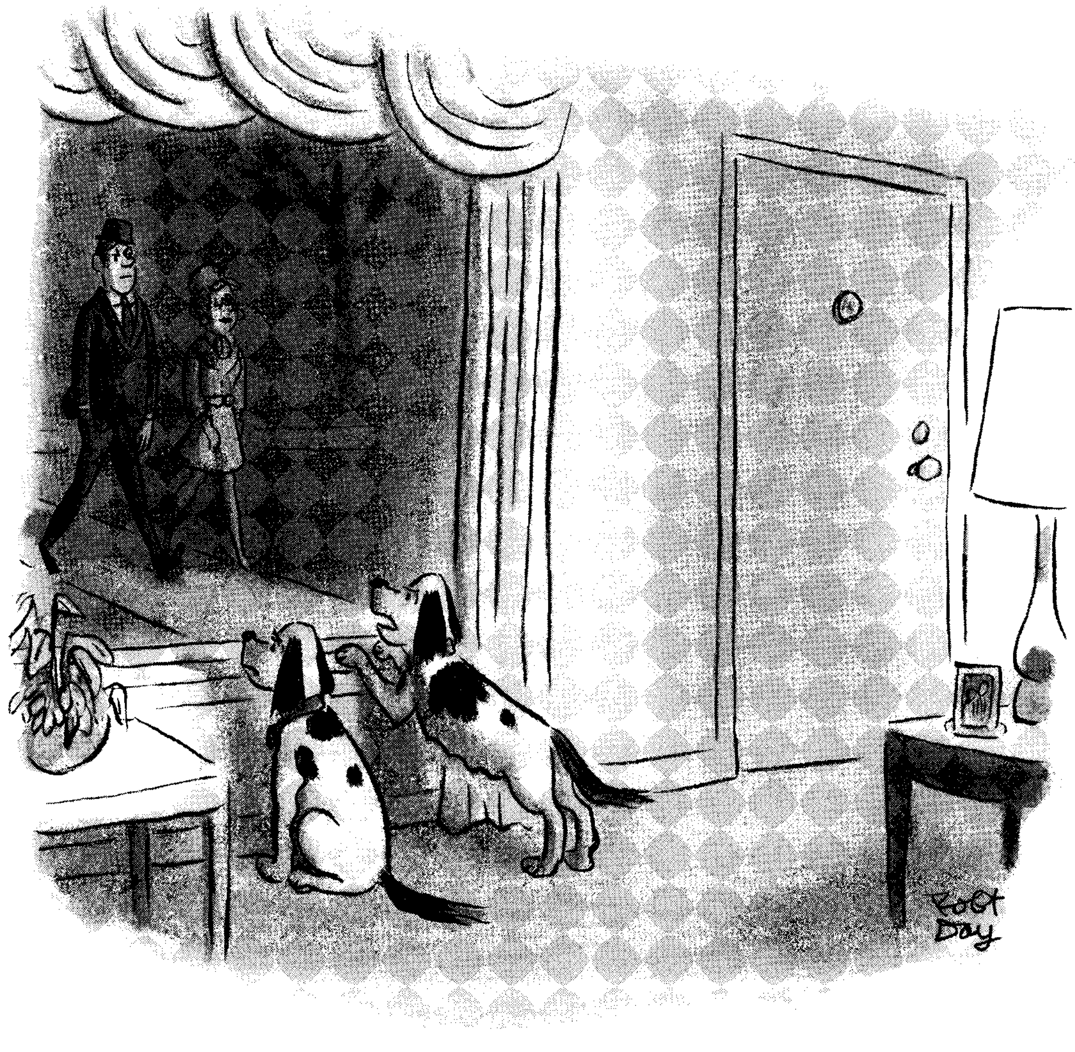
"Friedele, this isn't nonsense," Zeinvel said. "The world is based on the word."

"The world is based on the fist, not the word."

"Long after all the fists have disappeared, the Ten Commandments will still be remembered."

"They may be remembered but no one will keep them."

As she set the table, she said to me,



"No doggy bag! Let's bite them!"

"You don't know me, but I know you maybe even better than you know yourself. You writers disclose all your secrets."

"What do you know?"

"That's my secret."

For dinner she had cooked a Warsaw soup of potatoes and brown flour, and as she put the plate down in front of me I saw the blue concentration-camp number on her wrist. She noticed my looking at it and said, "If you die, you die, but if you live you have to go through the whole comedy. There are too many magazines already. If Moses himself descended from Heaven today, he'd just be laughed at."

"So what should we do, Friedele?" Zeinvel asked. "Look and keep quiet?"

"Who's going to read your magazine? The victims, not the murderers."

"Not even the victims have easy consciences."

"Your magazine won't make them any easier."

During dinner, Friedele told stories from the concentration camps, and although they were about hunger, plague, and murder, she made me laugh. It was the first time I had ever heard jokes about the camps. Even while the Nazis cracked their whips, Jews were joking. There were jesters even in the camps.

In the middle of the meal the door opened and a round little woman came to have a dress fitted. Friedele took her behind a screen. After a while Friedele reappeared and whispered, "When the Allies found her at Maidenek, she weighed sixty pounds. She was in the hospital for four or five months and no one thought she would live. Now she has a rich husband who's in the black market." Friedele opened a drawer and took out a fashion magazine. "If you published something like this, the world would listen to you."

III

ANOTHER twenty years passed. I had gone to Europe a few times, but somehow I never got around to revisiting Paris. The Yiddish publishers in Paris sent their magazines to me in New York, and occasionally I came across a poem or an article by Zeinvel Gardiner. He was still raging at society and condemning the immorality of the human species, though between the lines I thought I discovered a note of quiet resignation. Once, I saw his picture in a journal. He was no longer the Zeinvel Gardiner I had known but a hunched up, paunchy old man. From time to time visitors from Paris told me about him. He and his wife had opened a lingerie shop, which had quickly expanded. It seemed unbelievable, but the Gardiners had got rich in France. They had an elegant apartment and had bought a summer house in Robinson. Friedele had been pregnant at the time of my visit, and several months after I left Paris she gave birth to a daughter.

Over the years my books had been translated abroad. I had publishers in Paris, in Milan, in Lisbon. On my next trip to Europe, after spending a week in Lisbon and two weeks in Switzerland, I went to Paris to meet my French editor. The Yiddish writers had heard that I was coming and had arranged a little reception for me. One morning the telephone operator in the hotel called to tell me that a M. Kaplan was waiting for me in the lobby. I asked that he come up to my room. A young man with curly hair and darting eyes appeared. I had never heard of him or his writing, but he told me that in addition to being on the staff of a Yiddish newspaper he was a poet. He had been through the Hitler catastrophe, he said, so he was older than I thought. He had acquired the style and gestures of a Parisian. He sat down, lit a cigarette, and made notes on a pad as he questioned me.

I asked, "How's Zeinvel Gardiner?"

His eyes suddenly became solemn. "Didn't you read the Yiddish press today?"

"Not today."

"Today is Zeinvel Gardiner's funeral."

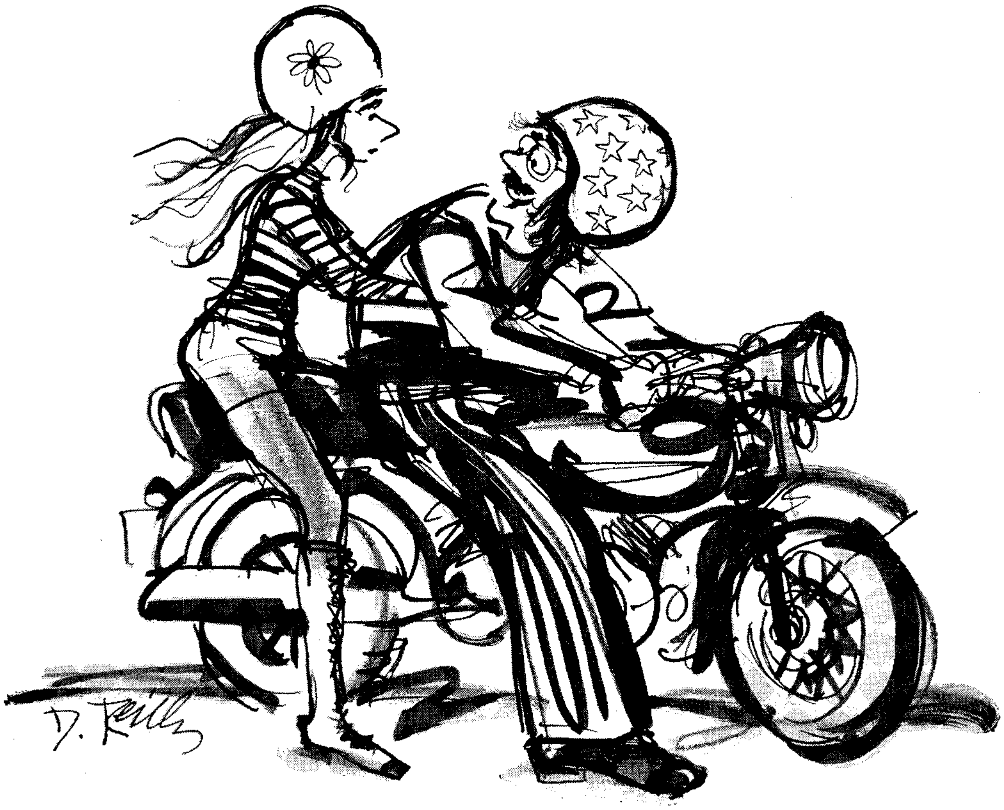
I was silent for a long while and then I asked, "Was he sick?"

"No, actually not. A strange thing happened. His death was a sort of suicide."

"What happened?"

"Oh, it's a peculiar story. He and his wife had a big lingerie shop and they were pretty rich. From time to time he'd have something in a Yiddish magazine. All of a sudden he got the crazy idea of publishing a magazine in French. I say 'crazy' because he didn't really know any French—just enough to make himself understood. I don't know the facts exactly, but they say he sold the shop without his wife's knowledge, rented an office, and got a staff together. The result was that his wife chased him out of the house. Then some swindler sold him a nonexistent printing shop. Zeinvel was never a practical man. What did he need a magazine in French for? He literally died in the street. They found him dead, and today's the funeral."

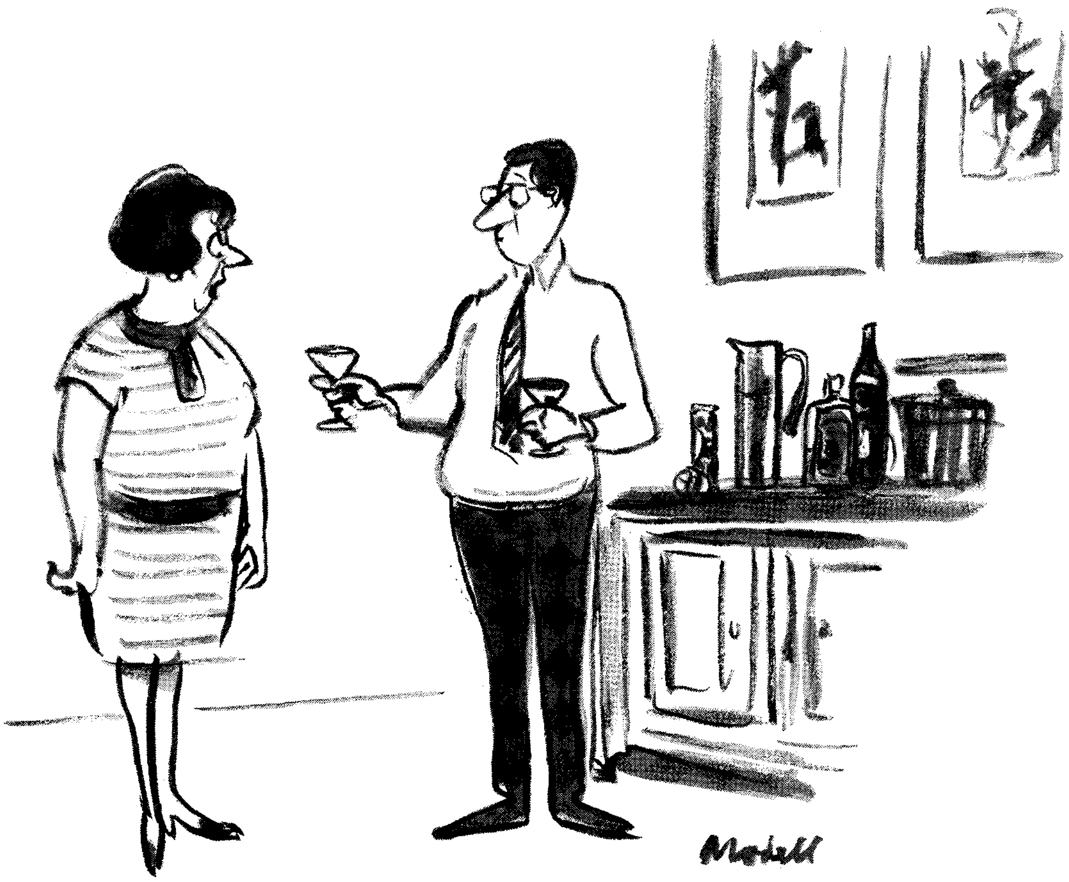
After the young man finished interviewing me, I asked him when and where the burial was to be. Three in the afternoon, he said, and he was going. I suggested that we go together



"Hey, while you're waiting for Mr. Right to come along, how about moving in with me?"

and invited him to have lunch with me. During lunch he said, "The situation with Yiddish writers in Paris is so bad that the cemetery is almost the only place they meet. They're old, many are sick, and the city has spread out. They don't come to the cafés in Montparnasse or Montmartre anymore. After a funeral everybody goes to a café for a snack, and for some of the older writers that's their only social life. I hear that in New York things aren't much better."

"In New York they don't even go to funerals."



"I notice you didn't forget to put an olive in yours*!"*

• •

THE Paris cemetery wasn't as far away or as barren as cemeteries are in New York—it looked like a huge garden. At the gate were a number of people, some of whom I recognized immediately; others seemed complete strangers, but when they told me who they were their faces became instantly familiar. All of them had survived the Hitler destruction. They made the disjointed kind of conversation that is usually made at funerals. As we walked to the grave, they gave me a few details about Zeinvel: yes, the magazine had been his mania; his daughter, Jeannette, was studying literature at the Sorbonne and she had published poems in French magazines; she was engaged to a Frenchman. One of my colleagues from the old days told me quickly about a former lover of mine. He had met her in a village in Central Asia, where she worked as a seamstress. She had married a lawyer from Lodz, who had died of beriberi. Now she was married again, in Israel, and her daughter was a professor at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

We reached the Jewish section of the cemetery. Zeinvel Gardiner's grave was open. A red-cheeked rabbi with a sparse goatee recited prayers in French and Hebrew. He droned half his words and swallowed the others. I expected eulogies, but no one had prepared any. There wasn't even anybody there to say the Kaddish. Then, according to what must have been French custom, the relatives formed a receiving line and we shook hands, kissing and comforting them. I saw Mme. Gardiner, her daughter and her fiancé, and another woman, all in black. I recognized Friedele—she was older, but she still looked fresh. The years had given her eyes the determined expression of a woman who has carried the responsibility for a household and a business. I offered my hand, and she turned her face to me so that I could kiss her. I looked at her daughter and saw the Zeinvel Gardiner I had met in the soup kitchen for intellectuals forty years ago—the same high cheekbones, the same pallor, the same wide-set eyes. Even her short-cut hair reminded me of Zeinvel's dishevelled head. Her mother murmured to me, "She's a writer . . . out to save the world . . . wants to continue Zeinvel's magazine. . . . Please come to see us."

The daughter spoke in a mixture of Yiddish and French. "*Oui, Monsieur*, pay us a visit. . . . I have translated a story of yours into French. . . . *Mon papa* recommended it. . . . I plan to write my dissertation about Mendele Mocher Seforim. . . ."

"Yes, I'll come."

"In our epoch, a journal can elevate literature to new levels . . . modern writing is all corrupted. *Mon professeur* said that—"

She stopped in midsentence. Others waited behind me. Her fiancé put a card in my pocket. Someone nudged me toward the group of Yiddish writers who were waiting for me. We were all supposed to go to La Coupole for a drink.

An old friend of mine, Feivel Mecheles, a humorist from Warsaw, was leaning against a tree. His once red hair had turned a yellowed white. Someone had told me that a tragedian had gone off with his wife while they were both fleeing the Nazis. He wrinkled his forehead and drew his brows together. I knew he wouldn't move until he had come up with a joke. I said, "Feivel, you can't force humor. Let's go."

He shook his head, smiled, revealing a new set of false teeth, and said, "Really, it doesn't pay to leave. We'll soon be back anyhow."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Laurie Colwin.*)

•

In a continuing effort to improve our service to you, a new computer system has just been put into operation. One result that you will observe is a change in your account number from a six digit to an eight digit number.—*Communication from the Investment Companies Services Corporation.*

Gee whizz, that's wonderful!

GREEN: AN EPISTLE

This urge, wrestle, resurrection of dry sticks,
Cut stems struggling to put down feet,
What saint strained so much,
Rose on such lopped limbs to a new life?
—*Theodore Roethke.*

I write at last of the one forbidden topic
We, by a truce, have never touched upon:
Resentment, malice, hatred so inwrought
With moral inhibitions, so at odds with
The home-movie of yourself as patience, kindness,
And Charlton Heston playing Socrates,
That almost all of us were taken in,
Yourself not least, as to a giant Roxy,
Where the lights dimmed and the famous allegory
Of Good and Evil, clearly identified
By the unshaven surliness of the Bad Guys,
The virginal meekness of the ingénue,
Seduced us straight into that perfect world
Of Justice under God. Art for the sake
Of money, glamour, ego, self-deceit.
When we emerged into the assaulting sunlight,
We had a yen, like bad philosophers,
To go back to stay forever, there in the dark
With the trumpets, horses, and ancient Certitudes
On which, as we know, this great nation was founded,
Washington crossed the Delaware, and so forth.
And all of us, for an hour or so after,
Were Humphrey Bogart dating Ingrid Bergman,
Walking together but incommunicado
Till subway and homework knocked us out of it.
Yet even then, whatever we returned to
Was not, although we thought it was, the world.

I write at last on this topic because I am safe
Here in this grubby little border town
With its one cheap hotel. No one has my address.
The food is bad, the wine is too expensive,
And the local cathedral marred by restorations.
But from my balcony I view the east
For miles and, if I lean, the local sunsets
That bathe a marble duke with what must be
Surely the saddest light I have ever seen.
The air is thin and cool at this elevation,
And my desk wobbles unless propped with matchbooks.

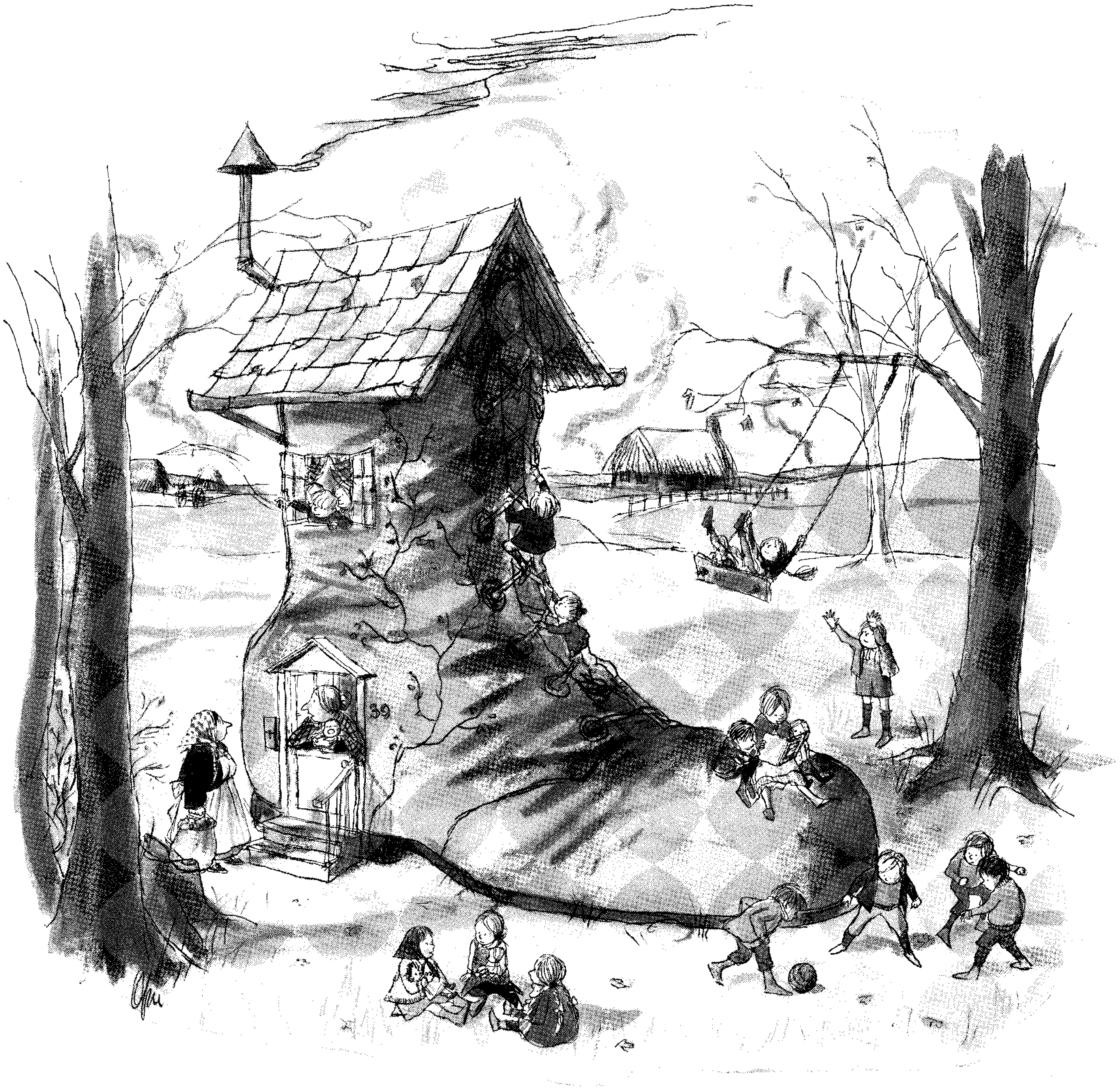
It began, I suppose, as a color, yellow-green,
The tincture of spring willows, not so much color
As the sensation of color, haze that took shape
As a light scum, a doily of minutiae
On the smooth pool and surface of your mind.
A founding colony, Pilgrim amoebas
Descended from the gaseous flux when Zeus
Tossed down his great original thunderbolt
That flashed in darkness like an electric tree
Or the lit-up veins in an old arthritic hand.

Here is the microscope one had as a child,
The Christmas gift of some forgotten uncle.
Here is the slide with a drop of cider vinegar
As clear as gin, clear as your early mind.
Look down, being most careful not to see
Your own eye in the mirror underneath,
Which will appear, unless your view is right,
As a darkness on the face of the first waters.
When all is silvery and brilliant, look:
The long, thin, darting shapes, the flagellates,
Rat-tailed, ambitious, lash themselves along—
Those humble, floating ones, those simple cells
Content to be borne on whatever tide,
Trustful, the very image of consent—
These are the frail, unlikely origins,
Scarcely perceived, of all you shall become.
Scarcely perceived? But at this early age
(What are you, one or two?) you have no knowledge,
Nor do your folks, nor could the gravest doctors
Suspect that anything was really wrong.
Nor see the pale beginnings, lace endeavors
That with advancing ages shall mature
Into sea lettuce, beard the rocky shore
With a light green of soft and tidal hair.

Whole eras, seemingly without event,
Now scud the glassy pool processionally
Until one day, misty, uncalendared,
As mild and unemphatic as a schwa,
Vascular tissue, conduit filaments
Learn how to feed the outposts of that small
Emerald principate. Now there are roots,
The filmy gills of toadstools, crested fern,
Quillworts, and foxtail mosses, and at last
Snapweed, loment, trillium, grass, herb Robert.
How soundlessly, shyly this came about,
One thinks today. But that is not the truth.
It was, from the first, an everlasting war
Conducted, as always, at gigantic cost.
Think of the droughts, the shifts of wind and weather,
The many seeds washed to some salt conclusion
Or brought to rest at last on barren ground.
Think of some inching tendrils worming down
In hope of water, blind and white as death.
Think of the strange mutations life requires.
Only the toughest endured, themselves much altered,
Trained in the cripple's careful sciences
Of mute accommodation. The survivors
Were all, one way or another, amputees
Who learned to live with their stumps, like Brueghel's beggars.

Yet, for all that, it clearly was a triumph,
Considering, as one must, what was to come.
And, even by themselves, those fields of clover,
Cattails, marsh bracken, water-lily pads
Stirred by the lightest airs, pliant, submissive—
Who could have called their slow creation *rage*?

Consider, as one must, what was to come.
Great towering conifiers, deciduous,
Rib-vaulted elms, the banyan, oak, and palm,
Sequoia forests of vindictiveness
That also would go down on the death list
And, buried deep beneath alluvial shifts,
Would slowly darken into lakes of coal
And then under exquisite pressure turn
Into the tiny diamonds of pure hate.
The delicate fingers of the clematis
Feeling their way along a face of shale
With all the ingenuity of spite.
The indigestible thistle of revenge.
And your most late accomplishment, the rose.
Until at last, what we might designate



"Oh, it's shelter, and I'm thankful for it, but it needs so much—new laces,
a new heel, and goodness knows what else."

• •

As your Third Day, behold a world of green:
Color of hope, of the Church's springtide vestments,
The primal wash, heraldic hue of envy.
But in what pre-lapsarian disguise!
Strangers and those who do not know you well
(Yourself not least) are quickly taken in
By a summery prospect, shades of innocence.
Like that young girl, a sort of chance acquaintance,
Seven or eight she was, on the New York Central,
Who, with a blue-eyed, beatific smile,
Shouted with joy, "Look, Mommy, quick. Look. Daisies!"

These days, with most of us at a safe distance,
You scarcely know yourself. Whole weeks go by
Without your remembering that enormous effort,
Ages of disappointment, the long ache
Of motives twisted out of recognition,
The doubt and hesitation all submerged
In those first clear waters, that untroubled pool.
Who could have hoped for this eventual peace?
Moreover, there are moments almost of bliss,
A sort of recompense, in which your mood
Sorts with the peach endowments of late sunlight
On a snowfield or on the breaker's froth
Or the white steeple of the local church.
Or, like a sunbather, whose lids retain
A greenish, gemmed impression of the sun
In lively, fluctuant geometries,
You sometimes contemplate a single image,
Utterly silent, utterly at rest.
It is of someone, a stranger, quite unknown,
Sitting alone in a foreign-looking room,
Gravely intent at a table propped with matchbooks,
Writing this very poem—about me.

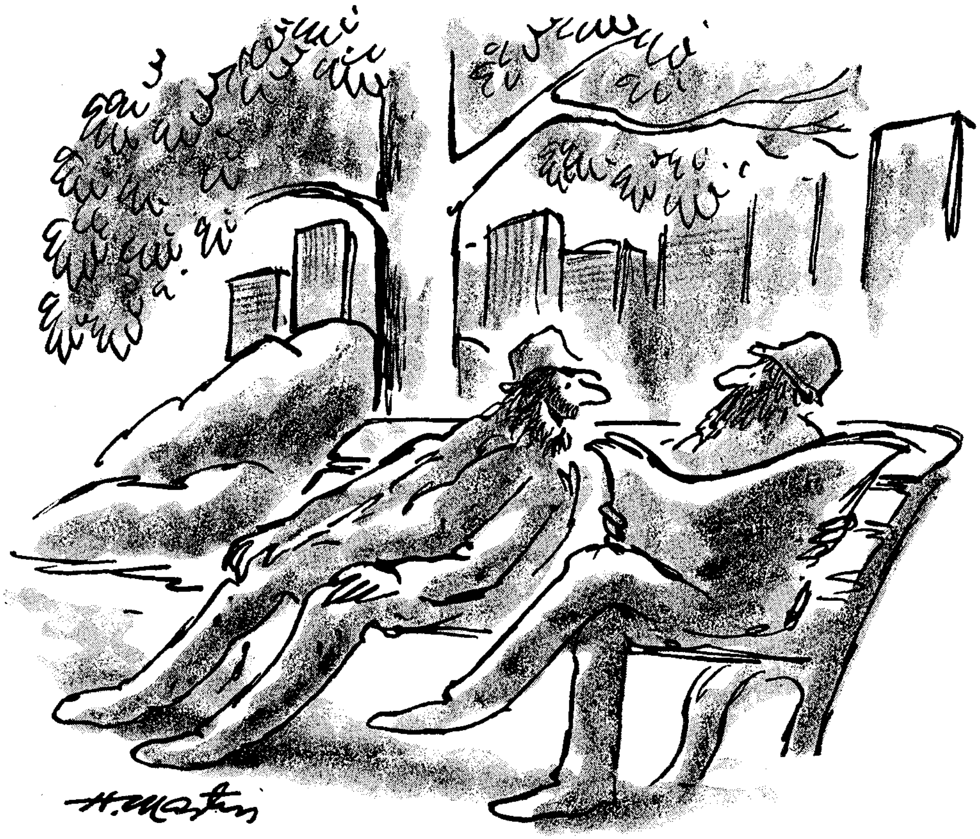
—ANTHONY HECHT

RIPPED OFF

THE gentle, leafy day made Deborah high; she came home from her morning job light in her head and heart. When she saw that the small drawer from her desk had been pulled out and taken over to the bed and left there, its contents spilled out over the tousled blue sheets, she first thought, Wow, Philip, what are you trying to tell me? Philip lived with her in the Russian Hill flat, and what was—or had been—in the drawer was notes from him, notes or bits of paper that for one reason or another he had put his name on or drawn some small picture on. A couple of the messages said "Gone for walk. Later." But on one, a torn-off match cover, he had written "I love you," and passed it to her across a table in a restaurant. There was even a cancelled check made out to and endorsed by him, from a couple of months ago when Deborah had lent him some money.

Her second reaction was one of surprise; Philip was not nosy or jealous. Once she had known a boy, Juan, from Panama, who was both—violently so. She had had to burn her old letters and diaries so that he would not find them. In fact, he had finally left her because (he said) she was so friendly with other men. (She did not see herself as especially friendly to anyone.) It was not like Philip to search through her desk. She thought he must have been looking for a stamp or something. Still, why bring the drawer over to the bed? What was he trying to tell her?

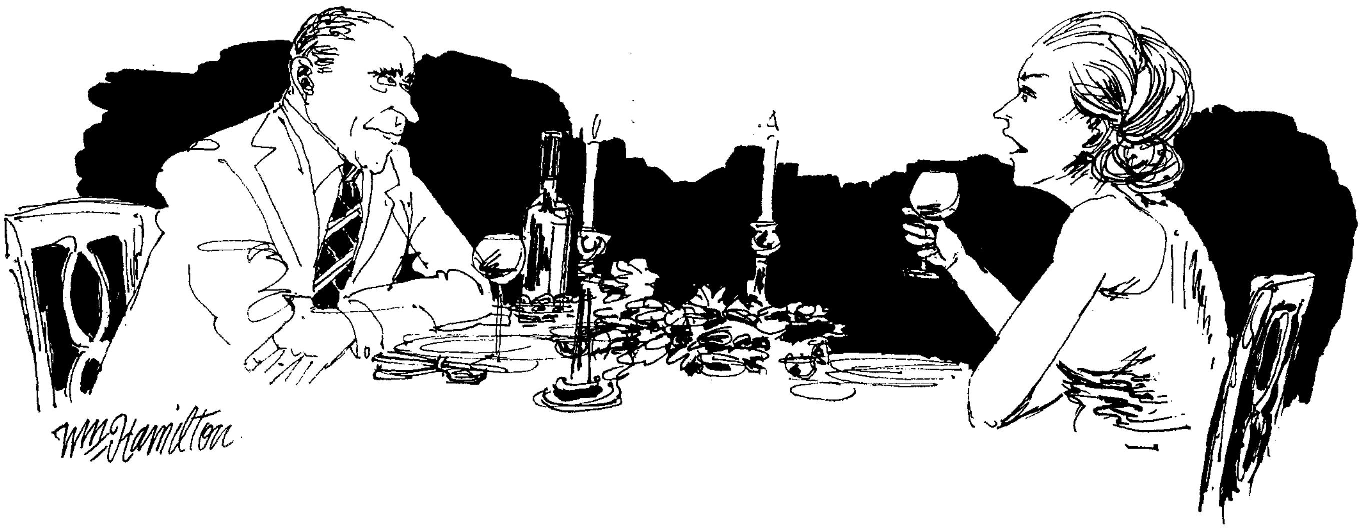
Deborah was a tall, rather oddly shaped girl. Her breasts were large but her body was otherwise skimpy, and with her long, thin legs she had somewhat the look of a bird that might topple over but never quite did. Big front teeth made her appear shy, which she was. Her wide, dark-brown eyes could show a great deal of pain or love. She wore her brown hair long and straight in the hippie style, but for her Kelly Girl job—taken for two reasons: to give herself freedom of movement (she only took morning work) and to embarrass her mother, who expected her to have some kind of career—she dressed in short non-mini skirts and straight shirts. She tended to look for clothes that would hide her—hide her identity as well as her breasts. Her mother and some of the neighbors in that expensive San Francisco block—she and Philip lived in a building owned by Deborah's stepfather, who charged a ritualistic fifty a month for a high, wide studio room with an overwhelming view of the bay and the ocean—described her as a hippie. Deborah felt that that was not quite right, although she could not have said what she was. She read a lot, and thought. Now she was mainly thinking about what to make for dinner for Philip, in case he came home for dinner.



"You know, there are a lot of decent folk who could be enjoying the beauty of this park if it weren't for us."

As she picked up the bits of paper (nothing missing) and replaced the drawer and made the bed—bending awkwardly, tugging at the recalcitrant sheets—her discovery seemed less funny all the time. It was painful for Philip to know she was so sentimental. She blushed and pressed her fingers over her mouth. Nobody but a thirteen-year-old or a middle-aged woman (her mother, with all her dead father's Navy things, and pressed dead gardenias in a book of poems by Dorothy Parker) would keep stuff around like that. What would Philip think? Nothing between them was at all explicitly stated or defined. He had moved into the room shortly after they had met (at the Renaissance Fair, in Marin County—beautiful!) without much comment or any real plan, and he could presumably leave the same way. No one said anything about how long. Deborah sometimes thought he was there simply because of the coincidence in time between meeting her and the disbanding of his Mendocino commune and the start of a new term at the Art Institute. He was a little younger than she was—twenty-one to her twenty-three. His presence was kindly and peaceful, but he talked little, and it was not possible to tell what was in his mind. Sometimes he sang a line or two, like "It ain't me, babe, it ain't me you're looking for, babe." (Did he mean her?) Or "Lay lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed." (Had he met a new girl?)

As she straightened up from her own bed (the headboard of linen, not brass), she noticed what it was incredible that she had not seen before. Philip had taken his zebra-skin rug. Loss hit her hard—so hard that she sat down on the bed and stared at the dusty space where the skins had been. He's used that silly drawer as an excuse to go, she thought. Of course. That was why he emptied it onto the bed. He was telling her that she was a terrible, possessive woman, hoarding souvenirs (like her mother), trying to hang on to him. The rug was the first thing he had brought over, by way of moving in, and despite their ambivalence about it (they disapproved of hunting, and, too, the skins had a suggestion of decorator chic), it had picked up the look of the room, enhancing Deborah's wicker and white linen and the black leather chairs—



"Never known real happiness? How about all those years Xerox was skyrocketing?"

• •

leavings from her mother's tasteful (the taste of five years back) country house.

Deborah was given to moments of total panic such as this, when the world seemed to lurch beneath her like the funhouse floor at Playland-at-the-Beach, when she gasped for air and found it hard to breathe. A psychiatrist had explained this tidily to her as a syndrome: She feared abandonment. Her father had gone off to war and been killed ("At three, you would have viewed this as a desertion—a deliberate one"), and it seemed (to the psychiatrist) that she tried to repeat that situation. She readily felt abandoned, and picked people who would abandon her, like Panamanian Juan. But now, she thought, she was at least able to make an effort to think things through in a reasonable way. She controlled her breathing (with yoga breaths) and remembered that Philip had been talking about having the rug repaired. There was a rip in it that could get larger, or could trip one of them. It made sense—Philip finally took the rug off to be sewn. He had mentioned some people on Union Street who did things with hides and who had the right machines for skins.

Having decided so rationally on what had happened, Deborah felt better, but not very much better. Some cobweb of fear or anxiety clung to her mind, and she could not brush it off. She knew that she would not feel entirely well and reassured until she spoke to Philip. She concentrated on his phone call, which always came early in the afternoon, though by no stated arrangement. They would say whatever had happened in the day so far, and make some plan for the evening. Or Philip would say that he would see her later—meaning ten or eleven that night.

Naturally, since she was eager for Philip to call, several other people did instead, and each time her heart jumped as she answered, "Hello?"

Her mother said, "Darling, how are you? I was wondering if you and Philip are possibly free to come to dinner tomorrow? A couple of my professors from State are coming—you know, the ones who were out on strike—and I thought you might have fun with them."

Meaning: Her mother thought the professors, who must have been quite young, would have a better time (and think better of her) if they met her hippie daughter with her long-haired, bearded boyfriend.

"Sure. I'll check with Philip," Deborah said, and then listened to her mother's continuing voice, which was grateful and full of love.

Once, when she was stoned, Deborah had said to Philip, "My mother's love comes on at me like jelly, or some kind of glue. I have to be careful to stay back from it, you know? All that total approval I get poured over me. She doesn't even know who I am."

Philip's mother, in Cincinnati ("She pronounces it with a broad 'a'—can you imagine? Cincin*nah*ti." He, too, was a person displaced from the upper middle class), did not approve of him at all—his beard and long hair, his Goodwill or Army-surplus clothes. Dropping out of Princeton to come to an art school in San Francisco. She had not been told about the commune in Mendocino; nor, presumably, about Deborah. "I don't mind her," he said. "She's sort of abrasive, bracing, like good sandpaper. She does her own thing, and it's very clear where we're both at."

Philip talked that hip way somewhat ironically, hiding behind it. "I think I'm what those idiot behavioral scientists call a post-hippie," he once said. "Sounds sort of like a wooden Indian, doesn't it?" But he had indeed put various things behind him, including drugs, except for an occasional cigarette. For him, Deborah had thrown out all her posters, and with him she had moved from Hesse and Alan Watts to Mann and Kierkegaard. "Let's face it, babe, they've got more to say. I mean, they've really got it all together."

After her mother's call, two friends called (about nothing), and finally there was the call from Philip.

She said, "Wow, Philip, what are you trying to tell me?," as she had planned to, but she felt no conviction.

"What?"

"The desk drawer on the bed."

"What drawer?"

"Did you take the zebra rug to be sewn?"

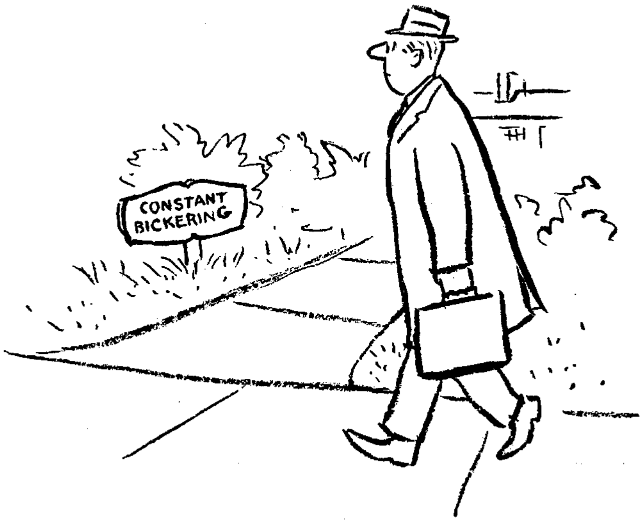
"No. Deb, are you trying to tell me we've been ripped off, as they say?"

Crazily enough, this was a possibility she had not considered, but now she thought, Of course, it happens all the time.

"Debby," he was saying, "would you please look around and see what else is gone?"

As best she could she did look around; she found her shoebox full of inherited jewelry—the ugly diamonds that she never wore—intact under her sweaters, and the stereo safely in its corner. The books, the records. His pictures. She came back to the phone and told him that.

"But aside from the stereo what else could they have taken?" she asked. "We don't have TV and appliances,



INFIDELITY TERRACE

CRISES GALORE

stuff like that. Who wants our books." She felt herself babbling, then said, "I'm really sorry about your rug."

"Oh, well. Maybe I wasn't supposed to have it."

"Should I call the cops?"

"I guess. I'll be home for dinner, O.K.?"

Relief made Deborah efficient. Philip had not moved out, and he was coming home for dinner. She began to put together a rather elaborate lamb stew. (She always bought meat on the chance that he would come home, even though sometimes after several days of his absences she would have to throw it out.) She shaved fresh ginger into the lamb, and then she called the police.

The two officers who arrived perhaps twenty minutes later were something of a surprise. They were young—about her age. (Who of her generation would want to be a cop, she wondered.) One of them was blond and looked a little like a short-haired, clean-shaven Philip. They were quite sympathetic and soft-spoken; they gave sensible advice. "Use the double lock when you go out," the blond one said. "This one could be picked in a minute. And fix the bolt on the kitchen door."

"Do it soon," said the other. "They could be back for more."

"It's sort of funny they didn't take the stereo, too," Deborah said, conversationally.

"Hippies love those fur rugs," they told her, unaware that they were not talking to a nice right-side-of-Russian Hill girl, and that for her they had just joined the enemy.

"More likely junkies than hippies, don't you think?" she coldly said.

FOR Deborah, the preparation and serving of food were acts of love. She liked to serve Philip; she brought in plates and placed them gently before him, like presents, though her offhand manner denied this. "It's that Indian stuff," she said of the stew. Then, so that he would not be forced to comment on her cooking, she said, "It's funny, their moving that drawer from my desk."

"Probably thought you kept valuables there—bonds and bank notes and stuff." He was eating as though starved, which was how he always ate; he barely paused to look up and speak.

She felt herself inwardly crying, "I do! You are infinitely valuable to me. Anything connected with you is valuable—please stay with me!" She managed not to say any of this; instead, she blinked. He had been known to read her eyes.

"This stew is really nice," he told her. "And the wine—cool! Like wow!"

They both laughed a little, their eyes briefly meeting.

She asked, "How's school? How's the graphics class?"

"Pretty good."

Philip was thin, with knobby bones at his wrists, protuberant neck bones, and tense tendons. He had dark-blue, thoughtful eyes. His fine hair flew about when he moved. He looked frail, as though a strong wind (or a new idea) could carry him off bodily. "I tend to get into head trips" is how he half ironically put it, not saying what kind of trips they were. He seemed to be mainly concerned with his work—drawing, etching, watercolors. Other things (people, weather, days) passed by his cool, untroubled, but observant gaze—as someday, Deborah felt, she, too, might pass by.

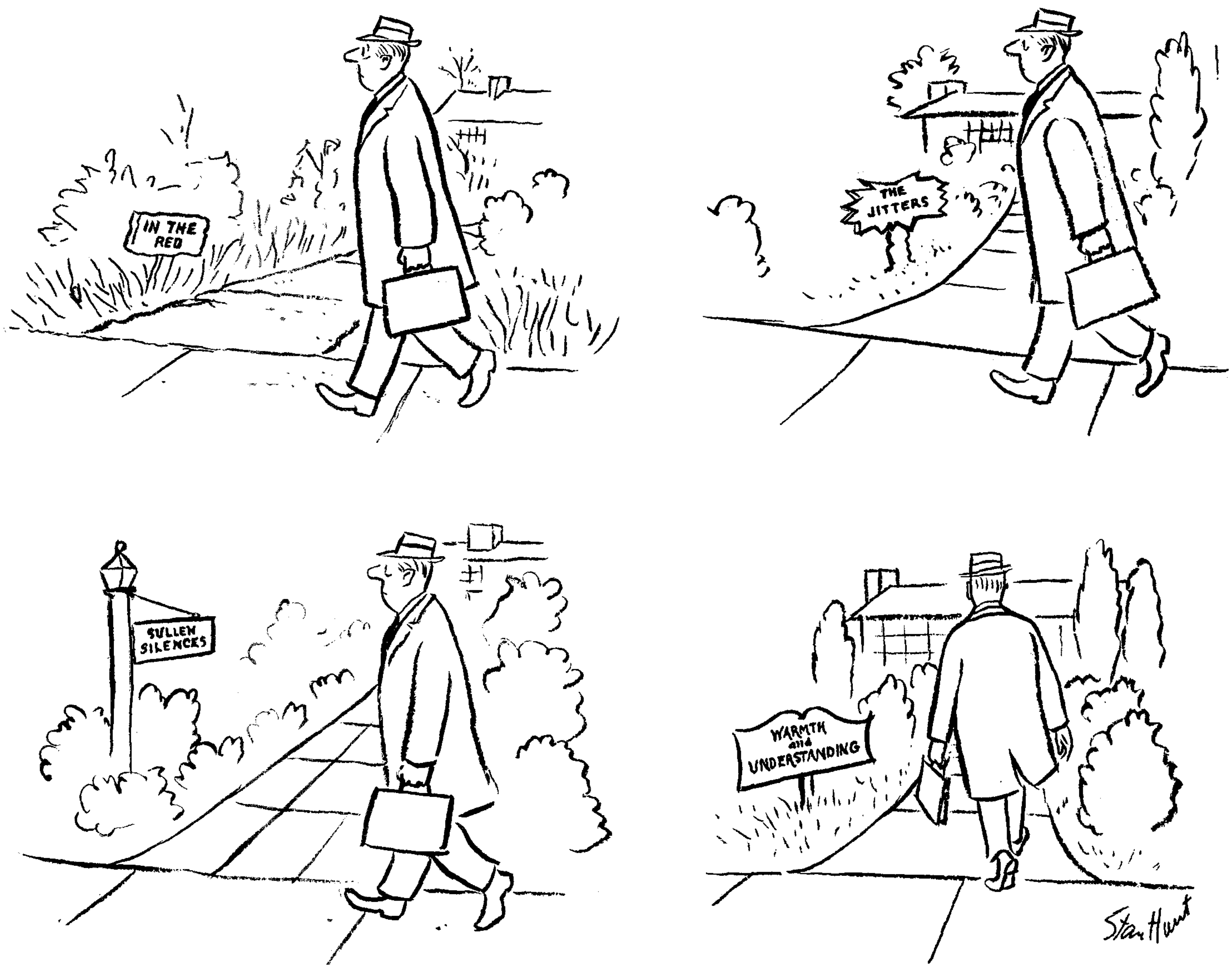
At the moment, however, she was experiencing a total, warm contentment. There was Philip, eating and liking the stew she had made, and they had been robbed—ripped off—and nothing of value was gone.

"What was in the drawer?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. Just some stuff I kept."

Again their quick glances met, and they smiled; then both ducked away from prolonged contact. Deborah had to look aside because she had suddenly thought how marvellous it would be if they could have a child, a straw-blond baby that she would nurse (she had heard that breast-feeding made big breasts smaller) and whom Philip would always love. The intensity of this wish made her dizzy. For concealment, she asked, "You really won't miss those skins?"

"Really not. You know I always hated them as much as I liked them.



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Good luck to whoever took them is how I feel."

AFTER dinner, Deborah cleared and cleaned the kitchen, while Philip read in the living room. Early on in their life together, he had helped, or at least offered to, but gradually they both realized that cleaning up was something Deborah did not mind doing. She liked that simple interval alone, with nothing demanded of her that she could not accomplish. Her mother said of her that she was a throwback—"my quaint hippie daughter." Deborah supposed there was something to that. She liked to polish the wineglasses and to shine the chrome and porcelain on the stove and sink. She did all that tonight, and then went into the living room where Philip was and sat near him with a book of her own. With evening, the fog had begun to roll in. Outside, the distant foghorns announced a cold, moist, black night. Wind shuddered against the windows, beyond which nothing was visible. The surrounding dark and cold made an island of their room—to Deborah, an enchanted island. She thought, We could live like this forever; this peace is better than any high. She thought, Do I want to get married, is that what I mean that I want? And then, No, I only mean to stay like this, with no change. But someday a baby.

They read for several hours. Absorbed in his book ("Dr. Faustus," for the second time), Philip fought off sleep until he and then Deborah went into fits of yawns, and they gave up and went to bed.

While they were undressing, Deborah opened the drawer where she kept her scarves.

It was gone—her largest, most beautiful, pale striped silk scarf, all lavenders and mauves and pinks, the only present from her mother that she had ever liked. Wearing any dress at all, she could wrap herself in that scarf and be instantly elegant. Soon after she and Philip had met, she wore it to a party at the Institute, and he thought it was a wonderful scarf. The enormity of its absence had surely summoned her and made her for no reason open that drawer.

She felt hurt enough to cry, which, with a conscious effort, she did not do. Her second decision was not to tell Philip. This was less rational, and even as she slipped into bed beside him she was not sure why. Obviously, someday he would ask why she never wore it anymore. But at the moment she only knew that she felt diminished, as though without that scarf Philip would love her less, as though their best times together were over.

Philip turned on his side; having kissed her good night, he quickly fell asleep. She lay there in the dark, listening to the erratic mourning noise of the foghorns. She was thinking that even if she had a child he would grow up and go away. Finally, she couldn't stand it; all her thoughts were unbearable, and she turned and pressed her body against the length of Philip's slender warm back, holding him tightly with her arms, as though she could keep him there.

—ALICE ADAMS

PROFILES

BROADWAY JOE

JOE FRANKLIN's career as the host of a television talk show and a collector of old movies and old records has been more stable than spectacular, yet Joe is a source of amazement to many people in town, including himself. On Madison Avenue, they say, "Joe's magic. We don't know how he does it. We don't even ask." In the television business, there are those who patronize him, but there are many more who admire him. The admirers say, "Joe's an institution," "Joe's unbelievable," and "Joe's a one-man gang." On Broadway, in the middle reaches of show business, they say, "Call Joe—whatever it is, Joe can fix it." To those who call, the word from Joe is "I'll call you back at *exactly* six." Sometimes he does. Confronted with testimonials to his amazingness, Joe says that he hates to be immodest but confesses that he's forced to agree. "I'm an enigma," he will say, and lately he has been adding, "I'm red-hot."

The center of Joe's life is his unusual talk show, which appears twice every weekday on Channel 9. The show emphasizes show-business nostalgia—old film clips and interviews with old-time stars—but that isn't all that makes it unusual. It has an atmosphere all its own. For instance, the following exchange couldn't have taken place anywhere else, on or off the air:

JOE (*opening a discussion about a new television series*): Many theories are becoming practicalities in the world of TV. Right, Bonnie?

BONNIE: Right.

JOE: Many, many exciting and thrilling things are happening, and one of them, Barry and Susie—you like that name "Susie"? (*Breaks into song.*) "If you knew Susie, like I know . . ." Right?

BARRY: My oldest daughter is named Susie.

JOE (*incredulous*): Really?

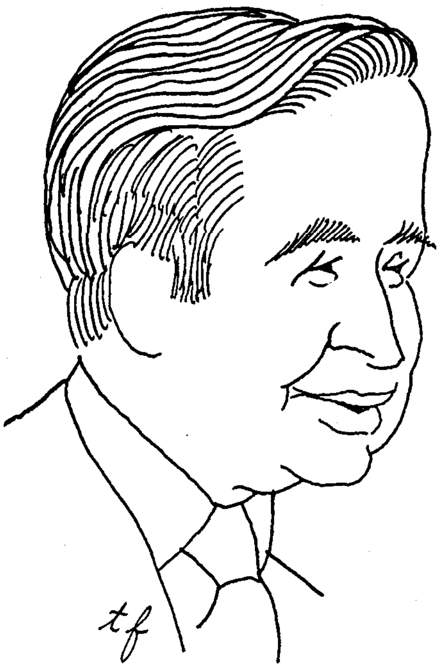
SUSIE: You made mention of the fact that this gentleman is known as the Golden Voice.

JOE: Right.

SUSIE: Well, I was known for twenty years as Martha Mitchell, Golden Girl of Song. No relation to our bigmouth in Washington. But Martha Mitchell was my name.

JOE: *Mmmmm!* Good name.

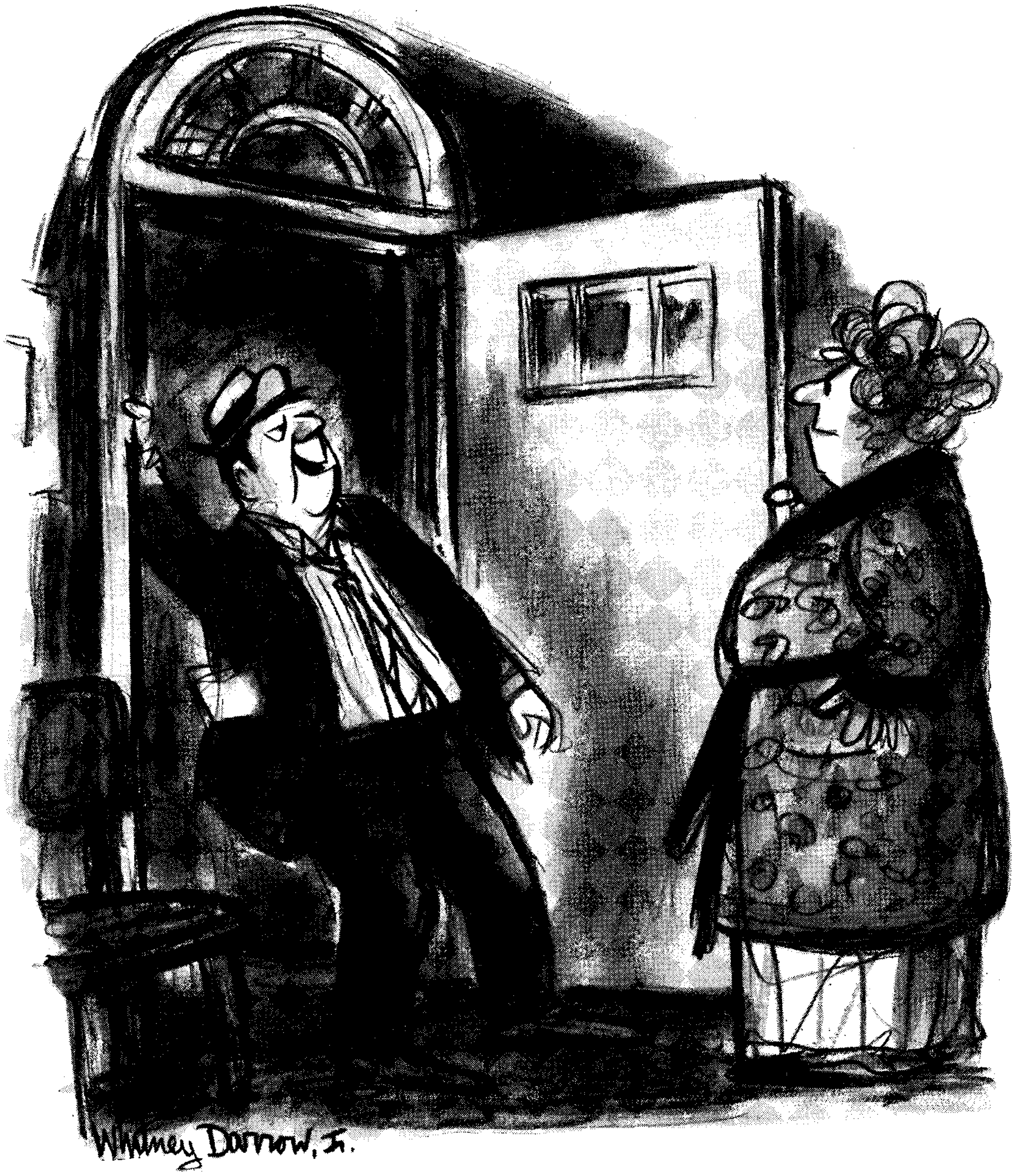
However interesting Joe's show may be, many of Joe's friends feel that the way to seek exposure to his magic is not by watching his show but by visiting his office. One of them has even recommended that Joe cancel his show and put his office on the air. Though Joe has made a lot of money, he doesn't believe in spending it on a secretary, a production staff, a fancy office, or, for that matter, on much of anything. He answers his own phone, does his own booking for his television show, and conducts all his business in a ratty little office on West Forty-second Street, just off Times Square. Joe's office is even less like other offices than his television show is like other television shows. It has a quality that goes beyond mere grime and disorder. If it were a person, it would be a bum. On the right as you enter Joe's office is his famous desk. The desk has photographs and magazine clippings taped to its front, and its top is stacked more than a foot high with unopened mail, bulging manila envelopes, photographs, magazines, sheet music, plastic spoons, empty coffee containers, reels of movie film, posters, record albums, demo records, newspapers, books, and unsigned contracts detailing schemes for easy money. Lined up facing the desk are five chairs, a nickel-candy machine that dispenses pistachio nuts, and an ancient console-model Edison phonograph. Two of the chairs are filled with envelopes and newspapers, and two more chairs are usually occupied by Joe's aging messenger boys, Happy the Clown and Pop, nattering away at each other like old ladies but ready for action in their felt hats. A narrow patch of concrete between the desk on one side and the Edison and the various knees on the other is the only standing room in the office. The rest of the floor space is taken up by a jungle-gym assemblage of tall metal and wooden shelves, stacks of cardboard boxes, a table, and three filing cabinets. The sort of debris that covers the desk also covers the shelves, the table, the radiator, and the tops of the filing cabinets, and spills out onto the floor here and there. The filing cabinets are jammed so full of envelopes and folders, fanned out like a hand of jumbo playing cards, that the drawers will close only halfway. Beached atop one of the filing cabinets is a television set that won't last much longer. When it's turned on every morning for Joe's show, dim, ghostly images swim across its screen, speaking in muffled voices. On the walls, which are gray and peeling, there are thirty or forty photographs, including ones of Rudolph Valentino, Frank Sinatra, Eddie Cantor, a Hupmobile, Shirley Temple, Al Jolson, a lady midget, Alfred E. Neuman, Iris the Body, Joe with Kate Smith, Joe with Jimmy Durante, and Joe with Tony Curtis. Two telephones, nestled in a valley on Joe's desk, ring incessantly, one after the other and both at once—so often that they seem like props in a musical that is trying too hard to be fast-paced and "zany." Visitors file in and out all day, some shabby and some well dressed. All this traffic on the phone and in the office is generated by Joe's accessibility—anyone who wants to be on his show can just call or drop by—and by Joe's reputation as a "fixer," a man who knows everyone in town and can get you a job or a contact.



Joe is a short, pale, restless man. Most of the day, he stands behind his desk in his shirtsleeves, dispatching his messengers and answering the phones. In this setting, with a phone in each hand, Joe is a different man from the one who m.c.'s the talk show. On the air, Joe has effusive praise for everything and everybody, and is as mild and friendly as a cocker spaniel. In his office, he is still friendly, but there is an edge of impatience in all his transactions and an air of authority in his voice. He keeps most of his phone calls short, and his goodbyes tend to be barked commands. He always slams the phone into its cradle, with a sudden pouncing movement, as though he were swatting flies with the receiver. The hubbub in the office is punctuated all day by the sound of Joe's explosive goodbyes: "Don't forget!" *Bang!* "Wait for my call!" *Bang!* "Keep me in touch!" *Bang!* "God bless you!" *Bang!*

Joe is in his office from ten in the morning to eight at night, seven days a week. He seems to have no need for nourishment or a change of scenery, so he has to be away from his desk only for a little sleep, for the taping of his television show, and for the taping of a radio-interview program that he does for Station WOR. Joe usually tapes his TV show at 1:45 P.M. each weekday, in a studio on Broadway between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, and the tape is shown the next day at 10 A.M. and again at 1 A.M. His radio show is taped at 4 P.M., in a studio on Broadway between Fortieth and Forty-first Street, and is broadcast from 8:15 P.M. to 9 Monday through Friday. Joe also is the host of Channel 9's Sunday-night film program, "When Movies Were Movies," which is off the air during the summer. The door of Joe's office is always wide open during working hours, and anyone who wants to can stroll in unannounced. The office is a magnet for people who used to be in show business, for people who have tried for years to get into show business and never quite made it, for people who are just beginning to try to get into show business, and for a vague type of would-be promoter who wants to get something going but has never been able to make anyone understand just what. The latter sort of visitor—usually a gabby older fellow in a hat and a roomy overcoat, carrying an armful of manila envelopes—is likely to have three different business cards, four phone numbers, a mailing address on Fifth Avenue, and two jobs. He's incorporated, he'll publish your song, he'll repair your radio, he foresees world war, he's staging an extravaganza of some sort somewhere sometime soon.

Joe Davis, the Melody Man, stops in to contribute old records to Joe's collection. Davis was a singing star in the twenties, on the Okeh label, with such hits as "Lindbergh, You Flew Into Everyone's Heart" and "I've Lost All of My Love for You," and he has done well since then as a publisher and record producer. Mary Harkins, who was known as Mary Marlowe when she sang with Sammy Kaye in the forties, and whose father, Jim Harkins, was Fred Allen's personal manager, comes by with Fred Allen memorabilia. Old vaudevillians check in with Joe for the pleasure of being recognized and because Joe is usually good for a dollar or two. Gary (Freedom) Stewart, the patriotic minstrel—a middle-aged man with a song *in his heart and a story to tell, if only* someone would listen—is an occasional visitor. Stewart, who also calls himself Brother Freedom and Mayor Broadway Brotherhood, claims authorship of such tunes as "Uncle Sammy's Anniversary," "Liberty Torch Madonna," "Rocky, That Governor Man," and "India, You Peace-Loving Nation." One evening not long ago, Stewart led a friend of Joe's into the hall outside Joe's office and revealed that he had a plan to save mankind. "This is the most amazing idea in the world," he said. "This plan will erase suspicion and fear across the face of the earth. The plan is in the form of a television game. It will spread from television to the streets of New York. And from the streets of New York, from Broadway, it will spread across *the country and the world. It will even* affect people in trenches who are fighting each other. I'll work it out where they'll be so affected by the idea that they'll *have to play the game!* You


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

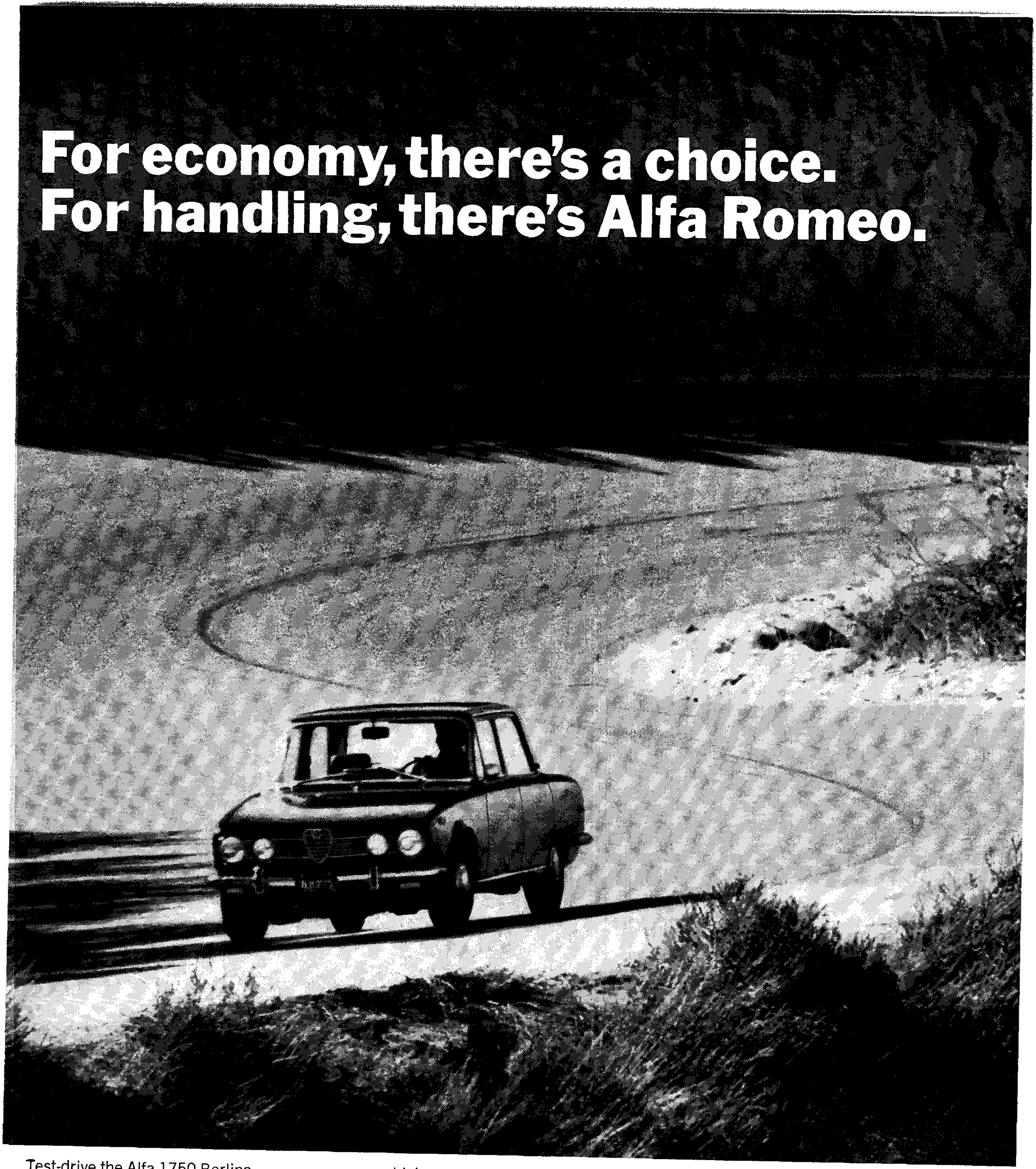
"Hi, Honeybun! Guess who's filled the cup, and in the fire of spring the winter garment of repentance flung!"

understand? They'll have to play the game, and they'll forget to fight with each other!"

Not all Joe's visitors are as startling as Mayor Broadway Brotherhood. Some of them are merely young men who have written plays, movies, or television scripts. They bring their scripts to Joe, hoping for an opinion and a good word somewhere, and are surprised when they get both on the spot. Joe will riffle the pages of the manuscript for fifteen or twenty seconds, say that it looks good, and then place a call to a show-business executive. Joe doesn't pretend to be a pal of David Merrick's or Joe Levine's, but he does have access to a couple of Broadway producers; to Sam Sherman, who produces motorcycle and monster movies; to Phil D'Antoni, who produced the movie "Bullitt;" and to David Fein, director of syndicated production for Screen Gems, the television arm of Columbia Pictures. "You should always accept Joe Franklin's call," Fein said recently. "You never know where it might lead. And besides that, he's just wonderful to talk to. His approach is so refreshing. He has no discipline. He never says, 'No, I don't wanna get involved in that.' He approaches TV the way a guy sells suits—'You don't like gray? I'll give you blue.' He's better than an analyst. You can say anything to him, because he never listens to you. You can say, 'Hey, Joe, my mother died this morning,' and he'll say, 'Terrific, call me at six—don't forget!' Now, that's certainly worth twenty seconds in this sick business."

A few of the regulars at Joe's place are allowed to assume titles and to claim semi-staff status. These are the "talent coördinators" and the assistant Pops. There is one principal talent coördinator (a man named Hal Stone, who scouts the night clubs for Joe, in return for a ten here and a twenty there), just as there is a main Pop—the everyday Pop who is Happy's faithful running mate. The other talent coördinators are more likely to be paid in theatre and concert tickets than in money, and no secondary Pop works more than four or five days a week. The main Pop, whose other name is Frank Ransky, has the distinction of being just about the only person in Joe's life with no strong show-biz ties. While he claims some distant show-biz relatives, he is content to describe himself simply as a former watchmaker and paper-box worker. By contrast, Happy is not only Happy the Clown but John Kuhley, the hillbilly musician. As Kuhley, Happy plays the violin and is said to have a weakness for making demo records.

PERHAPS even more than radio or television, the telephone is Joe's real medium. Joe himself is astounded at the hold the instrument has on him. "I don't understand it," he said once. "People I wouldn't talk to on the street call me on the phone, and because it's a phone call I talk to them. It doesn't make any sense." Joe seems to have four basic types of response to a call. Type D, for the person Joe doesn't want to talk to and can risk insulting, consists of simply handing the phone to Happy or Pop or any other convenient bystander. "Tell him I have a sore throat and can't talk," Joe will say. If Happy lets a D call drag on for more than four or five seconds, Joe will shout, "Hap! Hang up! Hang up, Hap! What's wrong with you?" Type C goes, "Hello? Uh, I'm just rushing out to tape my show. I'll call you Saturday between two and six. Wait for me!" *Bang!* In this case, Joe feels kindly toward the caller but wants to dodge the request he is making. Joe won't return the call, and he hopes that by Saturday the caller will have abandoned his idea. A variation of Type C is for the caller who vehe-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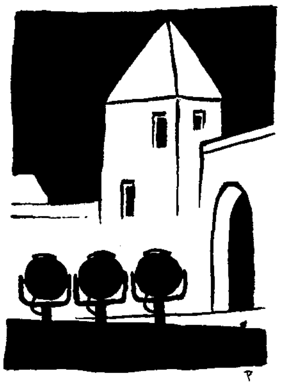
mently insists that Joe meet him somewhere. Rather than waste time arguing, Joe simply agrees to the appointment and then doesn't show up. "On practically any afternoon, I have people waiting for me in three or four restaurants and offices around town," Joe said recently. "I just never go. And you know what I find out? Life continues." In a Type B response, Joe tells the caller that he isn't doing any booking, because the show is in reruns for several days or weeks. This white lie is for the press agent or book publisher who has sent Joe some good guests in the past but who, at the moment, is pushing someone of no interest to Joe. Joe hates to give such a person a flat no. Type A—a longer conversation, filled with teasing and flattery—is for the caller who is important or useful or who is simply a good friend. As Joe often says, these people can have anything they want.

The chores that consume most of Joe's phone time are booking guests for his shows, doing favors for his friends, and consulting members of what he describes as his brain trust. The members of the brain trust—several writers and press agents and Joe's lawyer, Leon Charney—provide Joe with conversational gambits and with thoughts about current topics that might come under discussion on his television or radio show. Each of these concerns is evident in an excerpt from a typical morning's calls:



One of the phones rings. As usual, Joe reaches for the wrong one, wastes a hello, slams the receiver down, and then answers the right one. "Hello? Hey, Rick! You're all set. Listen to me carefully. Go to 250 West Fifty-seventh. It's called Yangtze River. Ask for my table. And have a great meal. At the end, you give the waiter about a buck and a half. Or a deuce. Don't give more than a deuce. You're gonna have a great evening. It'll be a night you'll never forget. It's already reserved for you. There's no check. Am I a great man? Have a good time!" *Bang!*

Joe starts to dial a number but hangs up because the other phone is ringing. "Hello? Teddy! You'd never guess what I've got for you. A cash customer! Call me back at six!" *Bang!*

Joe dials a number again. Pop is telling Happy, "I dreamed I saw Sinatra last night, and he gave me a hundred-dollar bill. It was on Second Avenue." Joe completes the dialling this time. "Miss Victoria! You don't call me anymore. Listen, uh, I've got a great show today. Be watching. Fantastic show. Listen, how's the movie business? You got room for two friends of mine? You open now? O.K., I'll send them right over. Run a Mickey Mouse for them, because they're not too smart. Take care." *Bang!*

Joe dials a number. "Hello, who's this? Merle? How're you, sweetie? Great, great. You like show business? Gets better every day, right? I gave your concert a big sendoff, by the way. Listen, is your house gone for Friday night? I gotta get two tickets for Friday night. Wait, hold on one second." The other phone is ringing, and Joe answers. "Hello? Hal isn't here. Call the Hotel Commander, Room 214!" *Bang!* Joe turns back to the other phone. "Yes? Really? Boy, am I lucky. Yeah. For you? Anytime, sweetie. Call me this Saturday and let me know what day you want to go, and it'll be in your name, third row center. O.K., don't forget. *What*? That's *definite*! Definite for you, sweetie!" *Bang!*

The other phone rings. Pop answers it and tells Joe it's Lyle Stuart, the book publisher. "Hey, Lyle! Yes. Well, I gave him a good sendoff. Who? How long will he be in town? Listen to me carefully. Uh, wait'll he comes back, because I'm doing reruns for the rest of the week. Keep me in touch!" *Bang!*

The phone rings. "Hello? Richard! Let me ask you a question, Dick. Do you feel that people today are as concerned for their fellowman as they could be? Or is there an apathy? Right." Apparently, this is a member of the brain trust. Joe begins scribbling notes on an envelope. "Right. Yeah-yeah-yeah. Good thought. Call you in fifteen minutes. Wait for me!" *Bang!*

The phone rings. "Hello? Johnny!" Joe covers the mouthpiece and says to a friend, "It's Johnny Marks, the guy who wrote 'Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.' " He speaks into the receiver again. "Johnny, what day are you gonna be available? Good. Meet me at exactly one-thirty. You'll be out by two-fifteen. Same building. Alongside the theatre where they play the dirty movies. Right." *Bang!*

The phone rings. "Hello? Who are you with? Oh, yeah. We'll book it, like, by Monday morning. Send me her bio in the mail and I'll give you the date Monday morning. Between ten and twelve. Yeah, she's a good talker. Bye-bye. You're a good girl." *Bang!*

Joe dials a number. "Sylvia! Joe Franklin. You're great. Listen. Help me buy two tickets for Wednesday. I'll have my man there in ten minutes. In my name. Do the best you can. Wanta use another name? I don't care. Right. Right. My name is the magic name. Go to work. You're a doll." *Bang!*

"Pop! Turn on my show! Pop! The show!"

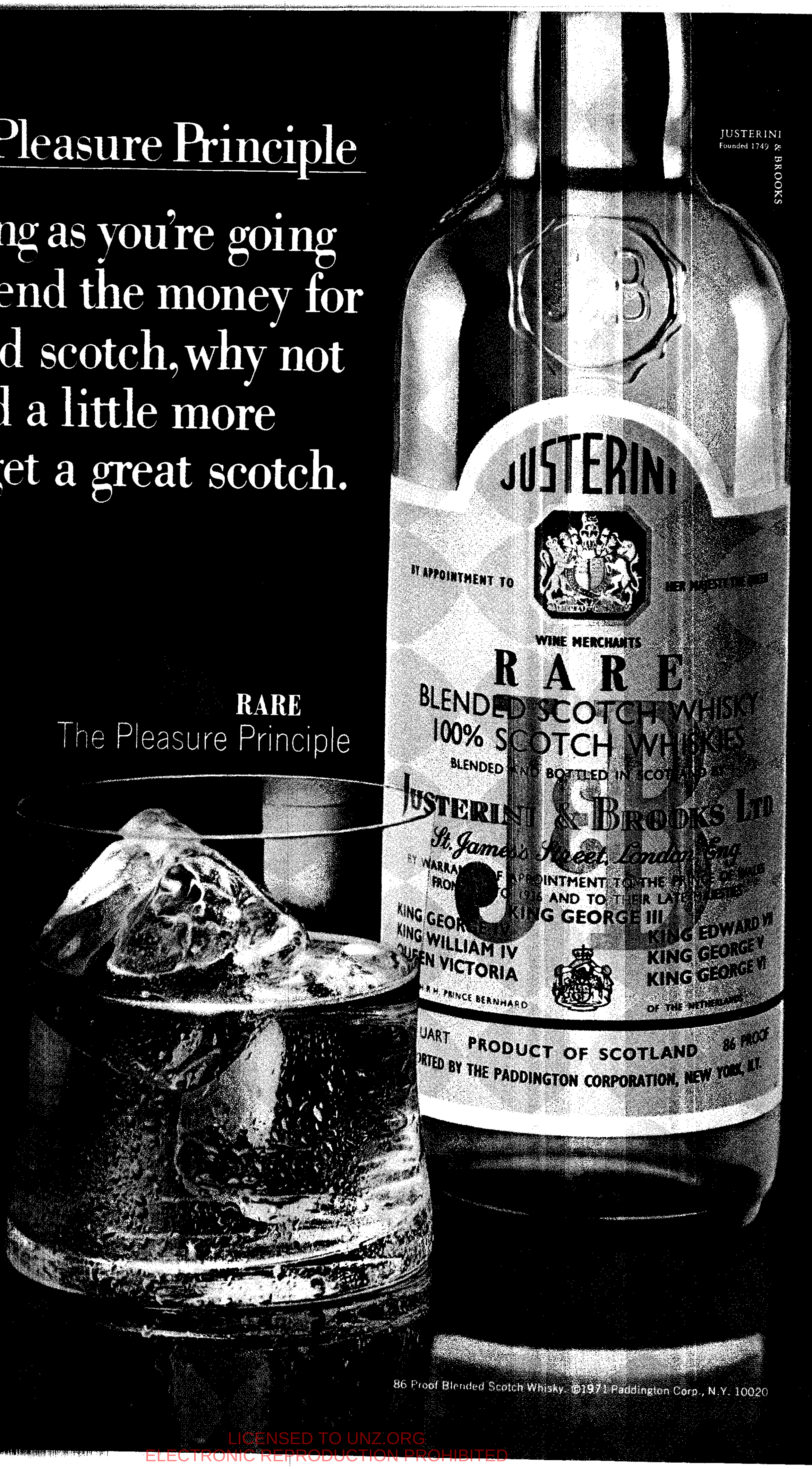
The phone rings. "Hello? Yeah, well, you want my advice? Wait until she opens in a major room. Don't you agree? If we put her on again, people will think I've got a romance going with her. It'll look suspicious, because she's so beautiful. Right. Keep me in touch!" *Bang!*

"Pop! What happened? The show's not on!" Joe dials a number. "Jerry? Joe Franklin. Is my wife there yet?" The other phone rings. "Jerry, hold on a second." Joe answers the other phone. "Hello? Who's this? Al, I haven't seen him in a couple of days. Was he supposed to be here today? Does he owe you money? O.K., hold on one second, Al." Joe switches to the other phone. "Who's this? Oh, yeah, Jerry. Jerry, make a table of four for my wife. Very important. Is Abe in town? At the office? I'll call him. Yeah, make it for four. All girls. It's on me. Goodbye." *Bang!* Joe switches back to the other phone. "Who'm I talking to? Oh, Al. Al, you know, he told me about you. Why don't you and I do a show together one day? Yeah, I think chess is getting bigger all the time, isn't it? Gigantic. Bobby was on my show many times." Joe covers the mouthpiece and says to a friend nearby, "A chess editor—interesting?" He speaks into the phone again. "I'd love it, Al. How can we coördinate? Yeah, you promise? The best time is between ten and one. Oh, that's fantastic. Wow. You could write a book. *Thirty* books you've written? *Holy* . . . Incredible. Al, we're going to do a very important show! Call me when you're ready! How do you spell your name? Great. Don't forget!" *Bang!*

Joe dials a number, and the other phone rings. He speaks into one phone while listening, on the other, for an answer to his call. "Hello? Speaking. You in Los Angeles? All right, hold on one second—how's the weather? Hold on—what time is it? Hold on." He speaks into the other phone. "Hello? Is Abe there? Joe Franklin. Sure. Hold on. Pop! Hold this till Abe gets on." He speaks into the first phone. "Who's the

The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.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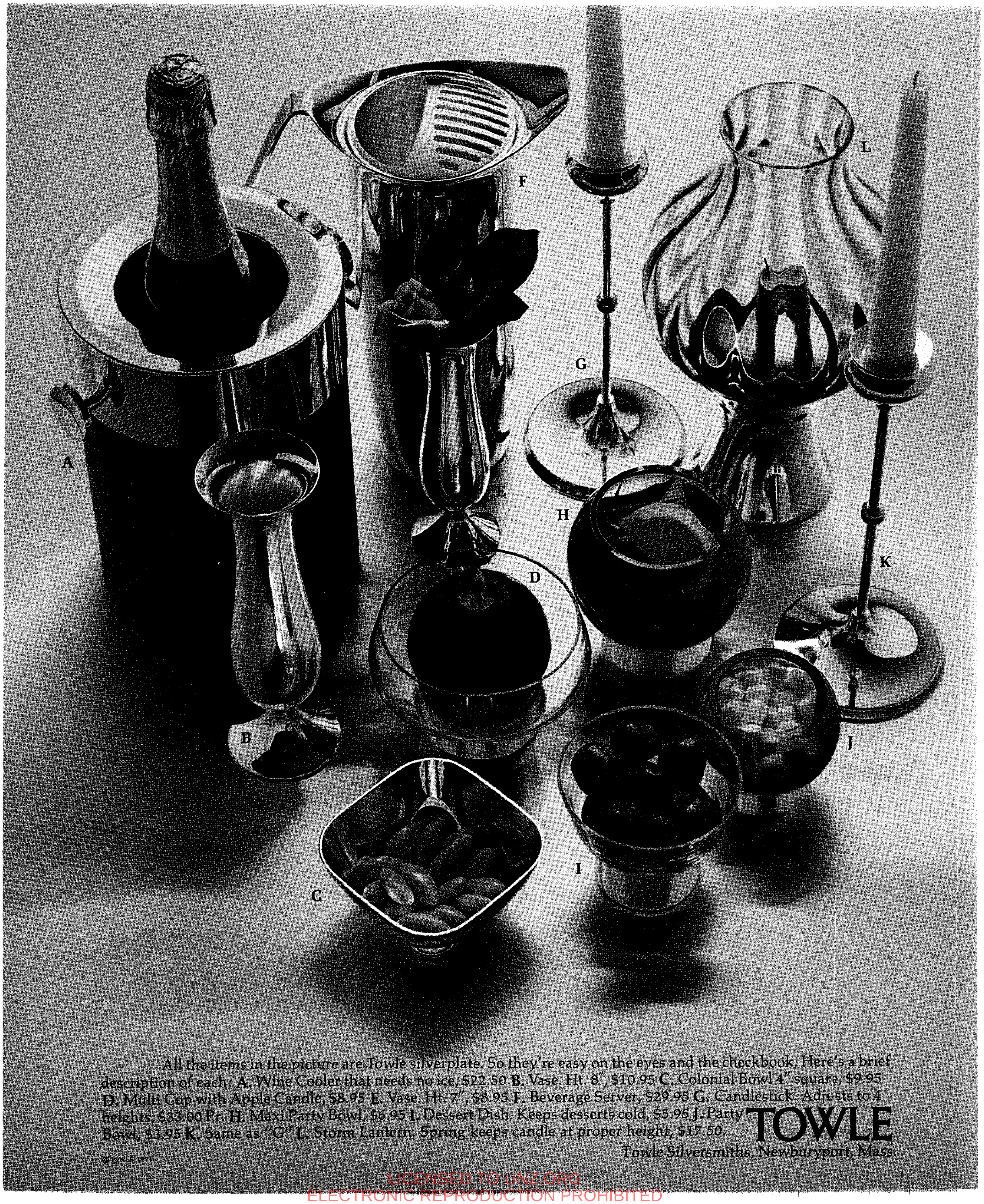
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EATING AND DINING.



All the items in the picture are Towle silverplate. So they're easy on the eyes and the checkbook. Here's a brief description of each: **A.** Wine Cooler that needs no ice, $22.50 **B.** Vase. Ht. 8", $10.95 **C.** Colonial Bowl 4" square, $9.95 **D.** Multi Cup with Apple Candle, $8.95 **E.** Vase. Ht. 7", $8.95 **F.** Beverage Server, $29.95 **G.** Candlestick. Adjusts to 4 heights, $33.00 Pr. **H.** Maxi Party Bowl, $6.95 **I.** Dessert Dish. Keeps desserts cold, $5.95 **J.** Party Bowl, $3.95 **K.** Same as "G" **L.** Storm Lantern. Spring keeps candle at proper height, $17.50.

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guest, sweetie? What is he, an author? What did he write? How-to stuff, huh? All right. Now, when will he be— He's in town now? For how long? You wanta be smart? Have him call me. How can I get the books? Right. Have him call me tonight between five-thirty and six-thirty and I'll schedule him. Don't forget. Keep me in touch. What book? Send me that book and I'll use him, too. Call me when you're ready. Don't forget!" *Bang!* Joe speaks into the other phone. "Abe! I just had the blues to hear your voice. Listen, Abe. Are you with the Better Broadway Committee? You should be, right? Abe, I want to ask you a question. How long will you be in town? And then you leave for how long? O.K., we'll shoot for that week. Oh, it's the hottest thing in the country, Abe. *The* hottest thing. We're sold out, with a long waiting list. Abe, I'm on the air right now. You don't have a TV set in your office, huh? Why don't you watch me once in a while in the morning? At night sometimes, right? Listen, what I want to say—the family is healthy? You planning some Broadway shows? O.K. I'll call you then. You're a doll. Bye-bye." *Bang!*

During Joe's conversation, Happy has been fiddling with a cardboard box, and Pop has been rattling on about something or other and still is. Joe says, "Pop! Stop it! Go outside for five minutes, Pop! Hap! Did you have to tear open that box? Was it annoying you?"

The phone rings. "Hello? A hand analyst? Were you ever on my show? We'll do it next month. Call me between twelve and six Saturday. Were you on Mike Douglas or any other shows ever? You were never on a national show? O.K., but I mean, you're a pro? Because I can't— Oh, you *are* America's foremost hand analyst? O.K., because we can't use beginners. You got good microphone technique? O.K., send me a few of those clippings. Right. See ya." *Bang!*

The phone rings. "Hello? Whaddya say? Did you get the job? Well, there's not much filming this month. I'll be narrating some things for a big company next month. And I'm gonna use you in the background seated at a table. And I'll use any of your friends that you wanta help. But they have to be fat people, because it's for a spaghetti company. O.K., now how are we gonna coördinate? You going to the fight? Call me in an hour. Don't forget!" *Bang!*

The phone rings. Joe guesses right about which one it is for the first time all morning. "Hello? Jerry, how are you? That's great. Oh, you write plays and movies both. O.K. Right. To do what? How much money do you need? Forty thousand? Listen to me carefully. Call me Saturday between two and six, and I'll have you a good moneyman. I'll surprise you. God bless you!" *Bang!*

Joe dials another number. "Hey, how do you feel? Listen, how do you feel about Lois Wilson, a great-great silent star? You know, give me one of your nice thoughts on that era. Right. Right. How would you phrase it? Give me another thought on old-time Hollywood. Right. Once and for all—how would I say it? Wild parties, true or false? How would I phrase that? Right. One more. Right. When talkies came in. Right. Good thought. Give me another for an author, Don Robertson. Three novels about Morris Bird the Third. Right. Good thought. Give me a thought about Monti Rock. You know Monti. Yeah. Good. What's one burning issue besides ecology? Are people as concerned as they could be for their fellow-man? Hmm. Right. Yes! Any legal advice you need, you're covered on my retainer. That's *official!* Anything you need, sweetie, it's automatic. I'll make you rich and famous. I'll get your name in lights. I'm gonna change your name to Exit. I'll call you. Get some sleep!" *Bang!*

JOE's TV talk show has a flavor and a pace unlike anything else on television. Some people find it Campy and unintentionally funny, while others think it is relaxed, intimate, and interesting. Whatever it is, the ingredients seem to be the lack of a studio audience or a band, the use of unknown guests as well as famous ones, the emphasis on nostalgia for old-time show business, the spontaneous nature of Joe's conversations with his guests, and Joe's interview technique. Other talk shows have staff members who not only book the guests but also interview them before the show and provide the host with notes that might be helpful in keeping a conversation going. But Joe and his guests wing it. Joe's lack of rigid planning allows him to employ two conversational devices that probably are unique to him, at least in television—the multiple-layer question and the word-association ninety-degree turn—and to make wonderful use of an old radio favorite, the non sequitur. An example of the multiple-layer-question approach can be seen in this exchange with Tiny Tim:

JOE: Tiny, you look fine. Would you ever consider changing, did you change your image, have you changed your, uh, not your physical appearance, but have you changed your format in the way of singing, did you try to bring in jazz or bring in something different that wasn't there?

TINY: No, I really haven't.

JOE: Would you ever change, would you consider changing your— Would you

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consider a crewcut, a haircut, or anything different, or have you analyzed it or thought about it or . . .

In that same conversation, Joe demonstrated his mastery of the non sequitur, after asking Tiny how he liked married life.

TINY: My dear wife Miss Vicki is so wonderful to me that I'm immensely happy.

JOE (*as if in confirmation of Miss Vicki's happy-making qualities*): She's a good singer.

TINY (*jolted, hesitating*): Well, she carries a tune quite well.

The word-association ninety-degree turn, which consists of following the sound of a word rather than its sense, is illustrated in an excerpt from a conversation Joe once had with a young singer named Leland Scott:

JOE: Tell me about today's music. Does it do anything to encourage brotherhood and sisterhood and peace? Yelled that loud, does it—

SCOTT: I think there are certain songs that do. Some of Joe South's tunes, and some of the things that are being written and really say something. And there are others that, uh—

JOE: That shake us up.

SCOTT: Yeah, that are just shouted and don't really get through, I think.

JOE: That make us feel *un*tranquil, that—

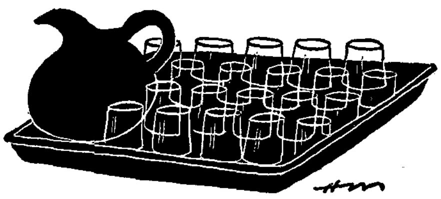
SCOTT: Yeah, they—

JOE: You ever take tranquillizers?

JOE has been kidded a lot about the informality of his booking and m.c.'ing. But, in fairness, it should be said that the resultant atmosphere of his show often works very much to his advantage. With no studio audience to play to and thus no need to strain for a laugh every few seconds, Joe's show sometimes has a feeling of intimacy and of real conversation that would be difficult to achieve on one of the network talk shows. And though Joe's casual attitude toward booking may have caused him to come up with some strange guest lists occasionally, it has also led him over the years to give exposure to several talented newcomers. Joe claims that Tiny Tim, Barbra Streisand, and Flip Wilson, among many others, made their first television appearances on his show. (Tiny acknowledges the claim. Miss Streisand and Wilson can't remember whether Joe is right about them but they say that he did put them on the air very early in their careers.)

Joe has also taken some teasing about the congratulatory manner that he assumes with his guests. On the air, Joe is more cheerful and positive than Norman Vincent Peale and Lawrence Welk combined. On Joe's show, every singer is the greatest, and every author, no matter how obscure and untalented, is one of our leading writers. With conflict and hostility on every side, Joe believes that his audience is grateful to him for an hour of sweet harmony. He hates to upset or offend anybody. The guests themselves—accustomed to m.c.s who will let them die or will get a laugh at their expense—aren't exactly put off by Joe's approach, and some of them admit that they love it. Barry Farber, a colleague of Joe's at WOR, has studied Joe's use of the lavish compliment and decided that it's something very special, something that only Joe could get away with. "Joe has a way of making you feel that you're strapped down to a hospital table and getting large doses of dextrose," Farber said not long ago. "You just feel all sweetened up all over your insides when Joe begins his injections of compliments. I fall for it every time. People wonder how girls can be so gullible. Fathers and older brothers have always asked, 'How could you fall for a line like that?' Well, it's easy. Every time Joe Franklin sees you and goes into that clubhouse crouch and says, 'Holy mackerel, you were really terrific the other night,' then you're under the spell. You actually stand at parade rest and beam with pride. He unwraps each word as though he's been saving that word for you and he wasn't going to give it to you until the moment you deserved it, and this is the moment. And it feels good, and exclusive. And the explanation is—you have been Franklinized."

DURING the nearly twenty years that Joe has been on television, he has never had very high ratings. But there is a feeling in show business and in advertising that his audience is either much larger than the ratings indicate or much more responsive than other audiences. For instance, David Black, who produced "George M!" and "The Impossible Years" on Broadway, said recently that he was convinced that Joe's show had the power to help a Broadway play. "I'm always amazed at the number of people, in and out of the business, who talk to me about it when I've been on Joe's show or a show of mine has been mentioned on Joe's show," Black said. Abe Margolies, co-producer of "I'm Solomon," "Mahagonny," and "A Joyful Noise," agrees with Black. "Joe can definitely help you on Broadway," Margolies says. "Joe hits the women, and they drag the men to see the show. He's got quite an audience. You'd figure that at one in the morning it's a lost cause. But the last time I was on with Joe, I bet I got a hundred calls about it."



This feeling about Joe is even more pronounced among sponsors and in the advertising agencies. Despite the ratings and the fluctuations in the economy, advertising time on Joe's show is usually sold out or close to it, and sponsors tend to stay with him for years. The explanation offered in the business is that Joe is one of the world's hardest-working and most effective salesmen. Joe does his own commercials on the air, in a low-key manner that the agency people like. Off the air, he has taken the trouble to Franklinize both the agency people and the sponsors. He isn't too aloof to show up for a ribbon-cutting at a sponsor's new store, or to extend himself in other, more mysterious, ways. Don Porter, a vice-president at B.B.D. & O., said recently, "Joe, for some reason, has the ability to open doors that no one else can. We had a client who was having difficulty getting a certain product into the A. & P. stores. Joe heard about it and made some calls, and before long the product was in the stores. I don't know how he did it, but he did. He gives you that personal touch." Bob Rosenheim, an assistant vice-president at Ted Bates & Co., has a similar impression of Joe. "Joe gives your promotion a little plus, gives your product believability. People like him and know him. And he knows everybody—a doorman here, the president of a company there. There just isn't anybody else in the country quite like him."

Joe's long office hours and energetic Franklinizing have paid off financially. His income is said to be somewhere between a hundred thousand and two hundred thousand a year, and he holds on to most of it. He is solvent enough to have been among a group of investors who sought to buy the New York Jets last year for sixteen million dollars. If the deal had gone through, Joe would have put up a quarter of a million dollars and signed notes for another two million. Almost every day's mail brings Joe some sort of business proposition, but he doesn't have enough time to get interested in most of them. One of the few that have appealed to him is a proposal to establish a chain of Joe Franklin Theatres and Memory Lane Shoppes. ("Memory

"How an Accutron® watch helped me add 3,000 square miles to Greenland."

By David Humphreys,
Explorer and Navigator

If you get lost in northern Greenland, you die.

All four of us in the expedition knew it. Every dog in the team knew it.

To calculate our longitude we depended on an Accutron watch.

We used the most accurate watch we could find because longitude is an exact measure of time. An error of only four seconds can misplace a mile.

And at 50 below in the middle of the six-month arctic night, you wouldn't want to do a thing like that.

The old boys obviously didn't have Accutron watches with tuning fork movements.

As it turned out, there had been quite a bit of misplacing.

My figures (recently verified by an earth-orbiting satellite) showed that Greenland is 3,000 square miles larger than it appears on the official map compiled from records of the early explorers.

The old boys had obviously calculated their longitudes with watches that were slightly off.

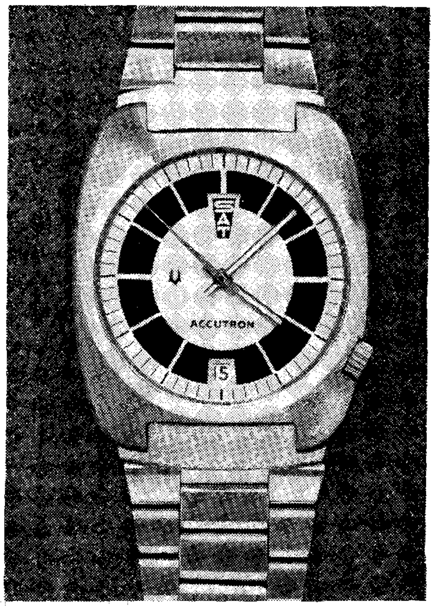
In those days there weren't any Accutron watches with tuning fork movements guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

Which leads me to believe (now that Greenland is safely behind me) that there may be other mis-mapped areas in the world.

Say, in the nice, warm South Seas, perhaps?

The watch that's become a scientific instrument. Accutron® by Bulova.

Accutron Date and Day "AG": Stainless steel case. Stainless steel link band with fold-over buckle. Black and white target dial. Date can be reset instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. $185. Other styles from $110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



Patio Lounger

When you come home in the evening and want to change into something cool and refreshing, and we might add very smart looking, this is just the ticket

All cotton and ready for a summer of relaxing in our newest Patio Lounger

Jacket designed for comfort, with a button front and a belt which may be removed if not wanted. Pants have an elastic waistband

One color combination only: Navy and white striped jacket, with white pants

Sizes: S M L XL

$28.50
for the set

PLEASE ADD 75C FOR MAIL ORDERS

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Clothing : Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

Lane" was the name of his television show for several years.) The Joe Franklin Theatres would show old movies, and the adjoining Memory Lane Shoppes would sell ice cream, posters, and records. The businessmen behind the project say that they plan to open their first theatre in Manhattan this fall. Joe does get involved in outside activities occasionally, but usually for fun instead of for money. He'll m.c. a dinner for a show-business friend now and then, as he did for Tony Bennett several months ago, and he is the host of the Sunday-night shows at the Living Room, a night club at Forty-eighth Street and Second Avenue. He does this sort of work for the pleasure of performing in front of a live audience. Joe could have a live audience for his television show, but he has a recurrent nightmare in which he throws the studio open to the public and nobody shows up.

JOE was born in the Bronx—about forty years ago, he says—and he grew up in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, in a comfortable middle-class family. He developed his passion for vaudeville, for old-timey music, and for scratchy old acoustical records very early, at the age of thirteen. He can't account for his premature case of nostalgia. "I don't know how I could have felt nostalgic about anything," he said recently. "I had nothing to remember except what I'd had for breakfast that morning." While the other kids were listening to the hits of the thirties and forties, Joe was hypnotized by the tinny, hissing records of Harry Richman, Ted Lewis, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker, Ben Bernie, Sid Gary, Irving Kaufman, Henry Burr, Billy Murray, and Franklyn Baur. Cantor and Jolson were his idols, and still are. In 1947, with no particular qualifications except a high-school diploma, less than a year's service in the Army, and a large record collection, Joe talked his way into a job at Radio Station WNEW. Art Ford, who was one of the reigning disc jockeys, remembers Joe's hanging out at the station in those days, courting the d.j.s and talking about his old records. "The way Joe looked when he got inside a studio, you could see he wanted to take the whole thing home with him," Ford said recently. "The first thing I knew, he was in the music department, and the next thing I knew, he was doing his own nostalgia show. In the music department, he worked specifically with Martin Block, who was the greatest d.j.-salesman. It was like being trained by the master." Joe was a hustler, in the innocent sense of the word. Sometimes he had shows on two stations at once, and he had other deals on the side. He selected and supplied the records played on Kate Smith's daily radio show, and he was the record selector and record librarian for Paul Whiteman, the band leader, who also had become a disc jockey. (In the numerous newspaper biographies of him, Joe is usually described as having been the writer of the Kate Smith show. "Actually, a man named Alton Alexander wrote the show, and I split the money with him," Joe says now.) By 1951, Joe had been at WNEW, WMCA, and WPAT, and had settled at WJZ (later WABC). He was no longer just Joe Franklin the disc jockey—he called himself Joe Franklin Productions. He was producing concerts, supplying old records and some written material for Eddie Cantor's network radio show on N.B.C., and preparing to move into television. Since old records had been his gimmick on radio, Joe decided that the switch to video meant he should become a collector of old movies. He now claims to have seventy-five hundred old movies, of which three thousand are features and the rest are short comedies and melodramas. There are differences of opinion about the quality of his movie collection. Joe himself thinks that it is fabulous. William Everson—who is a film historian and a professor at New York University, and who assisted Joe in the preparation of his book, "Classics of the Silent Screen"—is not as dazzled by the collection as Joe is. Movies have never made Joe forget his first love, his record collection, which he regards as unique in size and quality. He says it now contains about sixty thousand records, including every record ever made by at least fifty old-time singers and comedians. Joe isn't alone in his admiration for the collection. Mannheim Fox, who helped produce a six-album package called "The Golden Age of Comedy" for the Longines Symphonette Society, describes Joe's comedy collection as unmatched and Joe's knowledge of the field as remarkable. And Paul Whiteman was so impressed with Joe's collection that he devoted a whole chapter to it in "Records for the Millions," a book he wrote in 1948.

Joe moved from WABC to WOR in 1962, and has been there ever since. Joe has a family—he and his wife, Lois, have been married since 1956, and they have a son, Bradley, who is fourteen—but he doesn't have much of a private life, because his TV show is his recreation as well as his work. He can't stand parties; chatting about politics or sports is an eye-glazing ordeal for him. He likes a conversation to be short and snappy, and directed toward an immediately useful conclusion, such as "Be at my studio at one-thirty!" He goes out at night once or twice a week—often with Charney, his lawyer, and usually to a night club or to the theatre. Joe is as thrifty with time as he is with money, so he sometimes catches a nap during dull stretches in the evening's entertainment.

Joe and various television executives have been talking for years about syndicating his television show, but nothing has ever come of the idea. The time and the market simply haven't been right. Joe still discusses syndication as though it were just around the corner, but, deep down, he seems to wonder about the wisdom of any change—to feel that his present setup is just right for him, and that tampering with it might jinx it. He must wonder, too, if the Joe Franklin Show would travel any better than Joe Franklin does. Joe hates to leave Manhattan. He has been out of town—to Pennsylvania, Texas, California, and Long Island—and he didn't like it. The cities and towns he visited were foreign-looking places with no subways or taxis, overgrown with trees and overrun with private cars. Even Los Angeles, where there was plenty of show-business activity and show-business hospitality (he stayed in Rudy Vallee's home), struck him as a "jungle." Joe thinks for a long time before making a twenty-five minute trip to New Jersey. He has a summer home in Vermont, and he has never been there. His wife and his son often go up there for the weekend and, like returning astronauts, bring back photographic proof that such a place exists. They tell Joe horror stories about exposed, unpaved earth and phones that never ring. Joe isn't apologetic about his unfashionable lack of wanderlust. "What can I tell you?" he says, with a little grin. "I'm just a city slicker."

—WILLIAM WHITWORTH

●

A Tennessean recorded that his family always says the butter"—please pass the "casing" tire; "thank you for butter; and "bottom-upwards"—upsidedown.—*Detroit News.*

They're keyed up, as so many families are today.

Ronson Roto-Shine®: such fun to use, you'll be shining shoes you don't even wear!

- 2-speeds-low for polish, high for buffing
- Portable, lightweight
- Magnetic coupling of attachments
- Solid oak chest with footrest

Exclusive magnetic coupling automatically picks up brushes and buffers. Then, automatically ejects them at the touch of a button. Your hands never touch polish!

Comes in rugged, handsomely crafted solid oak chest complete with polish applicators and brushes, buffers with extra flannels, mudbrush and supply of black, brown and neutral polish. A perfect gift for the highly polished man who wants highly polished shoes... plus a little do-it-yourself fun, to boot!

RONSON®
DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

RONSON
Roto-Shine

Deluxe 2-speed Roto-Shine Magnetic (illus.) $32.95
Roto-Shine Travel Pack also available, $24.95.
Suggested retail prices.
Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J., U.S.A. Available in Canada.

THE THEATRE

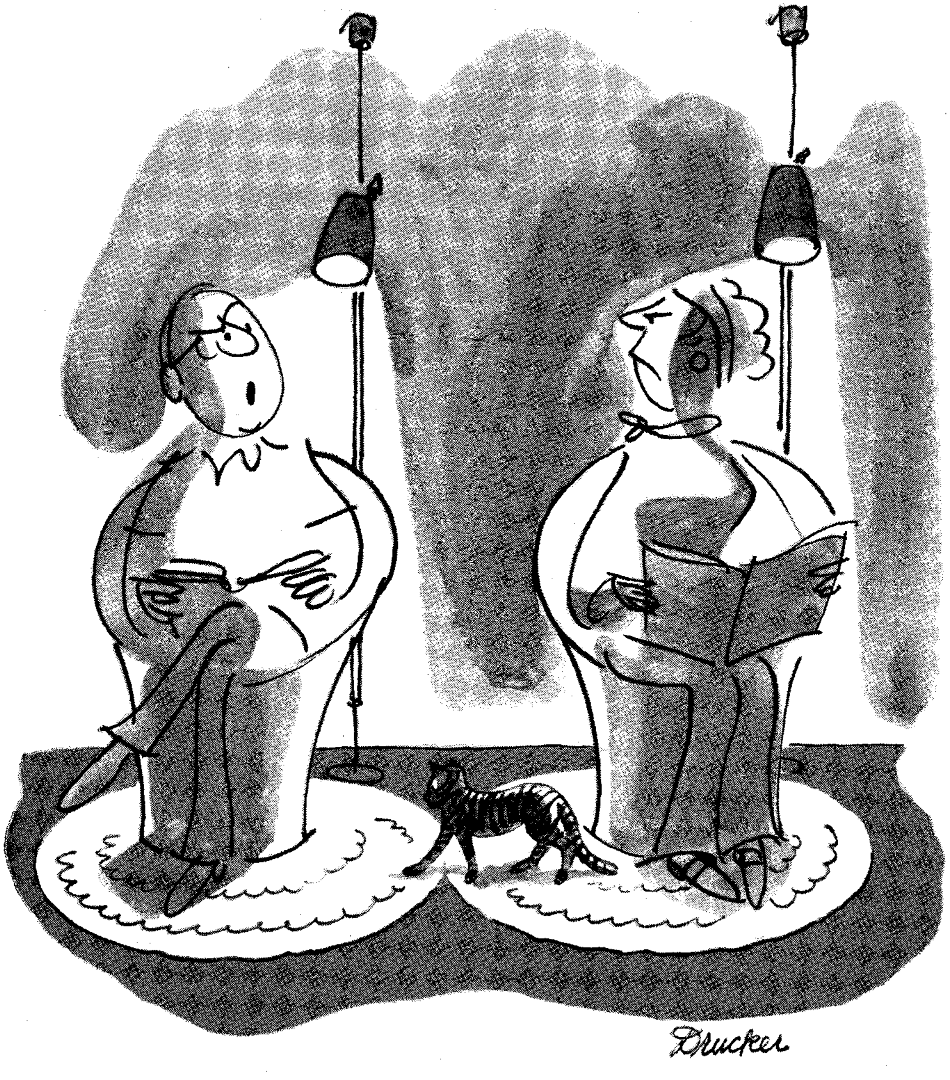
THE RULER AS LOSER

FIRST of all—and at the risk of my appearing to sound a schoolboy note of discovery—what a marvellous play Sophocles' "Antigone" is! True, people have been saying this for more than twenty-four hundred years, but the exclamatory mood strikes me as permissible, for even in the undistinguished production being given by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, at the Vivian Beaumont, the play has the power to take us by surprise and to provide a refreshment of spirit so immediate and intense that it amounts to exaltation. In the mysterious way of all such works of art, it evokes, in the presence of extreme suffering and death, an irresistible desire to dance and sing. (My own response is always simply to run—to run, as they say, for joy—and in my imagination of how things were in Sophocles' day I see the Athenians, young and old alike, by the dusty thousands, literally running home from the sacred festivals.) "Antigone" is surely one of the best-made plays ever written, and humdrum acting and direction cannot conceal from us how, with never a word too many and with a perfect shapeliness of all its parts, it races headlong toward its terrible consummation. Except for Philip Bosco, in the crucial role of Creon, the Repertory Theatre company is not up to Sophocles, but it has honorably resisted the temptation to disguise its failure by tricks of staging. Indeed, the only tricky aspect of the evening is an intermittent musical background composed by Lukas Foss. If, as E. M. Forster once said, Puccini is the Wagner of music, Sophocles is the Stephen Sondheim of Periclean Athens, writing the music as well as the words of his very popular songs. Nobody any longer knows what the music sounded like; I doubt if it resembled Mr. Foss's, which is electronic in origin and gives off the eerie, hiccupy susurrations of a steam radiator in a haunted house.

Max Beerbohm has described Oedipus and the other members of the royal house of Thebes as a strange and tense family, and Antigone is in many ways the strangest and tensest of the lot. In the play that Sophocles named for her (but might better have named for Creon), she is engaged to a fine young man whom she never says an affectionate word to; she also has nothing to say in favor of her virtuous brother Eteocles, newly dead at the hand of his and Antigone's treacherous brother Polyneices. No, it is Polyneices, also newly dead, whom Antigone dotes on, and whose body, left unburied in disgrace by order of Creon, the new ruler of Thebes, she insists on giving ritual burial to. It happens that Antigone is right to do so, for Creon has blundered in his very first official act, causing offense not only to the community but to the gods of the underworld. Still, Antigone's insubordination is only formally based on rights human and divine; its actual basis is the love that leads her to court death and, along the way, to engage in debates with Creon and her poor sister Ismene that sound as freshly and fiercely bad-tempered and disingenuous today as they must have sounded two millennia ago.

Fascinating as Antigone is in her incestuous bitchiness, Creon is still more fascinating—a profound study of that perennially risky man the leader, *il duce*, who, proud of holding office, determined to discharge his duties well, is fearful of being thought to vacillate if he should change his mind, of being thought to be womanly if he shows mercy, of being thought callow if he reveals self-doubt, and who, in the name of manly courage and responsibility, draws himself and his followers step by step into ruin. There are always many Creons in the world, and here is Sophocles to teach us, in the incomparable felicity of his verse, why not to follow them.

—BRENDAN GILL



"Your cat is entering my sphere of influence!"

•

"No longer can we afford to listen to the anguished cries of the frustrated American," she said. "His problems are real and they are overwhelming."—*Hartford Courant.*

So it's just silly to listen.

GEORGE BA
VINTAGE
MATURED

In November, 1895, William Grant's son-in-law made 187 calls without selling a bottle of Scotch.

Young Charlie found it was uphill work trying to sell a new brand to the dubious pubkeepers and shopowners of the Highlands. Even though Grant's was a great whisky, he had to tramp the highways and byways of Scotland before he made his first sale. But he persevered and finally made it on his 188th try. From then on, sales soared.

Today, Grant's 8 Scotch is famous for its eight years of careful ageing that assures the same smooth, light, balanced flavor first created by our founder Major William Grant in 1887.

The secret of Grant's success is more than just the special blend of fine grain and Highland malt whiskies. The secret is the Grants themselves and the continuing perseverance of four generations to making Scotch with the kind of personal care that's unique to a family-owned, family-operated business.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch and you share it every time you open the bottle.

Grant's® 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

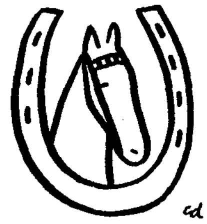
Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, ©1971 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers, Bottled in Scotland

Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

THE RACE TRACK

Boom! Boom!

SO Canonero II did it again! In as enthralling a race as you could wish for, the Venezuelan-owned Kentucky-bred Derby winner took the Preakness Stakes by a length and a half from Eastern Fleet at Pimlico in Baltimore last Saturday afternoon. Jim French was third, nearly five lengths away—the fourth time he's finished in that spot in a major event for three-year-olds this season. Eleven ran, but the dramatic struggle was between only the first two. From a good start, Eastern Fleet carried the devil's-red silks of Calumet Farm in front past the stand and round the clubhouse turn, his long tail streaming straight out behind him. As they swung into the backstretch and came to the five-furlongs pole, Canonero II, who was out of the gate almost as quickly, joined him, and from there on they went stride for stride, with lengths of open daylight between them and the others, none of whom had what looked like a chance. As they rattled along, a man beside me on the roof of the stand said to nobody in particular, "They're going too fast." I thought so, too, and wondered which would be the first to crack. Neither did, but the pace began to slow down on the turn for home (the fractional times for the mile and three-sixteenths were 0:23⅖, 0:47, 1:10⅖, 1:35, 1:54—a new course record, by the way), and Jim French, who had been sixth or so, came sailing along to finish third.



I suppose there's a certain glamour that hangs around a Kentucky Derby winner, which is why Canonero II went to the post the favorite. (Actually, though, only a few hundred dollars more was bet on him than on Jim French.) What really surprised me was Canonero II himself. In the Derby, he began slowly, and with only half a mile to go he was still seventeenth of the twenty runners; in the Preakness, he was full of run from the start. In fact, Avila, his jockey, was standing straight up in the saddle, as though this were an easy morning gallop, during the run down the backstretch beside Eastern Fleet. I don't remember ever seeing such a display of confidence in a race—to say nothing of a classic. But when Eastern Fleet made a final try in the last furlong Avila went to the whip. As he passed the winning post, though, he was standing up in his stirrups and waving to the crowd. It was a perfect Latin gesture.

THERE has never been a bigger crowd at Pimlico for a Preakness, and the 47,221 customers spilled over into the infield, where the picnickers ate shoals of crab cakes between trips to the mutuel windows. Because the paddock in the grandstand would have been too small to hold all the horses and their entourages—that of Canonero, especially—the saddling was done in the infield in front of the stand, and all the runners behaved very well. Earlier in the afternoon, I had a sort of preview of them at the barn where they were stabled. Canonero II was the most relaxed of the lot. I thought Jim French looked awfully fit, though he'd started ten times this season, and travelled goodness knows how many miles. Johnny Campo, who trains him, says he takes everything in his stride. I also liked Eastern Fleet, whose tail is almost as long and as thick as that of Calumet's champion Whirlaway, who won the Triple Crown thirty years ago. Somebody asked Reggie Cornell, who trains the Calumet horses, if he'd braided a ten-dollar bill in Eastern Fleet's tail—an old racing custom. "No," he said, "I don't do that anymore. Last time I did it, years ago, the so-and-so led by five to the sixteenth pole. Then, bang! Something came up and beat him at the wire."

NEEDLESS to say, Canonero II will go for the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park on June 5th. The race lost a likely starter last weekend when Unconscious, a runner from California, came out of a workout so lame that he was rushed to an X-ray, which revealed a hairline fracture of a bone in his left knee. Earlier in the week, another nice horse—and I hope nothing happens to *him*—made his first appearance since he won the Garden State Stakes last autumn. This was Run the Gantlet, who beat half a dozen other three-year-olds and some four-year-olds in a six-furlong sprint at Aqueduct. Elliott Burch, who trains him for Paul Mellon, was quite pleased, and I wouldn't be surprised if the colt's next start was the Metropolitan, on May 31st, to wind him up for the Belmont. The same programming worked well for Burch with Sword Dancer in 1959 and with Arts and Letters in 1969.

AS you probably know, the payoff on Canonero II at Pimlico was $8.80 to win, while at New York's O.-T.B. it was $12.80. The reason for the difference, of course, is that O.-T.B. pays off on what is bet at its shops around town. The six betting shops here took in $1,151,686. At the track in Baltimore, around $736,768 was wagered on the race. And while we're comparing, the O.-T.B. handle on the Preakness topped its handle on the Derby by better than a hundred thousand dollars. Looks as though it's here to stay.

MY stay-at-home observer reports lively racing at the Big A last weekend. E. P. Taylor's Deceit, who was one of the top two-year-old fillies last spring and early summer—she was never out of the money, and she hasn't been out of it so far this season, either—brought off a 20–1 chance in the Acorn Stakes, the first event in what the New York Racing Association calls the Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies. Everybody seemed to be betting on Forward Gal as though it were all over but the collection, and she went to the post at odds-on. She led, too, for a little while near the three-quarter marker. Then Deceit passed her and went on to win comfortably from Sea Saga, another long shot, who headed Forward Gal in the last few strides. Sea Saga, by the way, is trained by Johnny Campo, who was wondering as he was getting Jim French ready for the Preakness how the Acorn came out. He thought she'd go well.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Q—Would you outline the ending of the Dark Shadows television series? My children watched the program faithfully and on the day of the last episode Plymouth had a power failure. They missed the final story. Please, how did it end?—S.A., Plymouth.

A—Gordon Russell, writer for "Dark Shadows," says that Bramwell and Catherine survived the night in the locked room and so ended the curse.

Morgan went insane and threatened Catherine's life, but in a fight on the rooftop, he fell to his death, paving the way for Bramwell and Catherine's eventual marriage.

Melanie was cured mentally as a result of the lifting of the curse, and she and Kendrick moved to Boston and lived happily ever after.—*Boston Globe.*

That wrap it up, kids?

Our newest compact stereo. It may lose us some component customers.

Just when you're all set to buy some of our superb Sony components, we ask you to listen to our new HP-610. And be flabbergasted by its great sound. And wonder whether you need components after all.

We're not really nuts. We just suspect there are some highly sophisticated hi-fi buffs who secretly long for a compact.

Just because you know great sound, doesn't mean you have the room to accommodate components. And the time to shop around, to match and compare. Or that you're a whizz with a soldering iron and screwdriver. And get a kick out of building your own cabinets.

You think you *must* have components to get great sound. Well, think again.

Where most compacts fail to measure up is in the amplifier. The HP-610 has one with all-silicon transistors and a 66-watt music output (E.I.A. standard). That's a lot more powerful than many components you could buy.

The speakers are better than anything we've ever offered in a compact. They're completely airtight, with 8″ woofers, 4″ mid-range, and 2″ tweeters. Their fidelity will floor you.

The tuner has a long slide-rule dial for easy tuning. And a solid-state IF filter to screen out interference from neighboring stations. And Field Effect Transistors in the front end to pull in weak FM stations.

There's a Dual 3-speed automatic turntable with a Pickering micro-magnetic cartridge. And enough input and output jacks to satisfy the most insatiable hi-fi fiend. There's even a speaker-selector switch that lets you turn your remote speakers on and off separately from the main speakers.

There's also a price of around $400. Which is maybe $100 *less* than you'd have spent on our components. Perhaps we're nuts after all.

THE SONY® HP-610 STEREO

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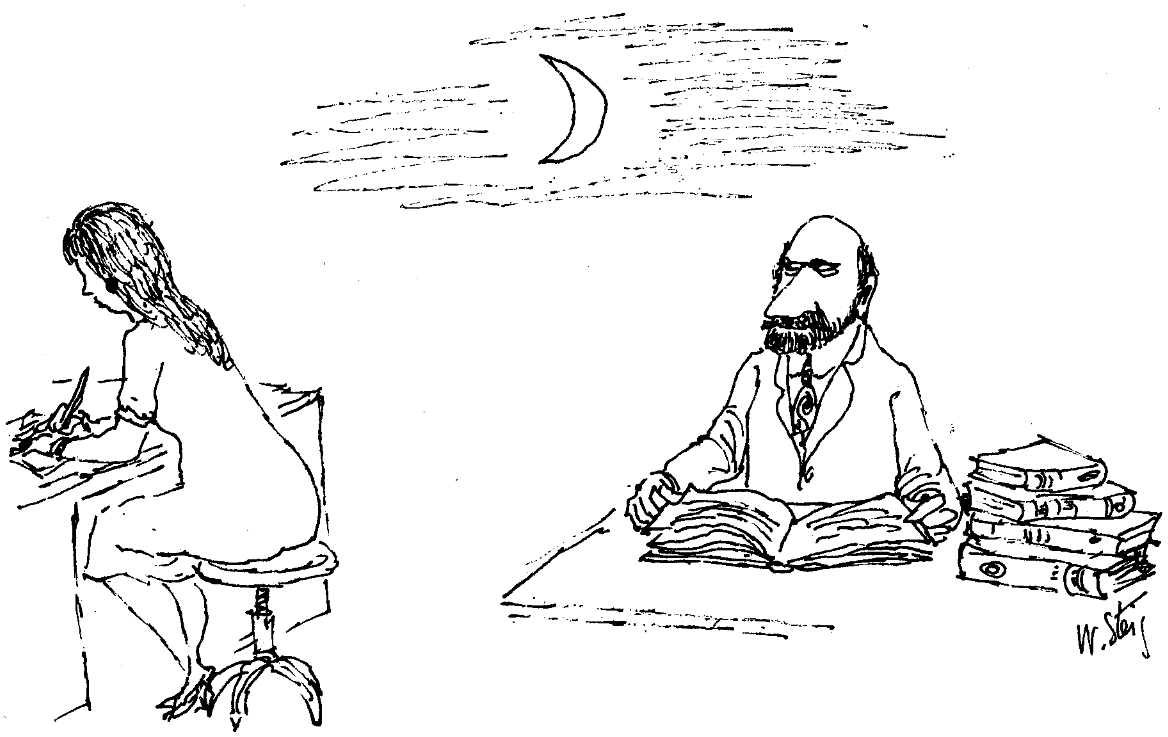
U.S. JOURNAL: KANSAS

WAR WITHOUT HAWKS

IN 1967, the polltakers, carefully and accurately tabulating answers to the wrong questions, were informing Lyndon Johnson that he had the support of the people in carrying on a war in Vietnam. But when I travelled around Kansas in the spring of 1967 to see what effect the war was having, a lot of what I saw confirmed what Alf Landon told me at the time: "The President hasn't got the people marching yet." Whitley Austin, the editor of the Salina *Journal*, a respectable Republican newspaper in a respectable Republican town, had written a get-out-of-Vietnam editorial that January, and the response from his readers amounted to a dozen polite letters, most of them supporting his position. Although people in Kansas spoke harshly of draft-card burners, they didn't consider it unpatriotic for a young man to stay out of the war through whatever deferments or exemptions were available to him. When I stopped in Manhattan, Kansas, in 1967, a retired businessman named Arthur Peine—who had run for the Senate as a peace candidate the previous fall, drawing few votes but no hostility—pointed out that the polls showing the public in favor of what the President was doing also showed that his popularity was going down as he did it. Peine's theory was that people were expressing more support for the war than they really felt, that "the inner voice is against the war." In 1967, the war seemed remote and almost theoretical to most Kansans. When asked about it, they often began their answers with phrases like "I don't really understand it" or "I'm sure the people in Washington know a lot more than I do about it." Only Junction City, on the edge of Fort Riley, had a wide experience with battlefield deaths. I think what passed for support of the war in Kansas in 1967 was actually the normal inclination of Americans to support a President's war policy without thinking much about it one way or the other. When someone came around to ask if they supported their government's war against its enemies, people in Kansas said of course they did—and Lyndon Johnson carried the results around in his jacket pocket.

A year later, in March of 1968, I visited a place called Cornell College, in Mount Vernon, Iowa. A small liberal-arts college dominated by students from white middle-class suburbs, Cornell had appeared to be all hawk in the fall of 1967—a dispute about whether Campus Chest funds should be used to send medical supplies to North as well as South Vietnam having provided students with an opportunity to display their support for the war. But between that fall and the time I arrived—the week Johnson made his abdication speech—a lot had happened to make the war less remote and less theoretical. In the first three months of 1968, eighty Iowa boys had been killed in Vietnam. Those citizens who had been inclined to believe optimistic statements from Washington about corners' being turned had been startled by the Tet offensive. Partly because of the Campus Chest dispute, Cornell students had decided to organize a week-long program of speeches to inform themselves about the war. The speeches, particularly one by David Schoenbrun, the former C.B.S. correspondent, who has been the most effective anti-war missionary to the middle classes in the country, had had an extraordinary effect on student opinion. When I arrived in Mount Vernon, virtually all Cornell students considered themselves opponents of the war, and a number of them were going to Wisconsin to work for Eugene McCarthy in the primary. It seemed to me that students at Cornell had begun to think about the war and to oppose it at the same time.

The same thing may have happened to their parents. Only a few months after most people had described themselves as supporters of the war, it seemed that everybody I met around the country described himself as being against the war. (But long after Johnson's speech it was still my experience that people who started conversations about Vietnam with phrases like "Nobody is more against the war than I am" or "Naturally, everybody is against the war" usually turned out to be people who still entertained some hope for military victory.) The apparent unanimity against the war was a convenient reason to keep it out of political campaigns—there being no use in arguing about a war that all candidates opposed, even though it continued to be fought. When Allard K. Lowenstein, the man who had started the McCarthy movement, ran for Congress on Long Island in 1968 against a conservative Republican, the war was hardly a matter of contention. When I accompanied Senator Thomas F. Eagleton on a visit to his constituents in Missouri last spring, some of the question-and-answer periods passed with no questions on the war. It seemed to me then that most people in Missouri, having been assured by President Nixon that the war everyone opposed would indeed



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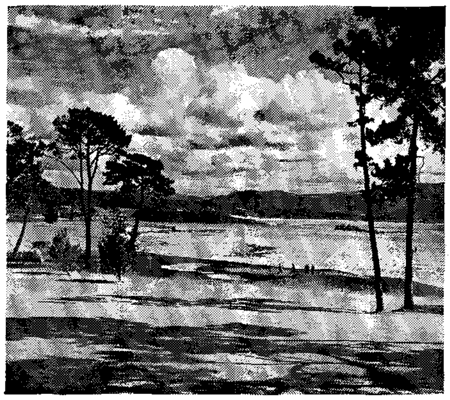

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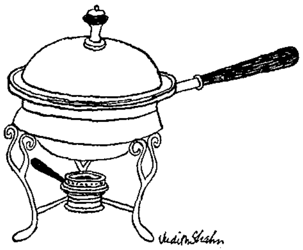
be ended in good time, were happy to be able to hand the problem back to Washington, where problems of foreign policy belonged.

In Kansas, people seem to talk even less about the war than they did four years ago. Whitley Austin says the war has become like an old backache that is complained about only on rainy days. Four years after he wrote the editorial urging American withdrawal from Vietnam, Austin spent two days as an editor-in-residence at Kansas State University, in Manhattan, without hearing the war mentioned once. (What is likely to dominate the conversation of journalism students in the Midwest these days is the dismal prospects facing anybody looking for a newspaper job.) Four years ago, Austin scolded his readers for being much more concerned about a dispute over daylight-saving time than about more substantive matters. The emotional issue in Kansas this year has been bingo.

PARTLY because of Arthur Peine's campaign for the Senate, the largest anti-war organization in Kansas in 1967 was in Manhattan—a group of professors and ministers and housewives originally known as Citizens Against Escalation. There were practically no Kansas State students involved, and those who were had come from out of state. The anti-war group wrote a lot of letters to the Manhattan *Mercury* and brought in speakers and held a vigil on Wednesdays in front of the Federal Building in downtown Manhattan. Kansas State students didn't become involved in significant numbers until the Moratorium, in the fall of 1969. Then the older people dropped back—some of them saying that it was only right for the students to take the lead, some of them complaining that the students were contemplating reckless tactics. (In fact, there has yet to be a violent or even provocative demonstration in Manhattan.) Not long ago, about sixty-five of the older activists were sent a letter announcing an anti-war meeting and four of them appeared. The anti-war organization in Manhattan is at about the same strength it was four years ago, but now it's composed of students who grumble about the nonparticipation of middle-aged people instead of middle-aged people who grumble about the nonparticipation of students.



The anti-war activists among Kansas State students are no longer necessarily from out of the state. One of the most active girls is the daughter of an officer of the American Legion in Atchison, Kansas. The young man who works nearly full time as the draft counsellor for K-State students is from Hiawatha, Kansas. The dominant atmosphere at Kansas State, though, is still such that President Nixon was able to speak there last fall—his first venture into civilian academia since he bearded the intellectuals in their den at General Beadle State College, in Madison, South Dakota, the previous year. A large number of students did demonstrate after the Kent State killings a year ago, but ordinarily even those who feel strongly about the war don't like the idea of being in the street. Thomas Davidson, one of those originally named as a co-conspirator in the Berrigan case (and, it happens, the son of the Episcopal bishop for western Kansas), spent a day on the campus recently, and the questions put to him by students in a political-science class still reflected the fear that demonstrations lead to violence. The argument offered by Davidson that the war is far more violent than any demonstration might be has never caught on in Kansas; people have never been as angry about destruction in Vietnam as they were about the manners of the twenty or thirty K-State students who heckled Nixon during his speech. The draft counsellor speaks to a hundred and fifty young men a week, and he has assisted with twenty-five successful conscientious-objection applications (all but two of them on traditional religious grounds). But in the year he has been counselling in Manhattan nobody has refused to register and nobody has taken up residence in Canada. The reason, he thinks, is mostly that a number of legal ways of avoiding or at least postponing the draft have been available. But it may also be partly that Kansas boys, whatever they think of the war, still tend to go when called.

The Kansas boys who are Mennonites, of course, have never gone when called. But in Newton and North Newton, north of Wichita, the Mennonites are not having as bad a war as they usually have. During peacetime, the Mennonites in the area are distinguishable from their neighbors mainly by their remarkable devotion to good works, but during wars the refusal of

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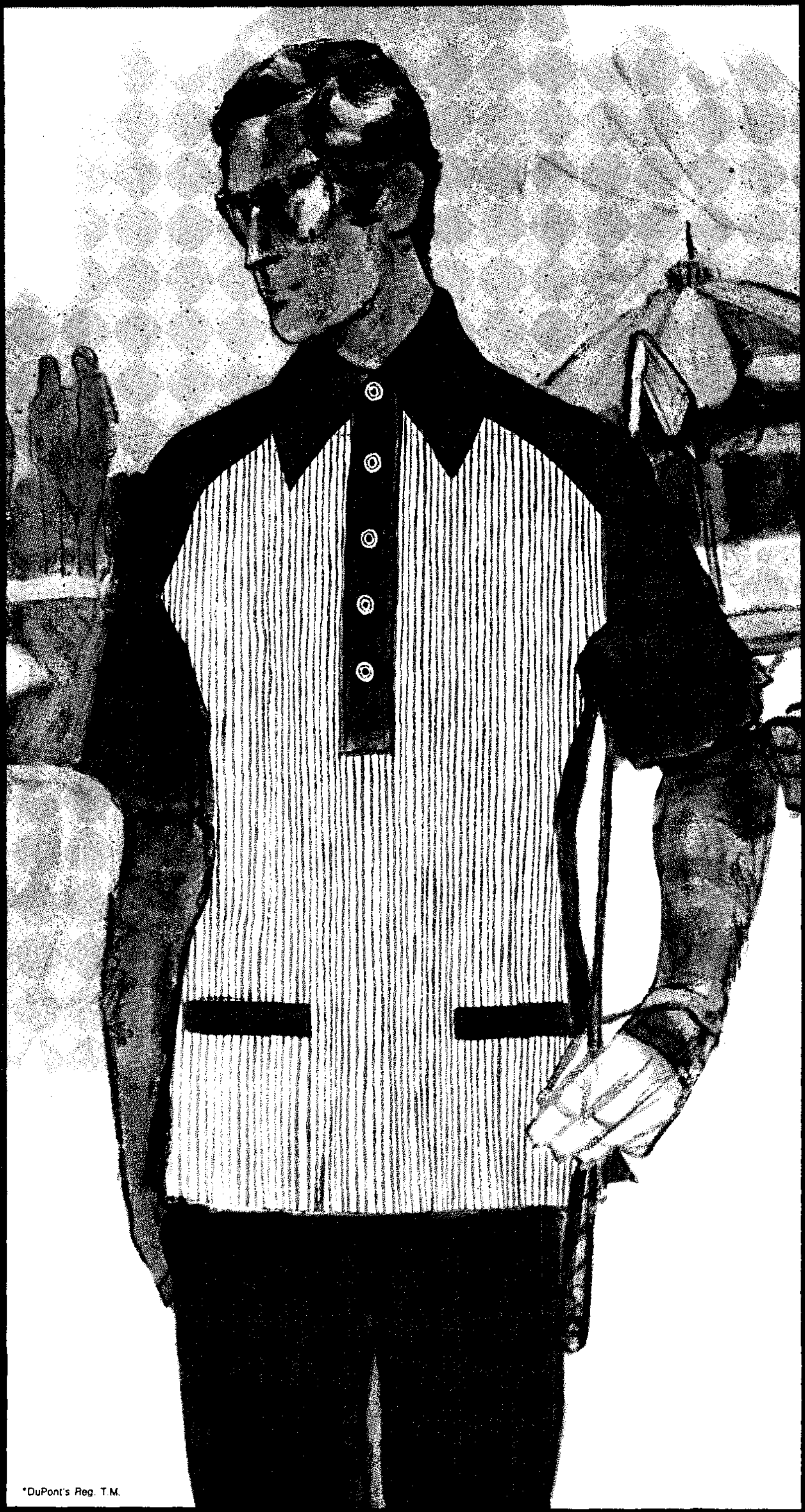

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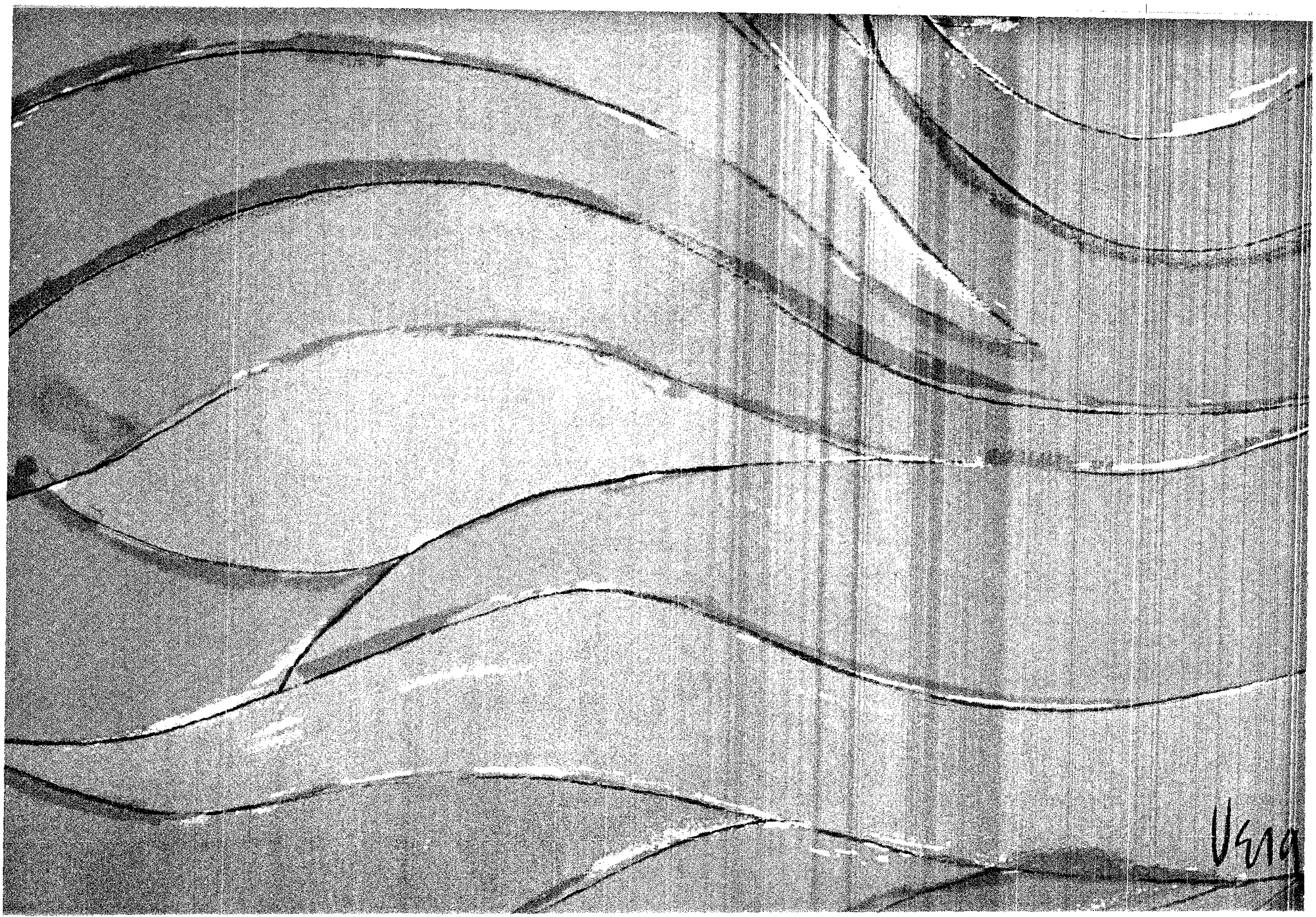

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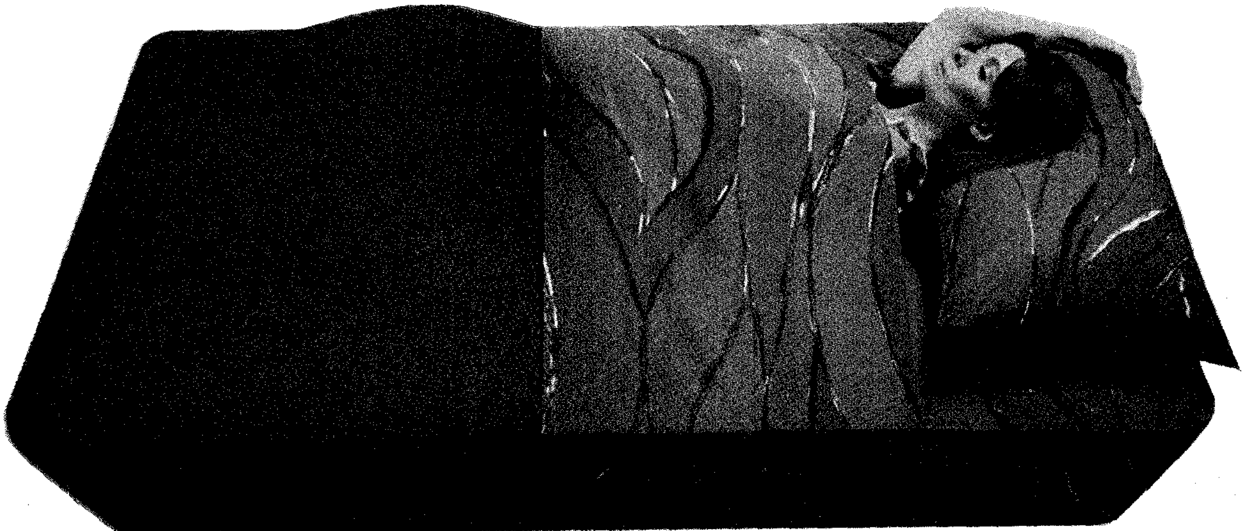

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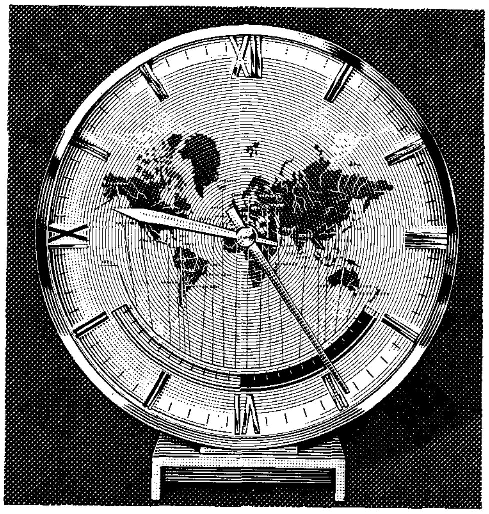
most Mennonite boys to serve in the armed forces has traditionally brought some ugly reaction from non-Mennonites. During wartime, Mennonites around Newton have always tried to maintain what people in Washington would call a low profile. In 1966, when students from Bethel, a Mennonite college in North Newton, planned a Repentance Walk to protest the war, opposition came not only from the American Legion but from Mennonites who believed that such overt acts could only serve to stir up the resentment that the Mennonite minority has come to anticipate in time of war.

Mennonite students and faculty members at Bethel have continued to demonstrate, and, altering the Mennonite tradition of simply not participating rather than publicly objecting to wars, they have increasingly stated their protests in political and economic terms. Because the church has established organizations for volunteer service, Mennonite conscientious objectors do not have the same problem that other C.O.s have these days of finding an approved alternate-service job, but some of them have become concerned that the jobs they used to consider worthwhile are just helping along the activities they oppose—that working in refugee camps in Vietnam, for instance, is just servicing refugees so that the military can make more refugees.

Although the Mennonites have been more vocal in protesting the war than they were during past wars, there has been relatively little unpleasantness in Newton. A Bethel history professor who had been a conscientious objector and a war protester ran for Congress as a peace candidate last fall (in a district that includes Wichita as well as Newton), won the Democratic primary, was treated respectfully by both the press and the population, and did about as well against the Republican incumbent as Democrats usually do. Recently, a Bethel freshman was convicted in a Wichita federal court of refusing to register for the draft. He was at Newton High School when his refusal to register became public, but no one in the non-Mennonite majority there accused him of being a slacker. He has heard from only one Mennonite who blames him for doing something that could bring trouble to the church.

WHEN I was in Kansas four years ago, most of the people in Manhattan would have been considered hawks—although even then some of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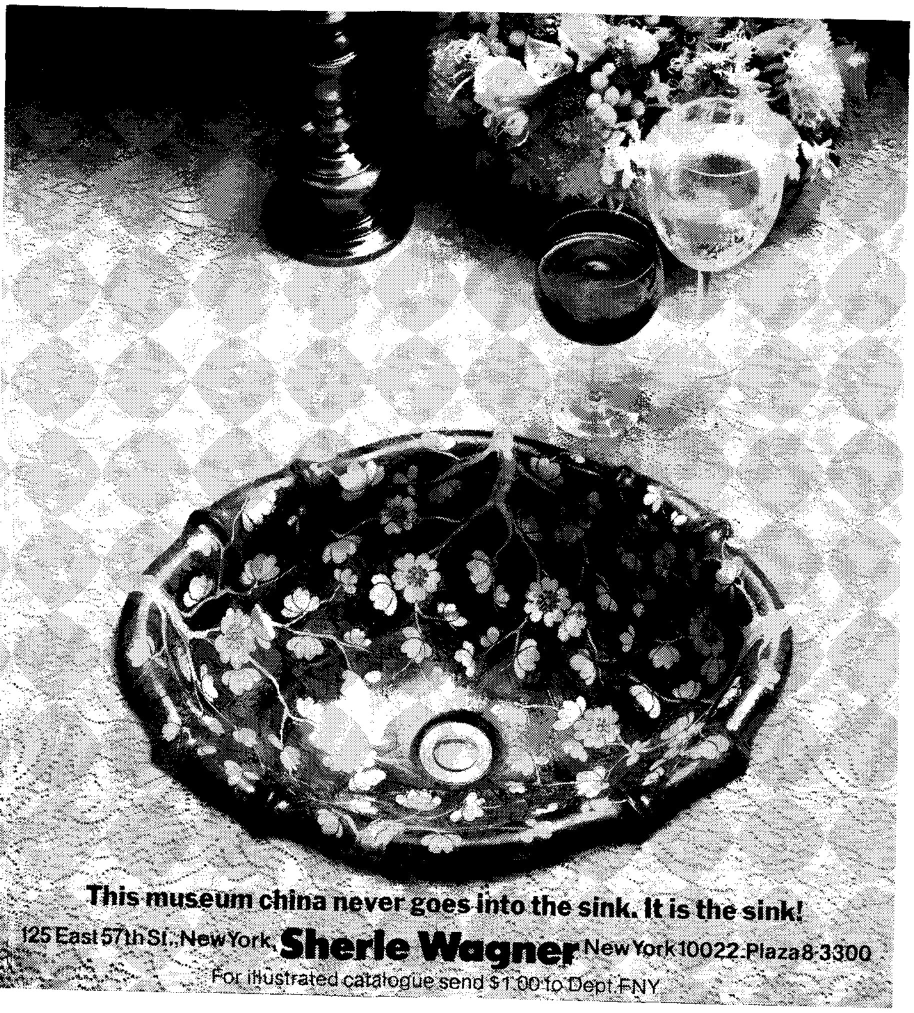
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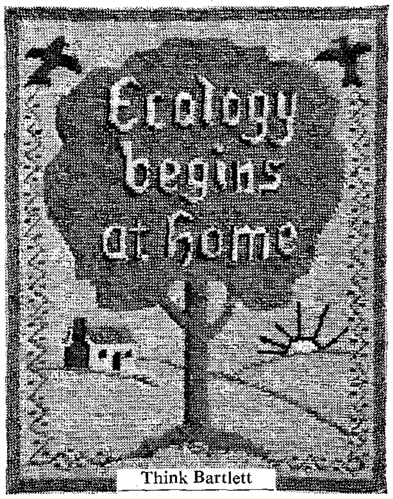

Think Bartlett

them were not comfortable with the word. In Junction City, which is only seventeen miles away but has much closer ties with Fort Riley, I was assured four years ago by the businessmen who gather for coffee every weekday morning at the Good Eats Café that the town was "one hundred per cent hawk." Now Bill Colvin, the editor of the Manhattan *Mercury*, says, "I don't think you could find a hawk around here if you combed the place and set traps." In the most recent Manhattan peace march, one of the speakers was the mayor. Even in Junction City, it is not easy to find people who openly favor attempting to win an American military victory in South Vietnam. Some of the citizens who feel a particular loyalty to the military say that the United States could have won the war and been out by this time if the politicians had left the soldiers alone, but those who have talked to Vietnam veterans at Riley know that even the soldiers are now against the war. All of the businessmen who gather at the Good Eats Café now seem to favor President Nixon's program of gradual withdrawal. It is a position they would have considered near-treason four years ago—the peace groups, after all, had barely gone beyond opposing escalation—but they hold it with the same sense of patriotism and the same distaste for demonstrators that they had when they believed in military victory.

The businessmen at the Good Eats are able to feel patriotic in espousing a position they once scorned partly because it is now the position of the government. They supported their President four years ago; they support their President now. Part of their continuous dislike of war protesters is based not on the protesters' views but on the fact that the protesters oppose the government, often in the streets. In addition to being the certified policy of the Commander-in-Chief—a conservative Republican Commander-in-Chief—the Nixon program offers, in Vietnamization, some way for the businessmen of Junction City to distinguish what they believe now from what the war protesters were so despised for believing a few years ago. It even offers them a way to claim some American victory—and anyone who spends much time talking with Americans about "victory" and "defeat" in Vietnam is likely to become convinced that Senator Aiken was blessed with some special insight when, in a speech widely scoffed at a couple of years ago, he said that the solution to Vietnam was for the United States

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simply to declare itself the winner of the war and retire from the field. A former hawk discussing his acceptance of Nixon's plan will often say something like "Well, I was in favor of being over there because I thought we should help those people. We helped them. When they can stand on their own, we should leave." Whether the current Saigon government or another one just as anti-Communist can survive after the last American leaves is not a subject that the former hawks in Kansas like to pursue.

—Calvin Trillin

◆

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and they beat like birds' hearts
under my fingers. Wind-scar,
shifting river, under the quick

light lying over the shallows
deep in silted earth I will bury
my hands, what they have carried,
and when they can no longer feel,
soft as loam I will float them
over your face; in the falling light

I will let what I have to remember
find its way to the sea. Exile
heart, to calm you I must take
my eyes and spill their vision
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fathom after fathom like a great
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while the fishing boats circle, it
flounders in surfacing currents.
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and a hand opens out in the dark.

—Richard Schramm

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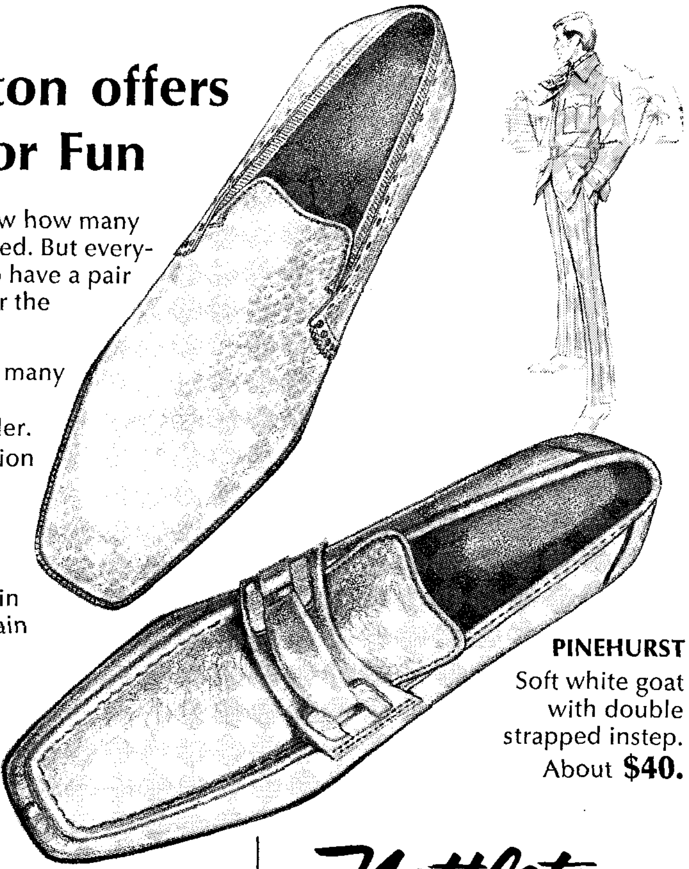

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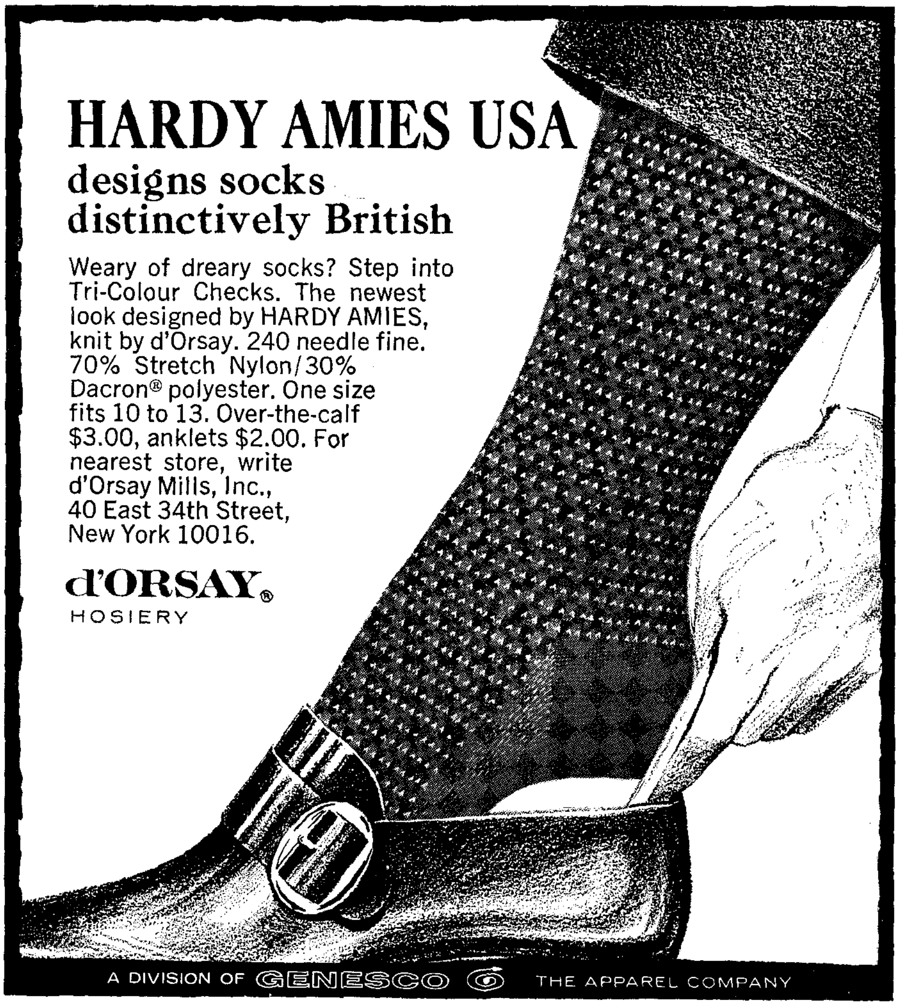

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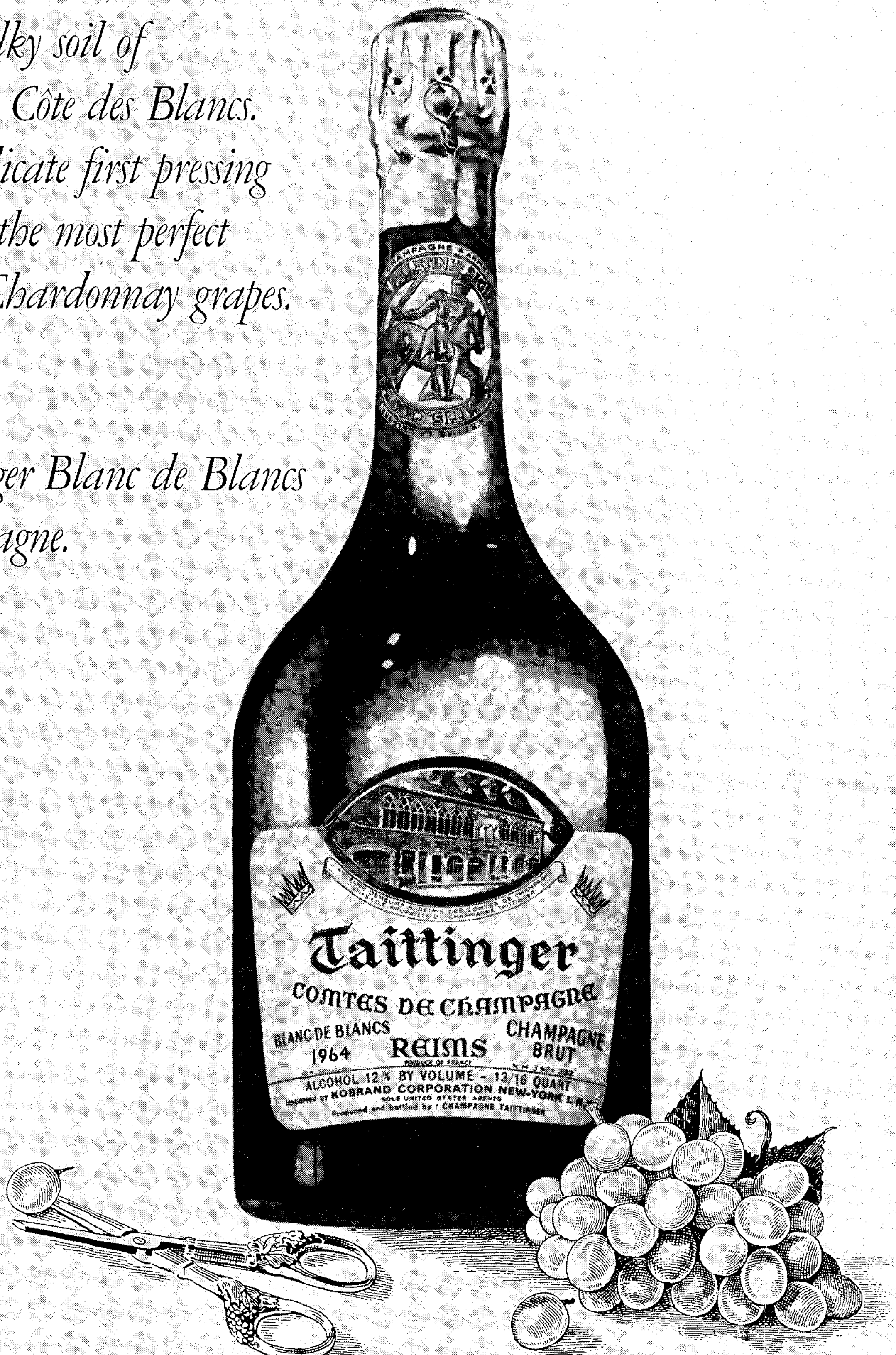
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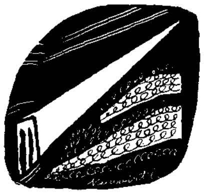
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Worlds Away



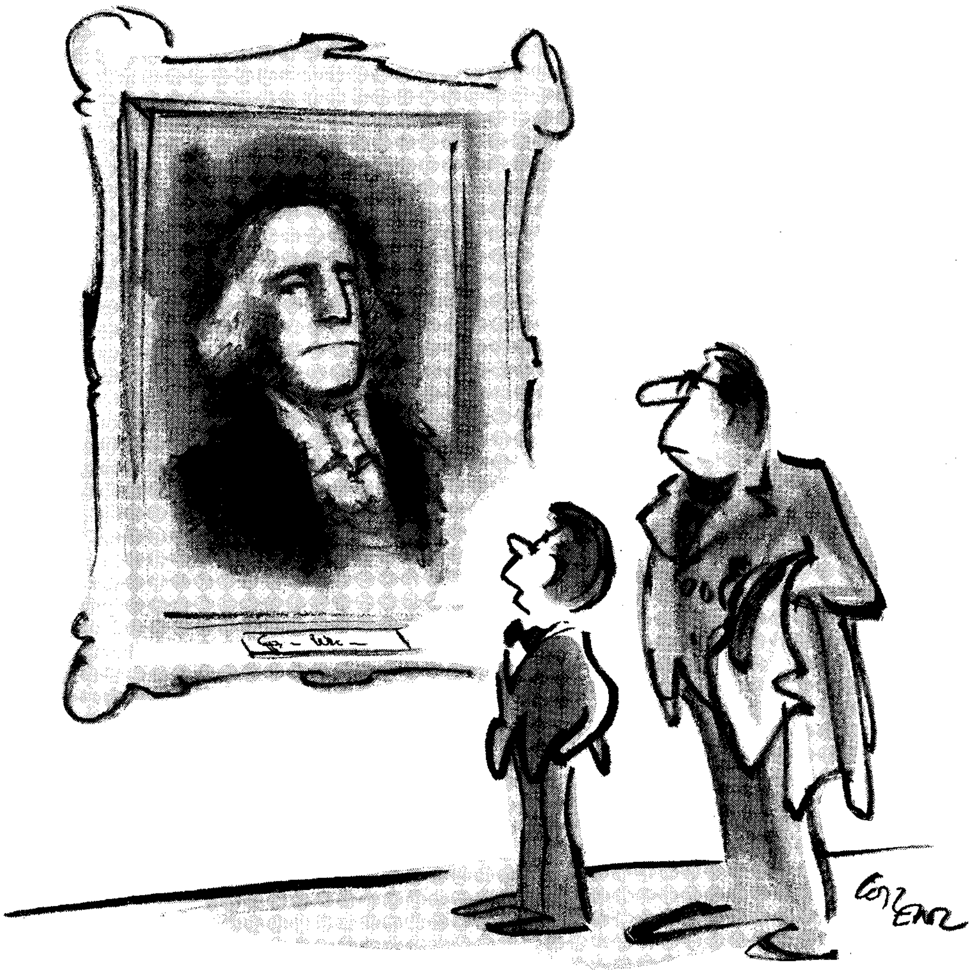
A PRETTY girl built like a koala bounded out of a screening room at the end of the film of Solzhenitsyn's "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," which is about a forced-labor camp in Siberia, and shivered, and held her stomach, and said, "It made me feel hungry. I'm on a diet." Well, it is probably a truth that everyone lives a long way from everyone else—a very long way. A week in New York that includes not only this film but also a rather precisely local reconstruction of the gruesome chain of murders by John Christie in Notting Hill makes the landmasses of the earth seem extremely far apart.

The Solzhenitsyn novel is the only one of his to have been published in the Soviet Union. This movie version is directed by Casper Wrede, a Finn who lives and works in England. The screenplay is by Ronald Harwood, from a new translation of the book by Gillon Aitken; the photography is by the great Sven Nykvist, best known as Bergman's cameraman. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan—obdurate, skeptical. The unit worked mostly on location in Norway, outside a mining town not far from the Arctic Circle. We are in a world of nine barracks huts, a punishment cellblock, mess halls, barbed-wire fences. The cold grabs you by the throat. Forty-odd below zero. The authorities idly cheat the reading on the thermometer by hanging it in a sheltered place. Solzhenitsyn is telling us about a situation in which there is nothing to go by whatever.

The film begins in the dark, at reveille. Ivan's voice is on the sound track, talking about himself in the third person. "He did not want the morning to come," says Courtenay's unmistakable North-of-England rasp, "but the morning came, as it always does." The technical angularity is a risk but successful, obviously chanced so as to keep as much as possible of Solzhenitsyn's own voice there, too. An hour and a half later—aeons—the film ends with lights-out. One day. What a structure, what a poet's idea: to take, of three thousand six hundred and fifty-three days like this in Ivan's interminable sentence, only one day. "The three extra days were for leap years." It is one of the great closing lines. It has the note of Beckett. I can't go on, I won't go on, I'll go on. Grief floods you, and anger, but Ivan himself counts the day a pretty good one. He hasn't been put in the cooler. He wangled an extra bowl of porridge. He has bought some tobacco. The gang boss got the prisoners good rates for the useless wall they have gone on building. The guards didn't discover his hacksaw blade. So "Ivan Denisovich went to sleep content. He had been fortunate in many ways that day." It is the rock-bottom optimism of the woman buried in a mound up to her waist and then to her neck, in Beckett's "Happy Days," who chirrups a welcome to another twenty-four intolerable hours and lays out her toothpaste and toothbrush neatly on the sand that is imprisoning her.

With Ivan Denisovich, we are in a world of minor maneuvers won against boredom and despair, of men who can't remember any longer what their wives look like, of intelligent people eking out stupid jobs, of boiled grass supplied instead of cabbage ("The good thing about it was that it had no taste, hot or cold"). Ivan dreams sometimes of being ill, for the sake of the blessed cleanness of hospital. People in the camp preserve their peculiar vestiges of finesse. Ivan won't eat a fish's eyeball if it has come apart from the head, though he will consent to do so if it's attached. One man crosses himself before he starts to ladle into the mush; in the bitter reckoning of Solzhenitsyn's book, he must be a Western Ukrainian, "since the Russians don't any longer even remember which hand you cross yourself with." Sometimes one sees the face of a man gone to pieces, sitting over his boiled grass without eating, gazing with red-lidded eyes at what lies ahead like someone who has been looking too long at a fire.

The method that keeps the camp quiescent is simple and devilish. There are no revolts against the running-out of lifetimes, not only because there is nowhere to escape to but also because there are no watches and no clocks. Time is kept by the authorities. To ward off the prisoners' natural question "Why do absurd jobs for the enemy?," the system has found the perfect, degrading answer. Let them do the stuff for money, and so for the sake of the work rates, not the work. They



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labor in teams, which means that the guards don't even have to drive them; teams of hungry, quarrelling, crafty men will drive themselves. They are quite deserted in the world, and their natural rights have been queerly chipped away. It is as though the compass needle had lost the north. "Have you heard? There'll be no Sunday again this week." No progression, no order. The film frame is often filled with some silent closeup of a man who is visibly a hermit without recourse even in the middle of a horde like him. Life is reduced to skirmishes about clothes and food. There is not much conversation, though a few formally go on trying. A film director who was arrested in the middle of making his first picture carries on a pathetically theoretical argument about art with someone in this bitter landwaste. "Art isn't a question of what, but how." "To hell with your how, if it doesn't touch me." But talk is generally subdued by the physical sounds of the camp and the squeaks of marching on snow. The prisoners' feet freeze, and questions about boots loom.

Ivan, wonderfully played, stands for himself, for Solzhenitsyn, and perhaps for multitudes as he engages with the sour-hearted forces that are mysteriously concerned to deny him the Russian's historic love of the Russian earth and to make the idea of work meaningless. His religion, deistic but not determinist, runs through Solzhenitsyn's work. Ivan believes in God but not in Heaven and Hell, and not in prayers. Prayers are bribes, prayers are petitions to the authorities. You can pray if you feel like it, but you won't get anything off your sentence. You have to sit it out. A Baptist friend's docile religiosity makes Ivan almost envious. It's all right for a believer like that. Jesus Christ wanted him to be here. But why am *I* here? Say no, states the film, states the book; one has to sit it out, but one can say no. As in a good deal of other Russian literature, Ivan is not so much a character as a description of a state of soul. "One Day" is a beautifully careful depiction of a big text.

The film of "10 Rillington Place" is a rather slavish depiction of a text that was polemically splendid in its time—1961, in England—but now needs conversion into something else. Ludovic Kennedy wrote the original book, which was a best-seller and courageous. It was an intelligent, incensed, and potent investigation into the awful miscarriage of justice in 1949-50 that sent Timothy Evans, a white-faced, frightened, tender man with the mind of a ten-and-a-half-year-old, to the gallows for the murder of his own baby, who had actually been throttled by a man called John Christie, murderer of Timothy Evans' wife and his own wife and a chain of other women whom he liked to gas after giving them a cup of tea. The book was important because it wished to change the law, and helped to. Capital punishment was abolished in England in 1965; the cipher of reparation that had been posthumously dealt out to Timothy Evans' body—a ritual, useless pardon, and burial in consecrated ground instead of the earth of Pentonville Prison—could have been given, with all the meaning in the world, after 1965, to a living man. But the film, having nothing like the density of the book and wishing all too devoutly not to bore us, sticks to tacky melodrama and misses every serious point. The ten years between Ludovic Kennedy's work and now might never have happened. The movie—directed by Richard Fleischer—doesn't go into any of the Establishment machinations or the doctors' interviews or the journalists' catechisms that finally got the law changed and that would have been so interesting to go into now. All very well, but not enough, Richard Attenborough giving such a vivid technical rendering of the bald, unctuous, hypochondriac Christie, though it is a literate and rather brave piece of acting.

John Hurt as Timothy Evans, with brilliantined hair and a working-class accent that slides sometimes into fake posh and sometimes touchingly into the family Welsh, is very fine indeed. And in the movie's limited aspiration to scare us with the details of tabloid verisimilitude, I suppose it does well. The squalid little house in the back streets of Notting Hill has a horrible look of the truth. Christie liked to whisper, perhaps less because he had been gassed in the First World War than because of terror, and also perhaps as a way of controlling people. Nothing is very clear about him, and the guesses about his temperament have probably been best made by Ludovic Kennedy. Christie enjoyed creeping about in plimsolls. Himself obsessed with making demands of doctors, he played on promises to his victims about curing migraines or catarrh or unwanted pregnancies, and then buried the raped bodies in his kitchen or under his vegetable garden, once characteristically and crazily going to the local authorities to demand of his landlord that the incriminating kitchen planks be taken up because they were damp. Christie had most of the attributes of the hysteric, including hubris and a lack of any sense of consequence.

Some of the film was shot in Rillington Place itself, some at Shepperton Studios, but it hasn't the secure sense of Englishness that would allow it to be a truly informed development of the book. It simply repeats it, less well. Many things are skipped politically. One doesn't know, for instance, that an unidentified hand of a Home Secretary writing, "THE LAW MUST TAKE ITS COURSE," on Timothy Evans' appeal is supposed to be the hand of James Chuter Ede, let alone that Chuter Ede later had the goodness to say that the report upholding his mistaken decision (by a Q.C. called Scott Henderson—delivered at unneeded speed and full of slips) "did not convince me—and I suppose that in this country I was then the person who would have most liked to have been convinced." In spite of the acting in the film, and the thoughts that it sets up about capital punishment, about the Christie hole-in-the-corner form of the *crime passionnel*, and about the taste that sexual murderers often seem to have for quack doctoring, the aim of the picture seems puny. It has neither the urgency of Ludovic Kennedy's journalism nor the grace of fiction; all it says is, haplessly, and at the same time smacking its lips, "Look, what a waste." Ludovic Kennedy said that more seriously, ten years ago, with the endeavor of a real researcher, and to achieve a purpose other than ticket-selling. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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The Editor regrets the appearance of typographic and other composition errata in the article "Language: the Medium of Community Non-communication" by Professor Henry M. Truby, *Miami Interaction*, Vol. 1, No. 5, November, 1969, some of which detract from the intent of the author, namely: "phonies" should read "*phonics*," p. 13, mid 3rd column; "language" should read "*langrage*," p. 14, mid 2nd column.—*Miami Interaction*.

Anyway, the article has a good title.

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A PICASSO BRINGS $124,800

LONDON, April 21 (UPI)—"Les Adieux du Pecheur," painted in Barcelona in 1902 by Pablo Picasso during the artist's "blue" period, was sold at auction today for $124,800.

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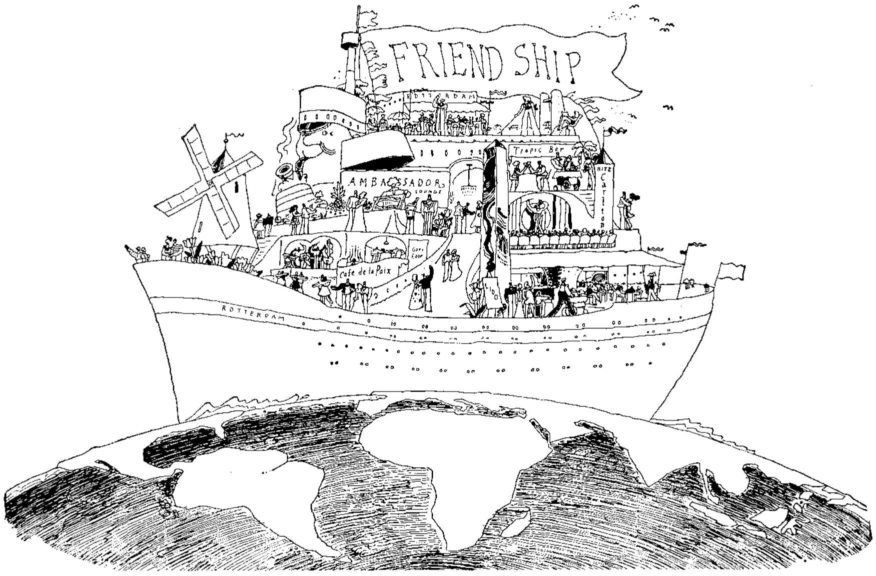

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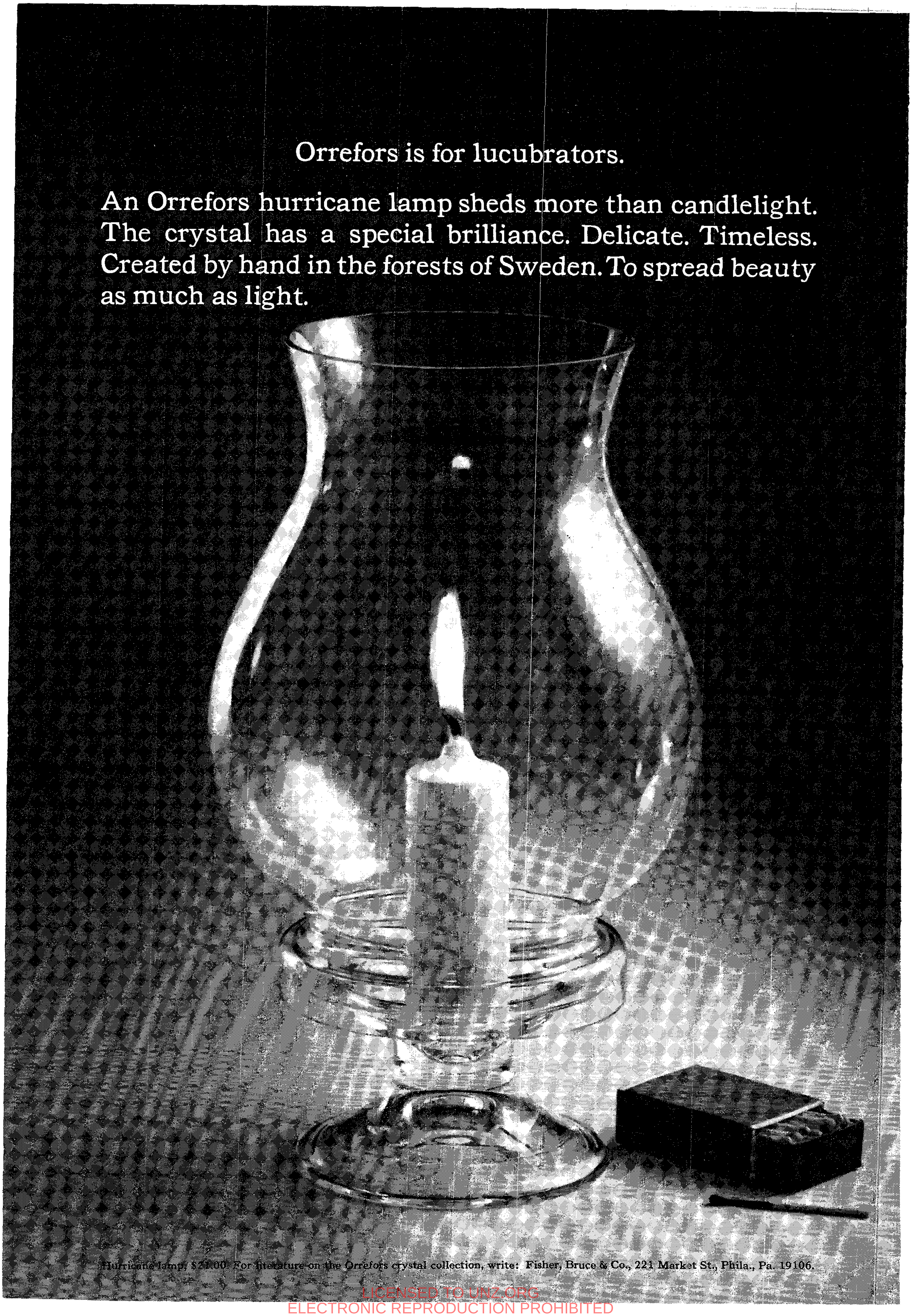

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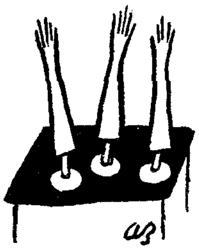
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

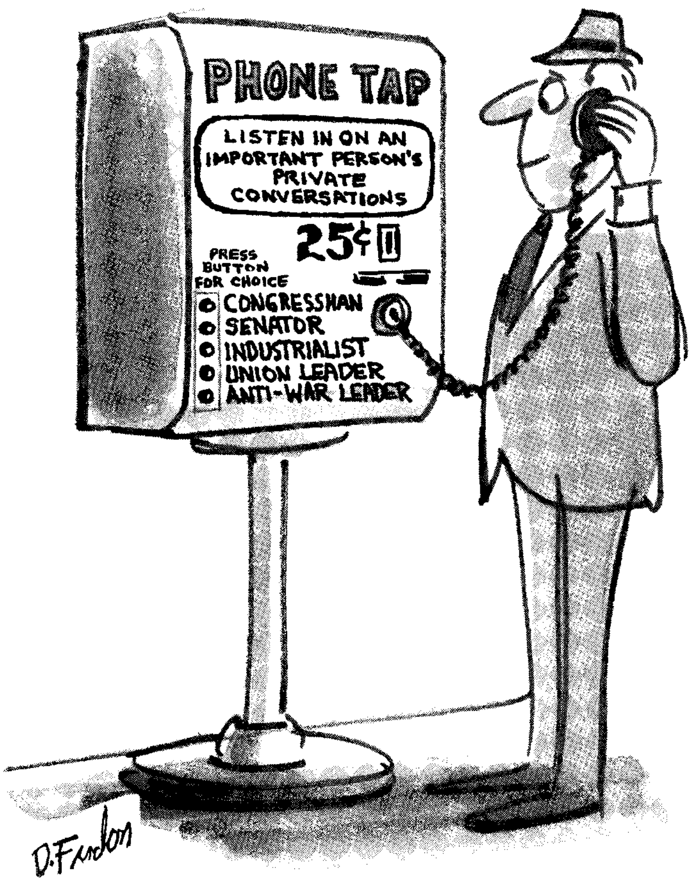


FROM time to time, some of this city's normally blinkered and precipitate inhabitants organize in defense of the good life. The art galleries, antique shops, boutiques, restaurants, shoe shops, needlepoint houses, jewellers, and florists that belong to the Madison Avenue General Ideas Committee (MAGIC) have embarked on such a project. It is largely because of their pride in Madison Avenue between 61st and 72nd Streets that the stretch will continue to be closed to traffic between seven and ten on Tuesday evenings until Labor Day. It is entirely because of their enthusiasm that the closing—or opening, depending on your point of view—transforms merchants into hosts, and shoppers into smiling, festive visitors. MAGIC has planted trees along its promenade, and is committed to stemming the tide of airline offices and banks. (A bank, even disguised as an art gallery or a greenhouse, affords scant joy to passersby.) On Tuesday evenings, the area is still pitted with closed stores that barricade their goods away in gloom and stand as purse-lipped reminders of Fun City's sad fragility. But the shops that stay open long after the avenue is usually deserted bravely fight down their fear of strangers. (This fear is partly instinctive to specialists in luxuries, which many of them are, and partly learned from robberies that have led many shopkeepers to sit in siege, glaring through locked doors at strollers who might turn out to be "just looking.") MAGIC members are among the few retailers in the city who like being part of a mall, and who do not regard the frisbee-tossers and roller-skaters who swirl past their doors as a hideous threat to their profits. They believe that many of those out taking the air will pause before shopwindows, and that some of the crowd think little of paying a hundred dollars for a dress. And the Tuesday closings give people a chance to go shopping in pairs. To try to pen a man in a department store after a hard day is often fruitless; to suggest a stroll, a drink or dinner in a sidewalk café—the Right Bank, the Castalia, and even the Westbury, set tables outdoors—makes the possibility of dipping into a shop far less cruel.

Before a Tuesday-evening rendezvous and a relatively unpolluted walk, a facial at the Cyclax of London salon, 692 Madison Avenue (62nd), would be appropriate. Perhaps because the firm was founded in 1896, its approach to skin care and makeup is sensible and authoritative. The staff at the salon is not a bit bossy, and the range of products is limited and of uniformly high quality. (Both characteristics are welcomed by the cosmetics shopper, who normally encounters a bewildering choice and an aggressive presentation.) Cyclax well understands the feeling that a face is not clean until it is washed, and provides an excellent complexion soap ($2.50 a bar). The firm's Milk of Roses moisturizer is almost unparalleled. A facial involves no disturbing machines, and is a practically guaranteed cure for headaches. The customer is led through louvered doors and settled into a reclining chair under a pink quilt. After applying a thick, almond-smelling cream, the consultant massages neck, shoulders, and face for half an hour. The subject feels a feather touch moving around her eyes in figure eights, and lifts her drowsy lids to note the dim pink lighting striking feebly on her gleaming nose. The murmurs of other sybarites behind other doors falter and are stilled. Later, the face is washed and rinsed with tepid water to which some drops of toning Braceine have been added. An astonishing cleanliness remains, and is more distinct if no makeup is requested. The last appointment at the salon is at four-thirty.

The wearer of this immaculate face is all set to greet a companion, drift up to Lady Continental, 754 Madison Avenue (65th), and look at a wisp of green silk-and-polyester dotted with tiny flowers. (But the shop must be early on one's list, since it stays open only until six on Tuesdays.) The dress—which needs only bare brown feet, poppy fields, and a floppy hat as accessories—has a scooped neckline, short puffed sleeves, and a row of vertical pin tucks at the waist. Its skirt is shaped like an upturned flower, with a bias-cut bell from the knees to the floor; $75. An equally lightweight silk mixture is found in a rather less bucolic outfit ($95) whose top is V-necked, with long sleeves blousing to the wrist; its long skirt is gathered from a narrow hip yoke. The blouse ends below the bust, and is tied by long ribbons, which then go on to wrap up the bare midriff and link blouse to skirt. The striking effect is compounded by the print—wonky geometrics and curving weeds in white, canary, and Shocking pink, all on a black background. The boutique can also cover slim, tanned limbs with floor-length T-shirts of acrylic knit. These have three pearl buttons on the breastbone and a minuscule breast pocket. From the waist, the skirt is left unbuttoned over matching shorts. In white, baby blue, or light beige; $65.

Nights will soon be warm



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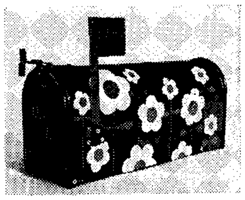

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on Madison Avenue, and suitable clothes for summer streets might be found at Veneziano (at No. 819, between 68th and 69th; open only until seven on Tuesdays). All the clothes here are from Italy, where no one would dream of abandoning style simply because the weather is hot. Any of Veneziano's two-piece outfits would grace the steamiest pavements. There are knitted linen-and-Leacril suits, with sleeveless tops and sash belts, or battle-jacket suits in pale blue, sand, or salmon cotton denim. (Skirts here are an unfrightening inch or so below the knee for day.) Of a selection of simple, short-sleeved suits in knitted Leacril, perhaps the prettiest is beige. The cardigan is finely ribbed and has tortoiseshell buttons. The skirt has four sections, and each of these has rows of tan, orange, and brown squares converging, on the bias, on its neighbor. Eighty dollars buys this or any of its variants, which include a deep-salmon base with peach, orange, and rust; and a black base with white and rust bubbles in relief. The summer clothes at Veneziano refute the notion that a lady must be seen in white and navy in the coming months. A two-piece outfit in a fine, nearly translucent cotton, for instance, looks collected in spite of its sombre, hearthside colors. The shirt has a round neck, covered buttons, and long sleeves; the burgundy-and-black border print masses darkly on the shoulders and forms a backgammon board on the front. The skirt is kilt-pleated and side-wrapped, and the price of the pair is $80. Another suit—this in artificial silk—is a study in pale brown and white. The front and back of the bodice, as well as the cuffs, the tab front of the jacket and of the button-through skirt, are striped; everything else—including long sleeves and a small breast pocket—is brown polka-dotted with white; $120. Some lucky shopper whose husband has a checkbook and a taste for femininity will chance upon a soft, white gown for summer evenings. There are eight yards of silk-and-rayon jersey in the bias, ankle-length skirt. The sleeves are long and slim, the neckline high and round, and the only distraction is a modest trim of flattened pleats at neck and wrists. All attention goes to the cut and to the print—bridesmaids' posies of orange, cinnamon, and mauve flowers set in bright-green foliage; $180.

Across the street, at No. 816, is Sportique, whose door stands open until ten on Tuesday nights, and whose

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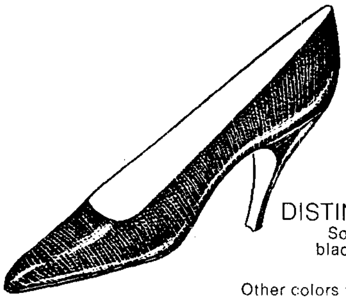

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salespeople are always enthusiastic. Many of the clothes in the shop are made in Italy, and a favored fabric for summer is light cotton jersey. This appears in the form of a trim shorts outfit; the top is a T-shirt, with a thoughtful back zipper and cuffed sleeves. The shorts, too, are cuffed. On a petrol-blue background, lightning bolts of stained-glass colors—orange, red, yellow, and pale blue—course around the body. A skirt and top of cotton jersey with a print of interlocking, tumbling rectangles looks just as comfortable. The blouse has short sleeves with stitched-down cuffs, and a drawstring at the waist. Below the blouse, an easy, ankle-length skirt hangs from an elasticized waist and ends in a nine-inch flounce. The colors are a mixture of scarlet, brown, black, and white, or various shades of brown, which is duller. The price is $50. For more formal wear, Sportique suggests cotton suits with an air of tapestry about their border print, which has a black background and beige scrolls and flowers like antique lampshades. The sleeves arrive somewhere below the elbow and are slightly gathered into two-button cuffs. The jacket blouses gently into a waistband, and the mid-calf skirt has a deeply inset pleat at center front and back. A striking terrace skirt of black cotton is printed with small yellow and white flowers with red pistils. Other daisy shapes, embroidered in orange chain stitch, compete with the printed flowers and give the effect of quilting. The skirt is floor length and wraps at the side in ruffles of solid red and yellow, which ripple off around the hem as well; $28. Stylish brimmed hats of gray-and-white striped denim are $8, and a matching duffelbag is $9.

A branch of Tapemeasure (No. III in the family) lies on the Tuesday-evening circuit at 799 Madison Avenue (67th). The happy Tapemeasure process—by which women of fairly modest means order from a stock garment, specify fabric and buttons, determine adjustments in length and cut, and feel like couture customers—takes two weeks, including one fitting, and provides an ideal excuse for an evening outing. Tapemeasure classics, such as tailored blazers, have now been joined by an array of shorts ensembles and playsuits, but the firm has sacrificed nothing in the way of clean lines and crisp prettiness. Cotton poplin is much in evidence, and appears in mauve, girlishly polka-dotted with white, on an ankle-length dress with a U neck, generous puffed sleeves, and a gathered

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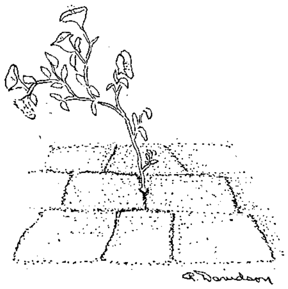
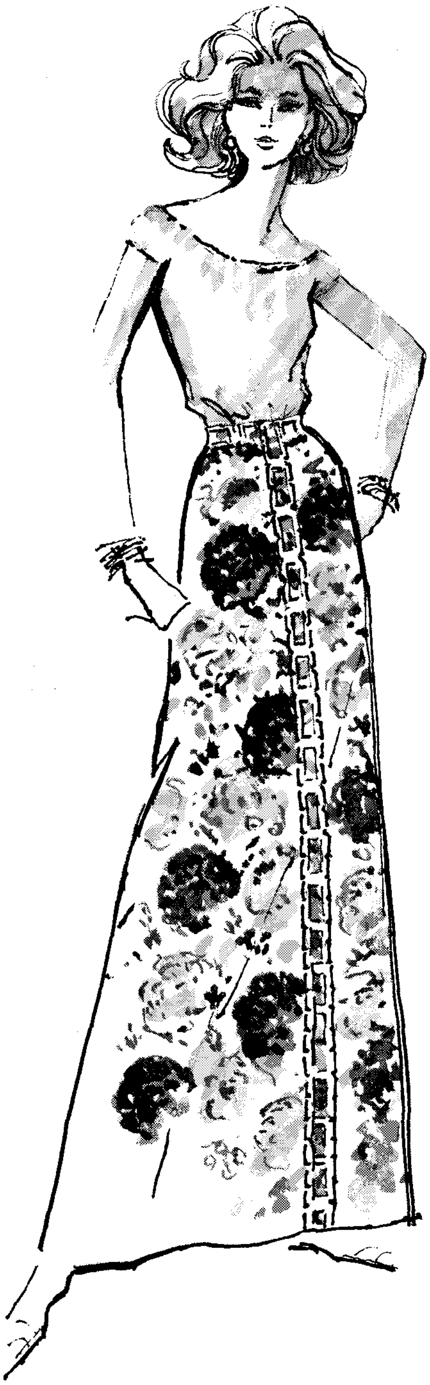
skirt slit to the waist at center front. The dress is to be worn over matching shorts; the pair costs $140. This shop caters to women fortunate enough to be exposed to sea breezes on summer evenings, and such customers might be drawn to a sleeveless top and gored shorts of unlined wool jersey that are long enough to be taken for a skirt; in white and a choice of pastels, $70. The Banlon-jersey dress with a modest bodice and a skirt gathered from a slightly raised waistline is a classic that has emerged in recent years without any fanfare, and that will flatter almost every figure. It is beautifully interpreted at Tapemeasure with long or short sleeves and in any below-knee length. The prints are distinctive and they all look cool; they include scarlet, printed with white butterflies, and a pastel flower garden of blue, mauve, sand, and white. The visitor to the shop can always leave with a stock model if it fits her; or she can pick up some separates from the French house of Dennet Barry, right on the premises. The range is quite in keeping with the elegance of Tapemeasure's own designs, and includes ankle-length skirts, split at hip level at the front (split skirts come into their own in summer), of navy denim ($34) or of red, yellow, and blue bias plaids ($40). These find partners in striped T-shirts pin-tucked at the midriff, and in short-sleeved jackets made of beige muslin ($20), cross-stitched denim ($32), or white cotton faintly checked with pink and brown ($20).

At Artbag, at 735 Madison Avenue (64th), coffee and cookies are served on Tuesday evenings to visitors, who are further sustained by a wide choice of handbags. Blue denim—a fabric so much in evidence that most wardrobes must include some denim garment that is in need of companionship—is seen in bags that measure about eight inches wide by seven inches high and not only look neat but turn out to be quite roomy within their center-divided pouch. The topmost part of the shoulder strap and the piping around the body and flap are made of red, navy, or white leather. The clasp and the double chains that form the rest of the strap are gilt. The same bag is made in natural linen; in both materials the price is $30.75. Or there are tiny envelopes designed for those who wear shorts without appearing athletic or aggressive. They appear in black, white, and beige lizard calf, and in brown, white, bone, and navy patent. The fine, fake-gold shoulder chains can be hooked up and doubled to hang from the wrist, or detached completely, so that the bag becomes a clutch; $24.95.



Rather than harboring raw innovations, Madison Avenue boutiques serve as repositories of refined, self-confident interpretations of existing modes. The shoes at Fiorentina (No. 789, between 66th and 67th) include some dignified and surprisingly wearable versions of the forties footwear that clip-clops all about us. There is a neo-wedge with a discreet peep-toe in white, navy, black, and brown kid, which is $52. (It is not quite a wedge, because, after the broad, two-inch heel, the sole cuts up toward the instep instead of thumping flat to the ground.) This Fiorentina model would inspire admiration rather than giggles, as would the shop's revival of a D'Orsay shoe with a slim ankle strap, a narrow platform, and a straight, three-inch heel; in black suède, $52. The influence of the war years blurs the division between shoe and sandal, but perhaps anything that shows more than one lacquered toenail can safely be called a sandal. Such, by this definition, is a stylish creation in red or black suède that straps around the back and front of the ankle; it has a narrow, self-covered platform, and its low-cut vamp is split to give a glimpse of foot before the eye can travel to the open toe.

If a couple lingers too long over dinner, or one partner draws the line at extensive shopping, strollers might still pay a visit to Boris the Jeweller, at 721 Madison Avenue (between 63rd and 64th). This establishment serves champagne on Tuesday evenings, and its handsome designs may be examined in an unstuffy atmosphere until ten o'clock. Bold, domed rings of hammered, eighteen-carat gold, set with a choice of semi-precious stones—garnet, amethyst, and lapis, among many—may be had for $95. One of a selection of eighteen-carat rings, variously twisted, knotted, twined, and braided, might be worn with great effect on almost every finger of a pair of narrow hands. Gold rings inlaid with stripes of enamel appear in many color combinations; these include burgundy and navy or, to enhance a suntan, turquoise and white, and emerald and white. An enamel ring



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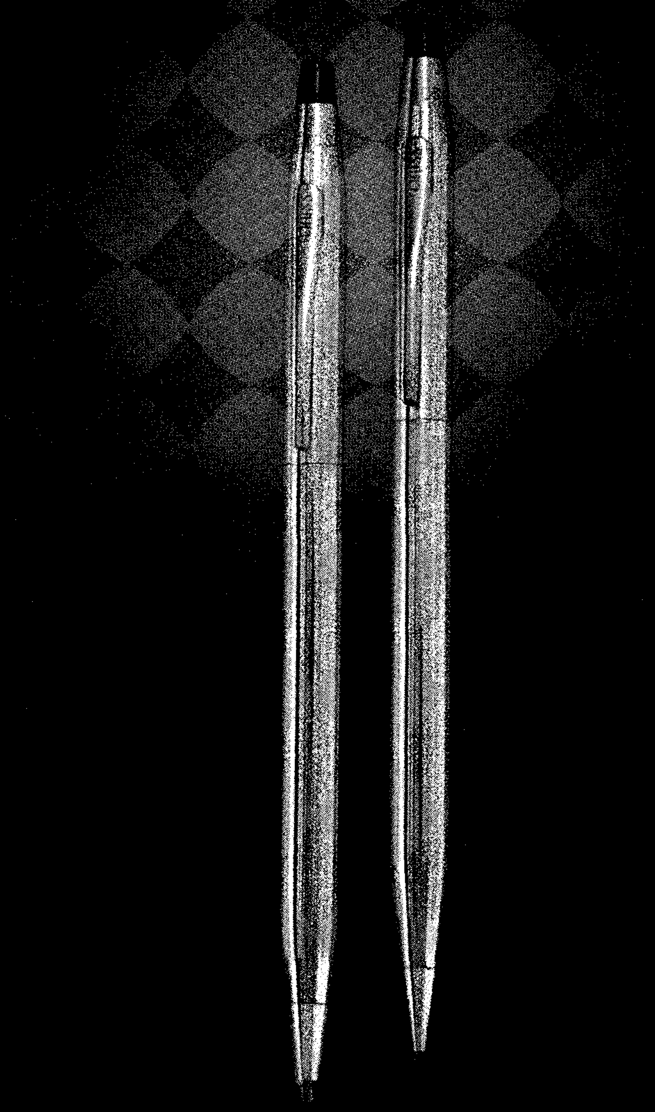

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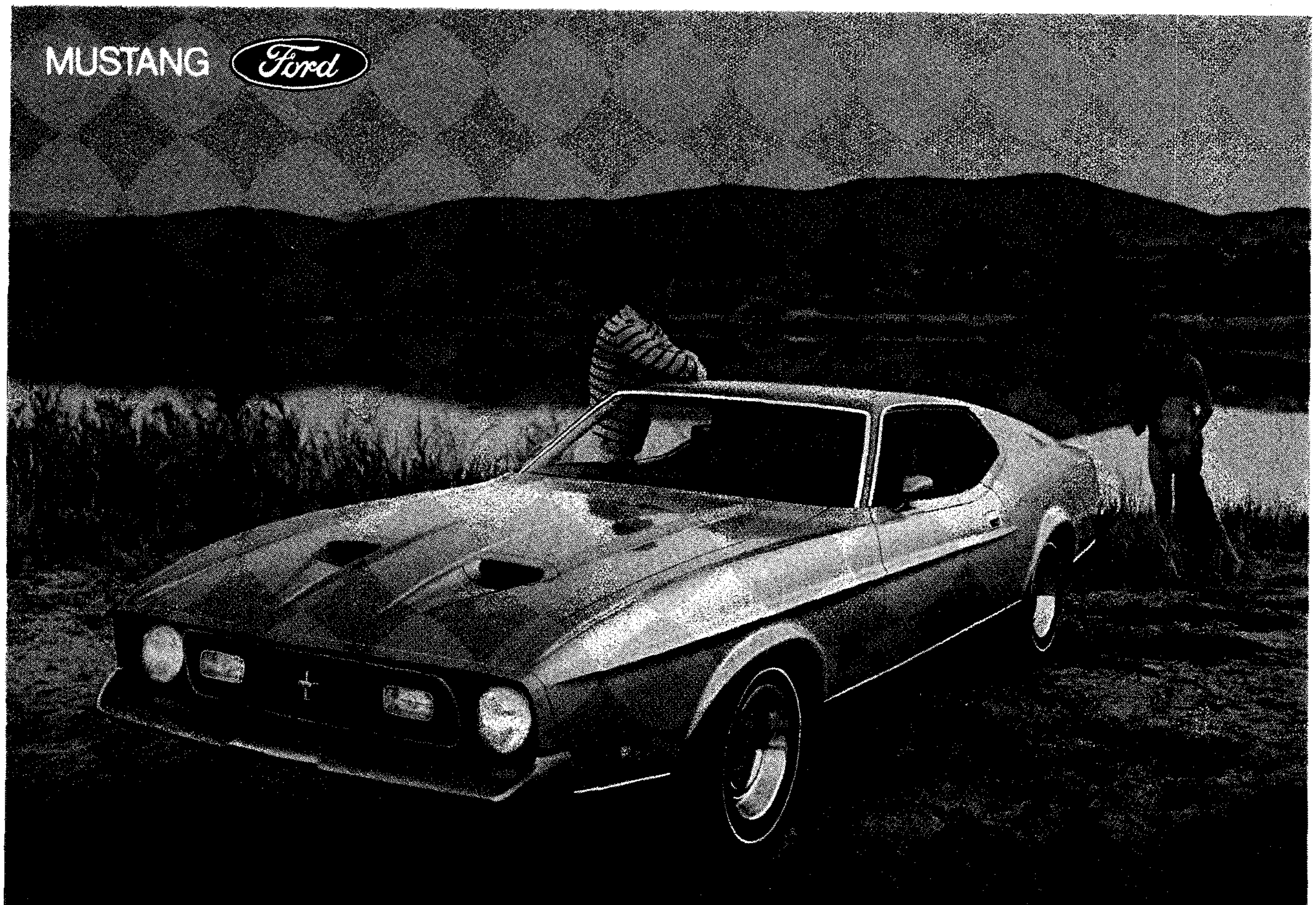

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If saunterers don't like the idea of trying on clothes and signing checks on Tuesday evenings, their alternatives are manifold. They can mull over spectacles at Meyrowitz, 839 Madison Avenue (70th), or find calm in St. James' Church, at 71st Street; they might pick up some well-nurtured Brie at Caviarteria, at No. 870 (71st), or browse among the vintages at Sherry-Lehmann, at No. 679 (61st); they can sit on a bench in the middle of the street and watch elderly Viennese gentlemen waving their canes in greeting, and matrons in their Chanel pumps jigging shyly to a band; or they might hit upon some street photographers who will record the rare good humor on the faces of their customers and stamp the photo on a button. If, while sporting such a button, and perhaps even waving a balloon, the wanderer should change his mind and enter a shop, no one would think to greet him with a frown.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

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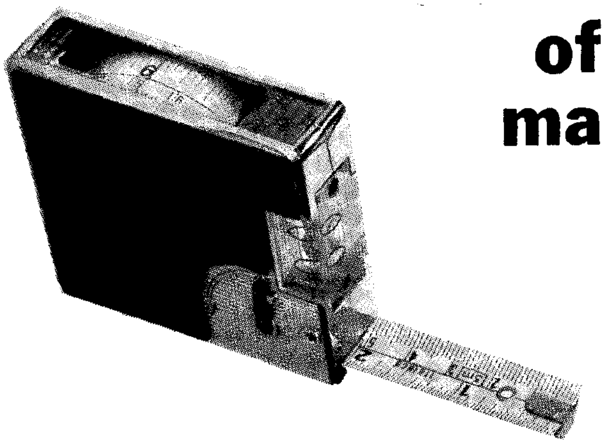
"The Front Page" was written in *Polish?*



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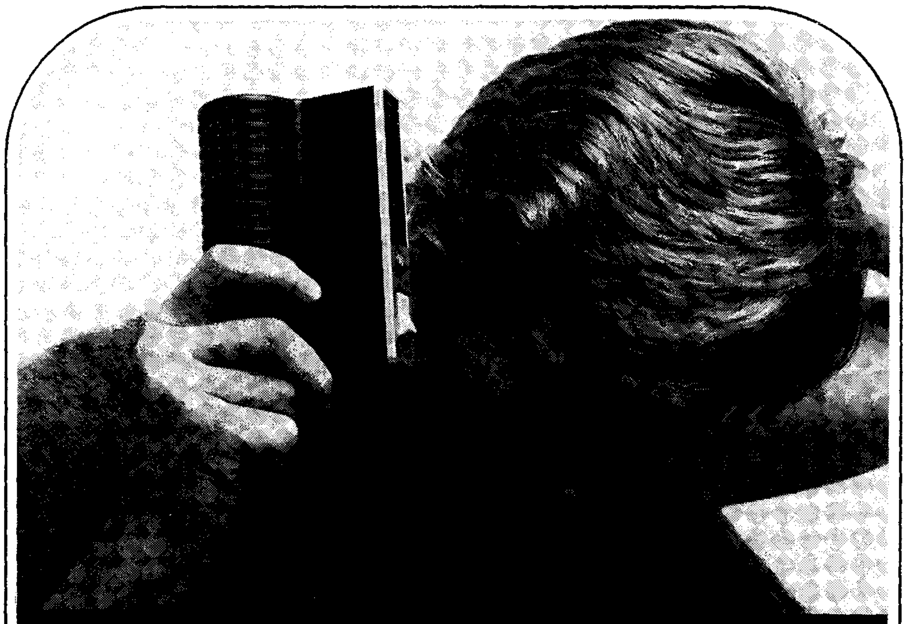

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BRAUN

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE ASTONISHMENT OF WORDS

ALL this began in New Haven after supper one Sunday night in the middle thirties, when my friend Burton Paradise came up with "*Voici l'hippopotame*," which I still think is the funniest thing I have ever heard. He was reading aloud to a group of us, and we all sat there rocking with laughter. He was reading the Bible in French. I didn't know until years later that the wonderful nonsense we were playing with was the result of my friends' having read Clarence Day out loud the Sunday night before, when I wasn't there. To me, "Behold now behemoth" has all the breath-taking splendor of the Sistine Chapel. "Behemoth"—listen to it! The word is drawn on the same overwhelming scale as Michelangelo's ceiling, and is practically in the same style. But in French they haven't got him even the least bit Old Testament-looking. He is no more splendid than an ordinary one is. I cannot seem to blow the meaning of this phrase up to anything more monumental than "Here is the hippopotamus," which leaves me fairly cold.

I remember some scholar's saying that night that this kind of thing was entirely the fault of the Académie Française—that the Académie had kept the language of the French so pure that nowadays there was almost no way of squeezing a really decent archaic effect out of it. I gathered that there was no archaic French any longer because it was forbidden—anyway, something like that. But Hebrew was not forbidden by the Académie, was it? The Vulgate says "*Ecce behemoth*," and even the Germans stick to it, in spite of all their prejudices. "*Siehe da den Behemoth*" is the way you say it in German. "*Hippopotame*," indeed! The French must have liked it that way.

Then, they have "*Bienheureux sont les débonnaires*." Fancy that! That is the way the French say "Blessed are the meek." The first time I remember hearing the word "*débonnaire*" at all, it was Milton who said it:

> Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
> So bucksom, blithe, and debonair.

I have always liked that, but I have certainly always thought of that child of Aurora's as being a bouncing blue-eyed baby girl, very amiable and very sweet. Even in his day, Noah Webster thought of her as "affable, courteous, graceful and gay." How did he—and I—get that idea, when to a French person Aurora's little baby would have been only buxom, blithe, and *meek*? And, incidentally, now that "*débonnaire*" means "meek," how do you say "debonair" in French?

Here's how:

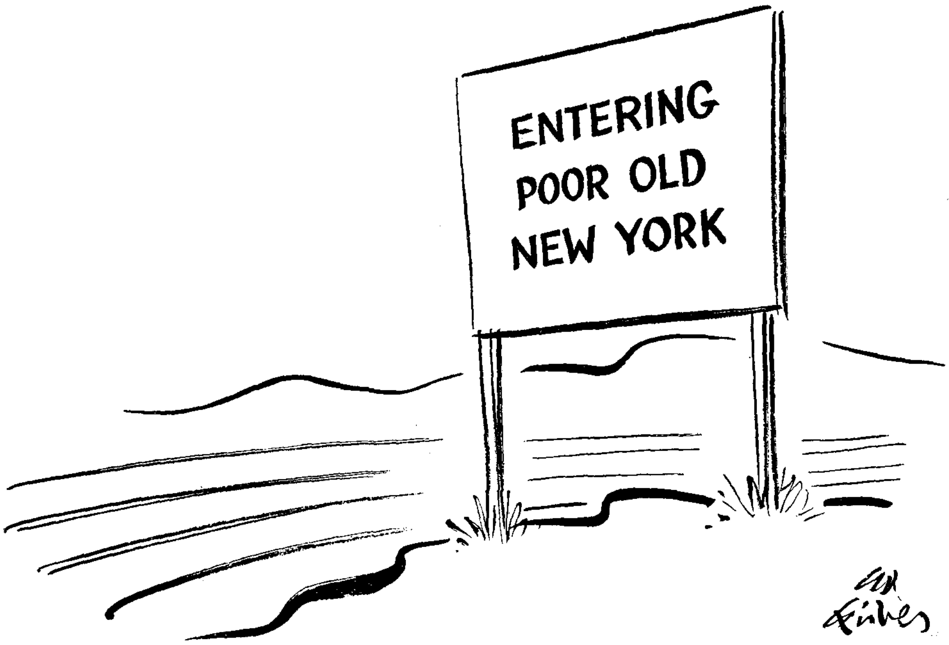
> *Il la fit mère de toi, fille charmante,*
> *Si enjouée, rieuse, et gracieuse.*

German translators come through with some pretty crashing effects, too, but in their own inimitable way. How, for instance, can a self-respecting German with any ear at all for Scotland be led to believe that "*Grün werden nun die Binsen, oh!*" is anything but perfectly awful? I have discovered in a footnote that somewhere there is a Swiss-German translation of "Green Grow the Rashes, O!" When I find it—if I can read it at all—I certainly expect to find some racy trace of *etwas Schottländisches* left in it. A Frenchwoman I know once told me that she had heard French spoken with an Alabama accent. "It gets to be a kind of Basque," she said. Maybe it will be something like that.

How do you say "Yankee Doodle" in French—in case you can? Does "The snail's on the thorn" get to be about an *escargot*? If you want to say "Fourscore and seven years ago" in French, how can you keep from saying "*Quatre-vingt-sept années* ago," in the ordinary way? How do they say "March Hare" and "Cheshire Cat" and things like that in German? How well does Hamlet come through with that soliloquy of his in any language but his own? (I had no idea that simply everybody had taken a crack at translating it.) How can you keep the phrase "*la belle dame sans merci*" in a French translation of the poem from being lost in the shuffle of the surrounding French? And how, in God's name, can you possibly say "Thar she blows"? I couldn't wait to find out. So I sat up in bed one night soon after meeting *l'hippopotame* and made a list of everything I wanted to hear the sound of in French and in German—a very much too long one. Next morning, I added all the things I had forgotten to put down. This list I have ruthlessly cut over a stretch of time.

After lunch the next day, I went in the rain to the New Haven Public Library, because it was nearby, just for a preliminary look around. A few days later, I went to the New York Public Library to talk to some librarians and to putter around there. I began to buy books, and to order others. Now I have eight or ten new feet of books piling up on the floor. Some of them contain smatterings of the things I want. Then I went to the Yale libraries and to the Library of Congress, and spent a few more weeks poking around in them. Now here I am.

If only a proper scholar had undertaken such a collection in the first place, I keep thinking, I could have bought it the very first day and found out everything I wanted to know. By this time, it would be in its logical place in a bookcase, next to Palgrave and "The Oxford Book of English Verse." But no



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proper scholar had. He had never thought of such a thing, and I cannot imagine why. But isn't it lucky, I went on thinking, that this game doesn't require any scholarship at all, because if it did I couldn't be playing it. That's true. One doesn't need very much German or French—and one doesn't need both, certainly—to have fun out of the cream of this. I have only some children's German left from years ago—all very foggy and threadbare—and only about the same amount of the kind of pathetic kitchen or pig French that a man needs to get through a few schools and things, and to ask French chambermaids to bring him up a morsel of ice, if there is any.

I have not chosen the examples somebody else would have chosen. This essay is intended for *us*—not for scholars at all—by one of us who always likes or dislikes almost everything a little bit too much; who has badly thought-out prejudices about all the wrong things, which he hopes never quite to outgrow; who loves to be enchanted by experts, from a distance—preferably from a seat in the fourth row on the aisle. If you find him forgetting himself and being critical or disrespectful to his betters now and then, never mind. Let it go. The only essential difference between him and those tiresome people who "don't know anything about music but know what I like" is that he doesn't even know what he likes. I *think* he has nothing to prove—which is ambitious enough for anybody.

To fill the gaps where a few translations I particularly wanted did not exist, I have been obliged to fall back on my friends—on myself, even. By gaps I mean a number of instances where a German *or* a French translation was to be had, but not both. I had hoped, of course, to find all my samples already translated, because what I particularly wanted to know was how these great traditions of ours had been presented over the years to all the French- and German-speaking people who had no English and were obliged to get their impressions of English literature from something that wasn't quite it. Now I know. What they have been given, in many cases, is hardly to be compared with the adequate Roman copies of Greek sculpture that we have all been brought up with.

At best, translations are rarely what is called "rewarding." Things made of words get out of joint in the moving, and the translator, no matter how skillful he may be ordinarily, is half doomed before he begins. It is impossible to lay the pattern of one language on that of another and make it fit. Instead, devious means must be contrived for getting into the style of the second language in some other way. Not only must the translator come through with the proper words but he must re-create all the music, all the architecture, all the color schemes, and all the light and shade and shadow of the first language in the style of the second. Anyone who dares to pour the precious stuff "from the golden shell into the silver" is taking a great risk.

In spite of what I am saying here, the complete success of some of these translations is incredible. They have weathered all the agony of change and have come through it in full bloom. A few, a very few—and I hope I can remember not to point them out when we get to them—have actually improved on their way through hell.

ANONYMOUS

(1)

RUNE OF HOSPITALITY
(FROM THE GAELIC)

I saw a stranger yestreen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place;
And, in the sacred name of the Triune,
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song,
  Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise:
  Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

(2)

ALTGÄLISCHE RUNE VON DER GASTFREUNDSCHAFT

Ich sah einen Fremden gestern.
Ich trug ihm ein Mahl in den Speise-Saal,
Trunk in den Trink-Saal,
Musik in den Lauscher-Saal.
Und im heiligen Namen der Dreieinigkeit
Segnete er mich und mein Haus,
Mein Vieh und meine Lieben.
Und die Lerche sagte in ihrem Gesang:
  Oft, oft, oft
Geht Christus im Kleide des Fremden;
  Oft, oft, oft,
Geht Christus im Kleide des Fremden.

—*Translation by Käthe Braun-Prager.*

(3)

RUNE DE L'HOSPITALITÉ

J'ai vu un étranger le soir passé;
Je lui ai porté à manger là où l'on mange,
Et à boire là où l'on boit,
La musique dans la place d'écouter:
Et au nom sacré de la Trinité

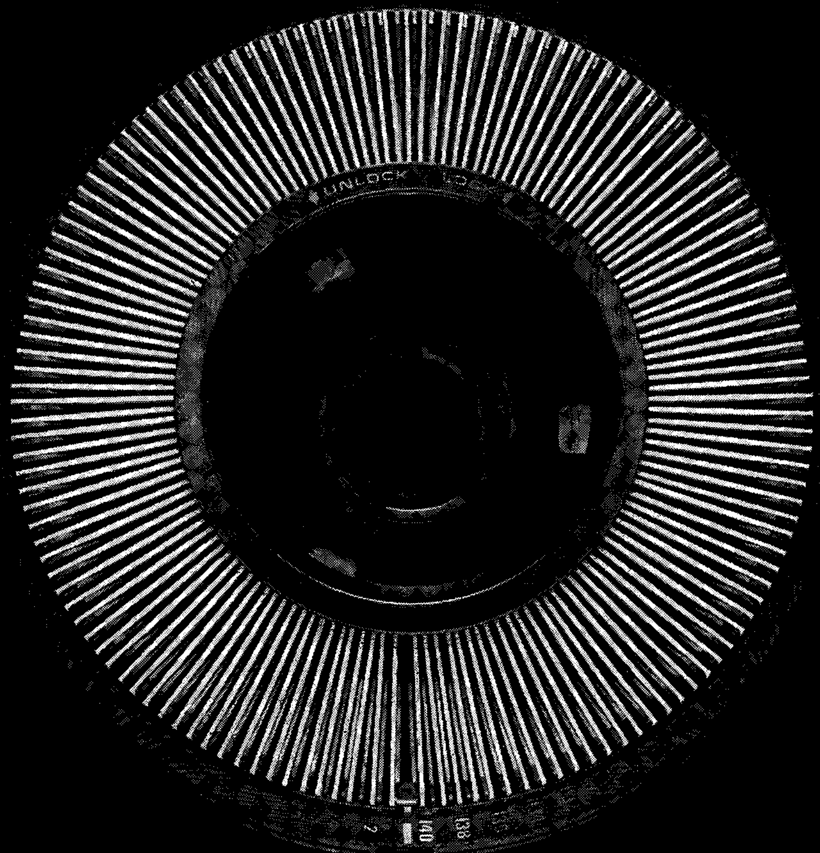
Il m'a béni, moi et ma maison,
Mes bêtes et ceux qui j'aime.
Et l'alouette dans son chant disait:
  Souvent, souvent, souvent,
Marche le Christ en guise d'étranger:
  Souvent, souvent, souvent,
Marche le Christ en guise d'étranger.

—*Translation by Margaret and Deborah Paradise.*

It would have been pleasant to start off these experiments with "Sumer is icumen in," as everybody else does, but I found no translation of it in any language at all. The "Cuckoo Song" is a rota for four voices accompanied by two other voices. It is the most remarkable secular composition left to us from the first half of the thirteenth century. The famous words are so intricately involved with the music that there would be no point in disentangling them from the four-part canon for display in another language. Unsung, they are scarcely more than a list of archaically delightful, evocative, singable summer things. Besides, from its earliest beginnings every language has had incantations of its own for bringing back summer.

I have no idea whether the "Rune of Hospitality" is well known or not. It was published first "sometime before 1927," in the *Celtic Review*. I saw it first in 1948, in Scotland, at Saint Andrews. It was printed on a single piece of paper. When I asked my host, who was a student at the university, what it was, he didn't know. He could not remember where it came from or how he happened to have it. Seven years later, in New York, I came on it again—this time in German, in an anthology of English verse in translation.

Kenneth Macleod had listened all his life to the old songs and to the recitations of ancient poetry in the remote, unvisited islands of the Hebrides. In the notes of "The Road to the Isles," it is said that he made his "Rune of Hospitality" by joining two Gaelic fragments together. These—and this is not altogether clear to me—he had evidently heard sung. Does this mean that he had heard half of two tunes, the other halves of both of which had been lost? This is a curious thing if that is the way it was. Did different people sing the fragments in different places? He must, in any event, have had to disregard the two fragments of tune when he set the fragments of verse together. I was afraid at first that this poem could not properly be thought of as a candidate for this essay, since the fragments were Gaelic to begin with, and not English. Then I changed to



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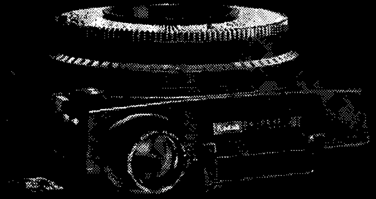

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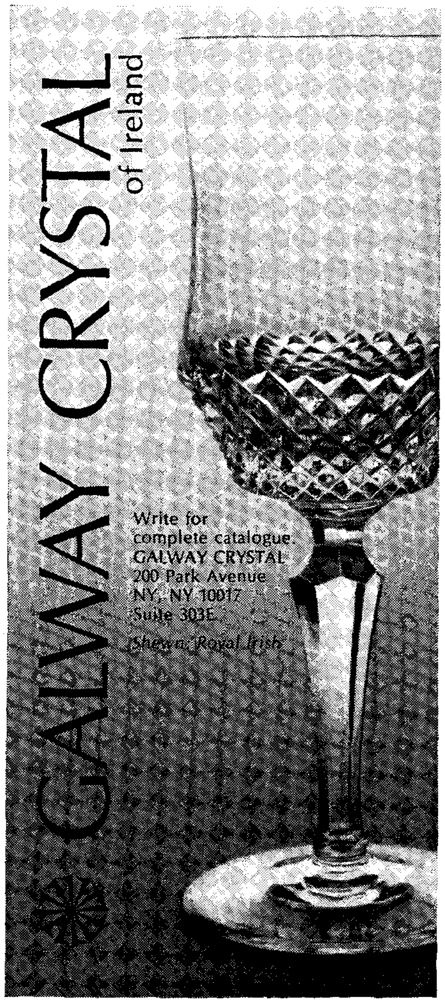

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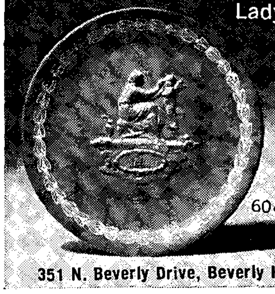
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thinking we were really concerned here with Macleod's poem in English. If Macleod becomes Anonymous, what is to become of Burns?

There can be no doubt that Frau Braun-Prager's "Altgälische Rune von der Gastfreundschaft" is a translation from Macleod. She can scarcely have wandered the Hebrides on her own and discovered and put together the same two fragments in exactly the way he did, although in "Die Lyra des Orpheus," in which her poem appears, there is no mention of Kenneth Macleod. In the Braun-Prager translation, "song" becomes "*Gesang*," which is finer than "*Lied*" would have been, but "*Kleide*" is not so fine as "guise." It lacks the meaning and the miracle of "guise." "*Oft*," of course, is a necessity, not a departure, but it sounds to me very larklike, even with a single syllable.

Mrs. Burton Paradise and her daughter, who undertook the translation into French for me, since I could find none ready-made, have been discerning enough to see eye to eye with Frau Braun-Prager by translating "song" as "*chant*" rather than as "*chanson*," and to stand by Mr. Macleod with "*guise*."

This poem is wonderfully successful and beautiful in all three languages. I point this out because, unhappily, so satisfying a triple balance is rare.

(1)

YANKEE DOODLE

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy. . . .

(2)

YANKEE DOODLE

Ein Yankee Bursch ist fix und schlank
Und niemals überfett, Herr,
Und wo Gelag und Tanz und Gang,
Wie'n Katz so flink und nett, Herr!

Yankee, acht der Küste gut,
Yankee Doodle dandy
Drehn und Prahlen nichts dir thut,
Yankee doodle dandy! . . .
[Three more stanzas follow.]

—*Translation by Edmund Freiherr von Beaulieu-Marconnay.*

(3)

YANKEE DOODLE

Père et moi partons pour le camp,
"Captain Godwin" nous laisse;
L'armée était, ah! mes enfants!
Comme un pudding, épaisse.

Yankee Doodle, tiens-toi bien,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Des pas, de l'air te souviens,
Avec les girls sois poli! . . .
[Nine more stanzas follow.]

—*Translation by Charles Senin.*

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" came first. It was probably the invention of an eighteenth-century American who whistled or hummed as he walked. Nobody knows who he was, or where, but it was a good, durable tune he had there, and it was certainly set to no words. It is quite obviously the kind of tune that was never meant to be sung at all—only whistled. Later on, somehow, a fife took over the whistling, and a drum was added to the fife, and marching feet were added to the beat of the drum. A proper fife tune requires no further accompaniment. Next, it needed a name to distinguish it from other fife tunes. Now, "tootling" is a technical term and means "double-tonguing" in the shop talk of flute, piccolo, and fife players, so this drill-ground tune *may* have been called "The Yankee Tootle" at first, just to distinguish it from other tootles. It was not until later, when the words were added, that Yankee Doodle was personified as the cocky braggart with the pony and the feather in his cap. Outside serious fife-playing circles, it would not take a word like "tootle" very long to blur down into "doodle." It is characteristic of English—certainly of American English—to slip a peg. I am simply contributing my modest, nebulous guess about this to the bottomless grab bag of guesses already established, from which I am freely cribbing all the bits I can believe in at all. The rest is nonsense.

Won't you have a look at what I have set down here chronologically before we go on to the translations?

After the tune—and nobody knows how long after—comes the well-known semilegendary, pseudohistorical part about the British Army physician Dr. Richard Shuckburgh sitting on the well curb at Fort Crailo, in Rensselaer, New York, in 1758, and watching the provincial militia drilling while he writes his "contemptuous verses" to their marching tune. Fort Crailo is now also called "Yankee Doodle House," and is a historical monument shown to visitors.

Something like my own childhood version, quoted here from "The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes," has become more or less the standard version and is the best known of them all. Whether it is actually the Fort Crailo-Rensselaer one or not nobody knows, and I don't believe it matters. Some years after 1758—in the Boston *Journal of the Times* for September 29, 1768—the "Yankee Doodle Song" is spoken of as "band music," even though "Song" implies that there were words to the tune. The "early version of the tune . . . given in an American manuscript dated 1775," to which Iona and Peter Opie refer in their "Dictionary," would indicate a recording of the tune without words, but the words of "A New Song" to "the tune *Yankey Doodle*," composed shortly after the siege of Quebec by "a gentleman just arrived from Newfoundland," were published in the Bath, England, *Chronicle* on November 21, 1776. The gentleman responsible for this endless piece of doggerel must have been a British gentleman, since the verses are directed against Benedict Arnold, Colonel Greene, and other Revolutionary soldiers.

In 1778, the tune appeared again—in James Aird's "Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs for Fife, Violin or German Flute," published in Glasgow—but without words. (A "Virginia Melody" and a "Negro Jig," both long forgotten, are the two other American "foreign" airs in Aird's collection.) In 1784, the tune was sung by a character called Dicky Ditto in the opera "Two to One," by Samuel Arnold. Here the first line was "Adzooks, old Crusty, why so rusty?" and this is the only line I can find. The tune turns up next in "The Contrast," by Royall Tyler, a play with music made up of borrowed popular tunes. This opened in New York on April 16, 1787, at the John Street Theatre. Tyler gave the tune four original stanzas of excruciating verse, which must have been sidesplitting in 1787. The first verse—the only one still vaguely familiar—is the one in which "Captain Goodwin" somehow rhymes with "hasty pudding." The chorus has the first line changed harmlessly to "Yankee doodle doodle doo" but remains the same from there on. It may be that the character called Jonathan, who sang this song, pronounced these words a little differently from the way they are said now, but, in any event, this Yankee personage, who was apparently derived from a legendary character known as Brother Jonathan, and who was to go through any number of transformations and changes of name and costume over the years on his way to becoming Uncle Sam, was a creation of Tyler's, and a character in a play

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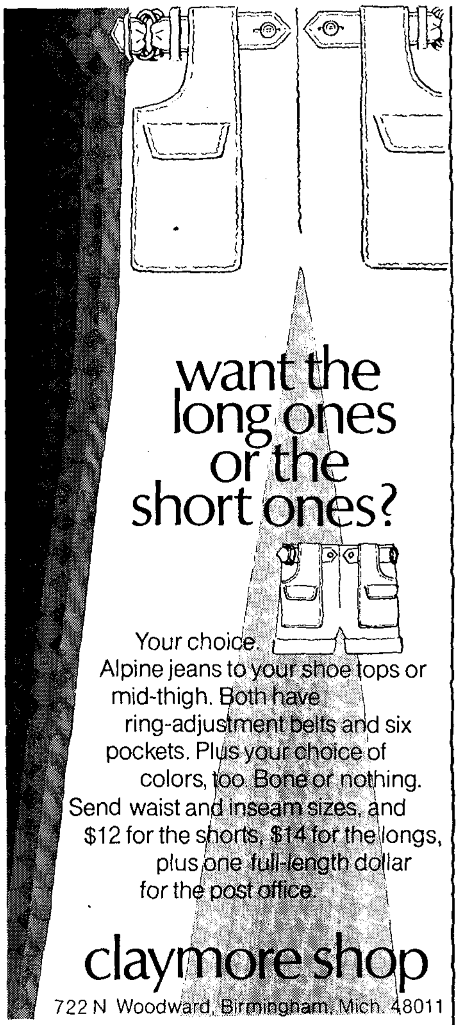
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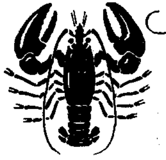
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for the first time. In Tyler's play, Jonathan says that he himself knows only a hundred and eighty verses of this tune but "our Tabitha at home can sing it all."

A version for 1788 is in Charles Dibdin's "Musical Tour," and here the first line is "I sing Ulysses and those chiefs." This play is followed by another play—and a very popular one it must have been—in which the tune turns up yet again, with still another set of words. This play, "The Glory of Columbia, Her Yeomanry," by William Dunlap, opened in New York at the Park Theatre on the Fourth of July, 1803, and was performed at intervals and in various places for many years. Its last recorded performance was in 1847.

In both the German translations I have seen, the first stanza is a translation of Dunlap's first stanza:

A Yankee boy is trim and tall,
  And never over fat, sir,
At dance or frolic, hop and ball,
  He's nimble as a gnat, sir.

In German, "gnat," for syllabic reasons, becomes "cat," which is nimble enough to do nicely.

The French version is a translation of the Royall Tyler one with a number of private variations of its own thrown in as the stanzas run along. It has its little footnote, too: *"L'expression 'Yankee Doodle' n'a pas d'équivalent français; elle peut se traduire à peu près par 'le nigaud Américain' ou, mieux, par 'Le Dadais Américain.'"*

What's this? The American booby? The American ninny? The American noodle? As I have said, the *tune* of "Yankee Doodle" came first, and it will always come first.

W. H. AUDEN

(1)

Look, stranger, on this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
When the chalk wall falls to the foam and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf.
And the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands,
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

(2)

REGARDE, ÉTRANGER

Regarde, étranger, vers cette île
Que la lumière bondissante révèle pour ton délice.
Demeure immobile
Et fais silence,
Qu'aux détours de ton oreille
Puisse serpenter comme un fleuve
La rumeur onduleuse des eaux.

Ici où s'arrête comme en suspens ce petit champ,
Où le mur de craie s'abat vers l'écume résistant
De son haut rebord à l'arrachement
Et aux coups de la marée,
Où le galet s'agrippe au flux qui l'aspire
Tandis qu'une mouette se pose
Un moment sur son flanc pur.

Au loin comme des graines flottantes les vaisseaux
S'écartent pour des courses aux pressants desseins
Et tout ce que l'on voit
Oui tout cela peut entrer
Et bouger dans la mémoire comme font ces nuages
Qui passent sur le miroir du port
Et flânent tout l'été parmi les eaux.

—*Translation by Claudine Chonez.*

(3)

Sieh, Fremder, diese Insel an
Die springendes Licht für deine Lust entdeckt,
Hier stehe fest
Und schweige still,
Dass durch des Ohres Rinnen mag,
Wie ein Fluss sich wandern lässt,
Der schwingende Meereslaut.

Pausiere hier an Feldchens Endung
Wenn die Kreidewand zum Schaum fällt und die Riffe
Widerstehen dem Hauch
Und dem Klopfen der Flut,
Das Gerölle klettert hinaus, der saugenden Brandung
Nach, und die Möwe
Nimmt sich am Felsen Hut.

Weit fort, wie schwimmende Samen, weichen
Die Schiffe sich ab in drängend, freiwilligen Botschaften.
Der volle Blick

Dürft freilich hinein
Ins Gedächtnis kommen und da sich
  rühren wie jetzt diese Wolken
Die den Hafenspiegel übergehen
Und den ganzen Sommer durch das
  Wasser schlendern.

—*Translation by Victor Proetz.*

I have chosen "Look, Stranger" for a number of reasons: first, because I find it more and more wonderful as time goes on; second, because Auden liked it well enough to give the English and American editions of a book of his two different titles quoted from its first line; third, because, of the five poems of Auden's in Georges-Albert Astre's "Anthologie de la Poésie Anglaise Contemporaine," which are all of Auden I have seen in French, I think this one comes through best. The bones of it have kept their shape, and by bones I mean the extraordinary repeating skeletons of these three stanzas. They have been so delicately hung in space that they suggest three similar cages hanging in a row and holding three different sets of progressing words to fit the repeating music of Auden's imaginary song.

It is a strenuous and sordid thing to make a thoroughgoing analysis of anybody's poetry. This may be why so many translators—who are obliged to do it—come out of their laboratories sounding tired and dirty. A good translator is in honor bound to leave no stone unturned while his endless weighings and pawings over of every conceivable linguistic trial-and-error are in progress. Sometimes, in the end, with a pat or two and a little pressing, he can flatten out his translation enough to make it lie again on paper. More often, it comes out sounding a little crinkly. The Chonez translation into French is beautiful.

This is the second poem I have ever had the temerity to touch. I was obliged—in my own mind, at least—to do it, since there was no translation into German, and I offer my distinguished apologies to Mr. Auden.

I am not altogether dissatisfied with the trick rhyme in the second stanza, or with the last four or five lines in the third one. A word like "*Hafenspiegel*" is a piece of the purest luck, and having luck in German is new to me. I tried this translation partly for the hell of undertaking something too difficult and partly to get myself into the same questionable boat in which I have been obliged, unavoidably, to put so many fellow-translators. Even though it may be arbitrary for me to be breaking one of my own best teacups in

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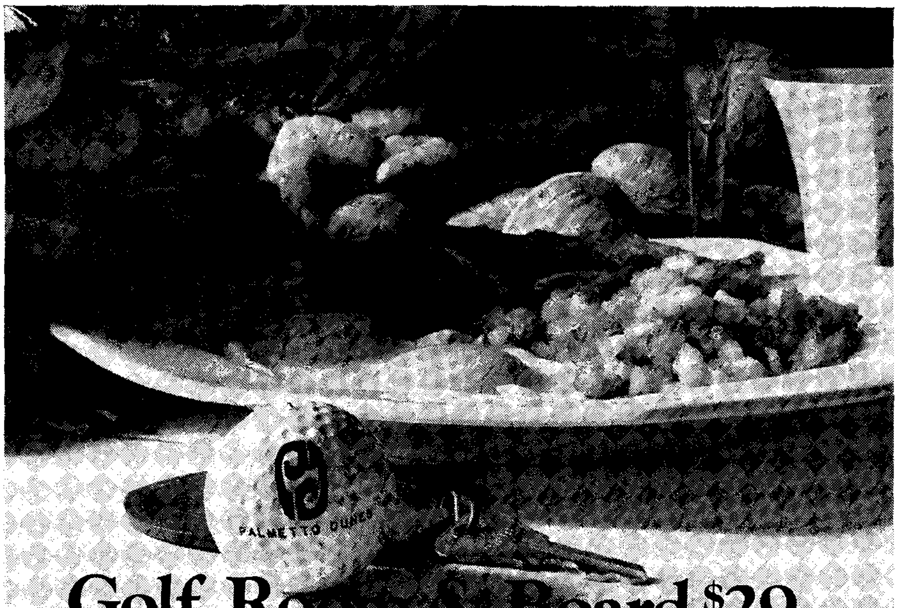

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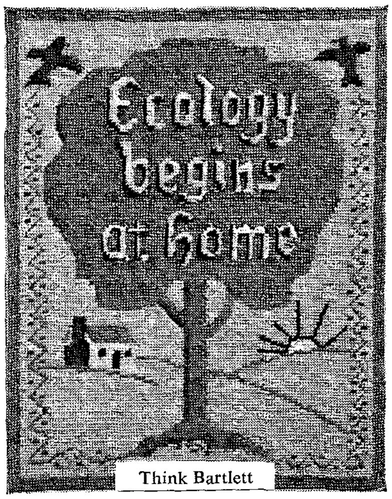

public just because they have been breaking theirs, I do think it is polite.

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1)

The Tiger

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread
feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make
thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

(2)

Der Tiger

Tiger, Tiger, lohendes Licht,
Das durch die Nacht der Wälder bricht.
Welches Auge, welche unsterbliche
Hand
Hat dich furchtbar in dein Ebenmass
gebannt?

Welche Höhen, welche Tiefen kennt
Das Feuer, das in deinen Augen
brennt?
Welche Flügel mögen ihm gebühren?
Welche Hand wagt an den Brand zu
rühren?

Welche Macht vermag die Sehnen
Deines Herzens zu zerdehnen?
Schlägt's erst, wie geduckt zum Satze
Krümmt zum Griff sich schon die
Tatze.

Welcher Amboss, welcher Hammer
war am Werke,
Dein Gehirn zu schmieden, deine
Stärke?
Wer kann, angepackt von diesen
Fängen,
Deine tödliche Umarmung sprengen?

Als die Sterne ihre Pfeile niedersenkten
Und den Himmel mit ihren Tränen
tränkten,
Freute ER, da ER sein Werk erschaute,
sich?
Schuf ER, der das Lamm erschuf,
auch dich?

Tiger, Tiger, lohendes Licht,
Das durch die Nacht der Wälder
bricht.
Welches Auge, welche unsterbliche
Hand
Hat dich furchtbar in dein Ebenmass
gebannt?

—*Translation by Mela Hartwig.*

(3)

L'Énigme

O tigre, tigre effrayant d'ardeur,
Chassant dans les forêts de la nuit!
Quel pouvoir immortel, inouï,
Modela ta forme de terreur?

De quel ciel, de quelles profondeurs
Vient ce feu qui dans tes yeux scintille?
Comment donc a-t-on pu le saisir
Et le communiquer à ton cœur?

Quelle puissance, quelle volonté,
Pourraient frapper ton cœur
prodigieux?
En naissant, monstrueuse entité,
Tes griffes, tes crocs, firent peur!

Avec quel marteau t'a-t-on forgé?
Et ton cerveau, où fut-il trempé?
Sur quelle enclume? . . . Par quelle main
Desserre-t-on ta mortelle étreinte?

Quand les étoiles au ciel sourirent
Et mouillèrent l'Eden de leurs pleurs,
De voir Son œuvre, prit-Il plaisir,
Lui qui créa l'agneau de douceur?

O Tigre, tigre effrayant d'ardeur,
Chassant dans les forêts de la nuit!
Quel pouvoir immortel, inouï,
Modela ta forme de terreur?

—*Translation by Félix Rose.*

Once, at home for the Christmas holidays while I was at college, I stood before my mother's looking glass tying a white tie. My mother's room overlooked the street, and hers was the only mirror in the house that had a light at each side of it. I was dressing for a Christmas Eve party, and in the midst of the tying of the tie some children in the snow, with lighted candles in their hands, began to sing "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," and I was suddenly, unexpectedly dismayed. I was in tears—which is unseemly, God knows, in a man of nineteen. What was worse, I saw myself in the mirror. "Tiger, Tiger" moves me in the same way. I have never managed not to choke a

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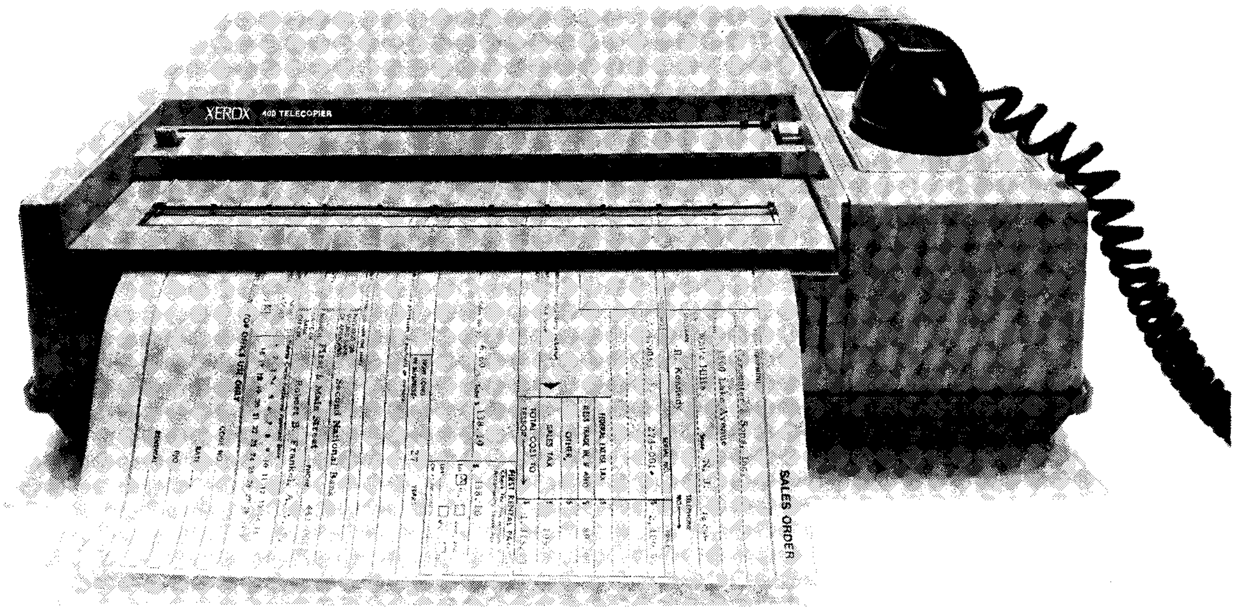

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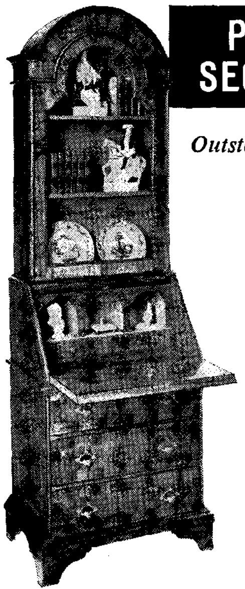

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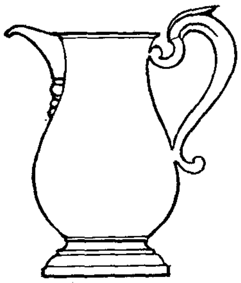

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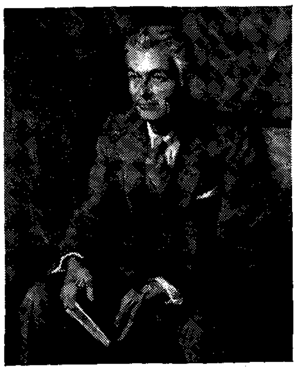

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little over the fifth stanza, which I think is one of the Wonders of the World. Later, when I saw the Blake drawings at the Tate Gallery for the first time, I cracked up again. That was the day when my interest in Blake turned from the poems to the drawings. The same summer, at a bookstall on the Quai Voltaire, my friend George Howland Butler found an old, battered copy of Robert Blair's "The Grave" with the Blake illustrations, for which he paid "nothing." I envied him this book so much and so relentlessly that he gave it to me. These engravings, to which I am very much attached, still hang in my sitting room. But now, years later, somehow I find myself softly moving back to the poems again, and I don't know why.

In "Tiger, Tiger," every line of Blake's is precisely four feet long. The length never varies, and, because of it, the German translation must have been a fearful struggle. Although the rhyme scheme has been made to work—forced to work, I almost said—the lines get to be four, five, and even six feet long, and come through, almost completely out of hand, in a very informal arrangement and in quite another metre. And this is nobody's fault. It must have been very difficult indeed for the German translator to make up her mind just when her translation was ready to be read—to say nothing of printed. But, in spite of her misgivings,

Als die Sterne ihre Pfeile niedersenkten
Und den Himmel mit ihren Tränen tränkten,

is wonderful enough to have made the game worth all the candles.

Friends of mine have heard Professor Chauncey Tinker, of Yale, shout this poem out as he paced up and down the classroom floor. They have never got over it. In French, the poem sounds a little as though it had been written by using Blake only for notes. It seems not altogether bad as a French poem, but I don't think that a French person reading it could be expected to burst into tears, nor do I believe that he would quite understand why anybody would be pacing up and down anywhere shouting it out.

ROBERT BURNS

(1)

To a Mouse

On Turning Her Up in Her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stubble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

(2)

An Eine Maus

Du schüchtern, kleines, schlankes Thier,
Mit welcher Angst fliehst Du von hier,
Du brauchst vor meiner Pflugschar Dich
Ja nicht zu scheun.
Thät' ich Dir weh, es würde mich
Gar sehr gereun!

Wie oft zerreisst des Menchen Hand
Der Schöpfung brüderliches Band;

Zur Flucht vor mir hast Du ein Recht,
Mein kleines Thier;
Aus staubgeborenem Geschlecht
Bin ich gleich Dir.

Ein kleiner Diebstahl ist Gebrauch
Bei Euch, denn leben müsst ihr auch;
Der Raub vom öden Stoppelfeld
War ja nur klein,
Wenn Gott das andre mit erhält,
So mag's drum sein!

Zertrümmert liegt Dein Häuslein dort;
Was blieb, das treibt der Sturm nun fort,
Du hast, um Dir es neu zu bau'n,
Nicht Moos, noch Gras,
Und Dein harrt des Dezembers Graun,
So kalt und nass.

Du sahst, wie öde das Gefeld,
Der Winter nahte rauh und wild,
Du glaubtest, hier im Nest genug
Geschützt zu sein.
Da krach! brach ich mit meinem Pflug
Auf dich herein.

Geknuspert hast Du Tag und Nacht
Am Stroh, und Dir Dein Bett gemacht,
Und dafür treib ich jetzt Dich fort
Von Hof und Haus,
In's öde Feld, durchstürmt vom Nord,
Musst Du hinaus.

Doch, Mäuschen, Du zeigst nich allein,
Dass Vorsicht kann vergeblich sein,
Der beste Plan von Maus und Mann
Gelingt oft nicht,
Und Leid und Kummer bringt uns dann,
Was Lust verspricht.

Nur bist Du glücklicher als ich,
Das Heut allein bekümmert Dich,
Ich, wend' ich rückwärts mein Gesicht,
Find, ach, nur Schmerz,
Und seh ich auch die Zukunft nicht,
Bangt doch mein Herz!

—*Translation by Adolf Laun.*

(3)

AN EINE MAUS
(DIE ER MIT IHREM NESTE AUFGEPFLÜGT HATTE)

Klein, furchtsam Tierchen, welch ein Schrecken
Erfüllt dein Brüstchen, so durch Hecken
Und Furchen dich zum Lauf zu strecken?
Bleib! Nicht so jach!
Nicht setz ich mit dem Pflügerstecken
Grausam dir nach!

Der Mensch—betrübt gesteh ichs ein—
Brach der Natur geselligen Reihn!
Misstrauisch drum fliehst du feldein,

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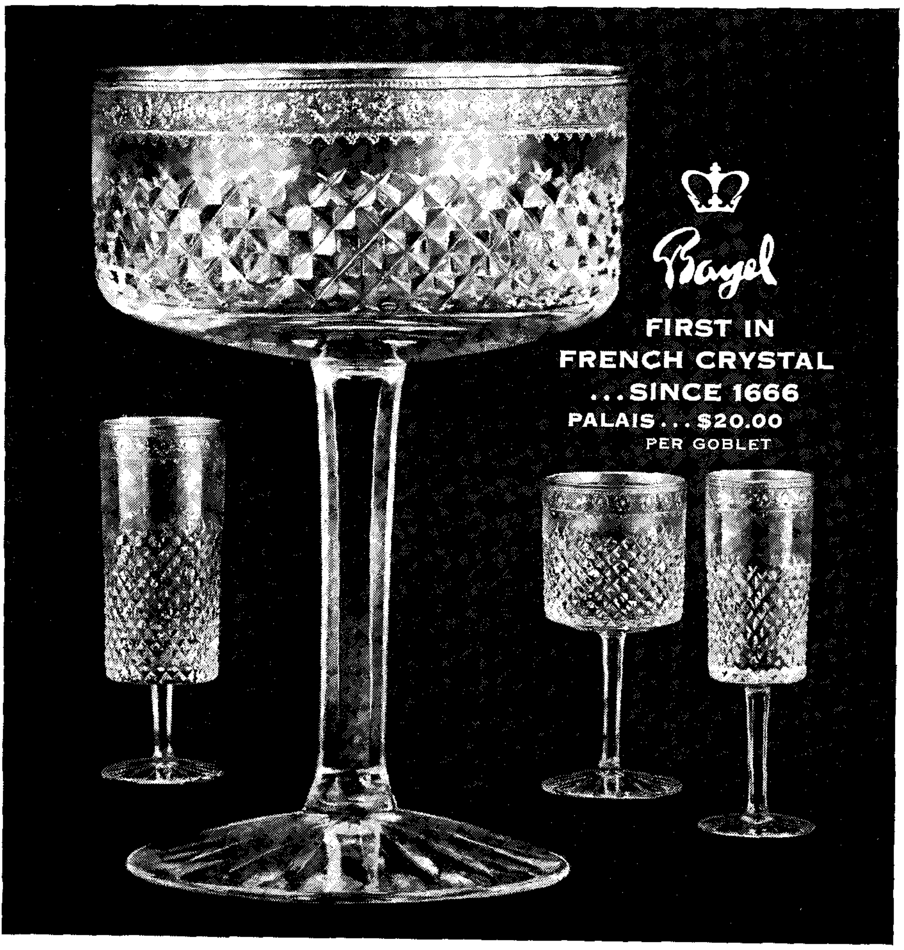
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Dein armer Mitgeschaffner—dein
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Mag sein, du gehst auf Diebstahl aus;
Gut! musst ja leben, kleine Maus!
Manchmal vom Schock ein Ährchen kraus
Ist klein Begehren!
Der Rest bringt Segen mir ins Haus—
Ich kann's entbehren!

Dein klein, arm Häuschen auch zerstört!
Sein töricht Dach der Sturm durchfährt!
Und nirgend Grün mehr, neuen Herd
Dir zu begründen;
Da Christtag bald die Fluren kehrt
Mit eisigen Winden!

Du sahst die Felder öde schier,
Den langen Winter vor der Tür
Und sprachst: "Geschützt und kosig hier
Halt ich es aus!"
Als—Krach!—die böse Pflugschar dir
Grad fuhr durch's Haus!

Von Laub und Stroh dein Nestchen klein,
Manch mühsam Knuspern trugs dir ein!
Und nun musst du vertrieben sein
Für all dein Mühn
Und musst hinaus in nasses Schein
Und Rauhfrost ziehn!

Doch, Mäuschen, mehr schon ist zerronnen
In nichts, was Vorsicht klug ersonnen,
Was Mäus' und Menschen fein gesponnen,
Misslingt gar oft
Und lässt uns Gram nur statt der Wonnen,
Die wir gehofft!

Doch bist du glücklich gegen mich!
Die Gegenwart nur kümmert dich.
Doch, oh! des Pfads, wenn rückwärts ich
Zu blicken wage!
Und vor mir, türmt auch Dunkel sich,
Ahn' ich und zage!

—*Translation by Ferdinand Freiligrath.*

(4)

À une Souris Dont J'Avais Détruit le Nid Avec Ma Charrue en Novembre 1785

Petite bête lisse, farouche et craintive,
Oh, quelle panique dans ton sein!
Tu n'as pas besoin de te sauver si vite
Et d'un pas si précipité!
Il me répugnerait de courir après toi
Avec le curoir meurtrier!

Je suis vraiment fâché que la domination de l'homme
Ait rompu le pacte social de la nature,
Et qu'elle justifie cette mauvaise opinion
Qui te fait fuir
Devant moi, ton pauvre compagnon sur la terre,
Et mortel comme toi!

Je sais bien que parfois tu voles!
Mais quoi? Pauvre petite bête, il faut que tu vives!
De temps à autre un épi de blé sur deux douzaines
Est une faible requête:
Cela portera bonheur au reste
Et ne me fera jamais faute!

Ta toute petite maisonnette aussi, en ruines!
Les vents en éparpillent les misérables murs!
Et rien, à présent, pour en bâtir une nouvelle
De mousse verte!
Et les vents du froid décembre qui arrivent,
Âpres et mordants!

Tu voyais les champs nus et dépouillés,
Et l'hiver rigoureux accourir,
Et chaudement ici, à l'abri de son haleine,
Tu croyais demeurer,
Lorsque, crac! le soc cruel a passé
À travers ta cellule!

Ce tout petit tas de feuilles et de chaume
T'a coûté bien des grignotements!
Maintenant tu es expulsée, pour fruit de toute ta peine,
Sans maison ni logis,
Pour supporter les neiges fondues de l'hiver,
Et les froides gelées blanches.

Mais, petite souris, tu n'es pas la seule
À éprouver que la prévoyance peut être vaine:
Les plans les mieux combinés des souris et des hommes
Tournent souvent de travers,
Et ne nous laissent que chagrin et peine
Au lieu de la joie promise.

Tu es encore heureuse, comparée à moi!
Le présent seul te touche;
Mais, hélas! je jette l'œil en arrière
Sur de lugubres perspectives,
Et ce qui est devant, quoique je ne puisse pas le voir,
Je le devine et le crains!

—*Translation by Léon de Wailly.*

The Scots language is perfect for addressing small children and animals.

German is next, because in German diminutives are familiar and homely and in everyday use. "*Maisonnette*" is very touching indeed, and I am sure it is heartbreaking to a French person, but American atrocities like "kitchenette" and "luncheonette" (along with "serviette" in England), with their ducky implications, have almost spoiled all French diminutives for us. We have done it to ourselves, God forgive us.

In English, diminutives are now so nearly out of fashion that they have begun sounding self-conscious, except in names like Tommy and Charlie, which have to do with affection and are not necessarily the names of little people. We are inclined to use "little" when we need it. "Little baby," "little bird," yes; "babykins" and "birdie," no—unless we have some particular reason for wanting to be arch.

I have given two translations of this poem into German to keep from shilly-shallying forever. I can come to no conclusion about which is better, because here and there I think each is. I would like to scramble them and make a third poem, with Freiligrath's first stanza and Laun's seventh, which would be better than either, but such a thing wouldn't be cricket to print; even so, there's nothing to prevent your doing it in your head.

There is a Beethoven sonata that would (for me) have been the greatest of them all if only Mozart had written the scherzo.

LEWIS CARROLL

(1)

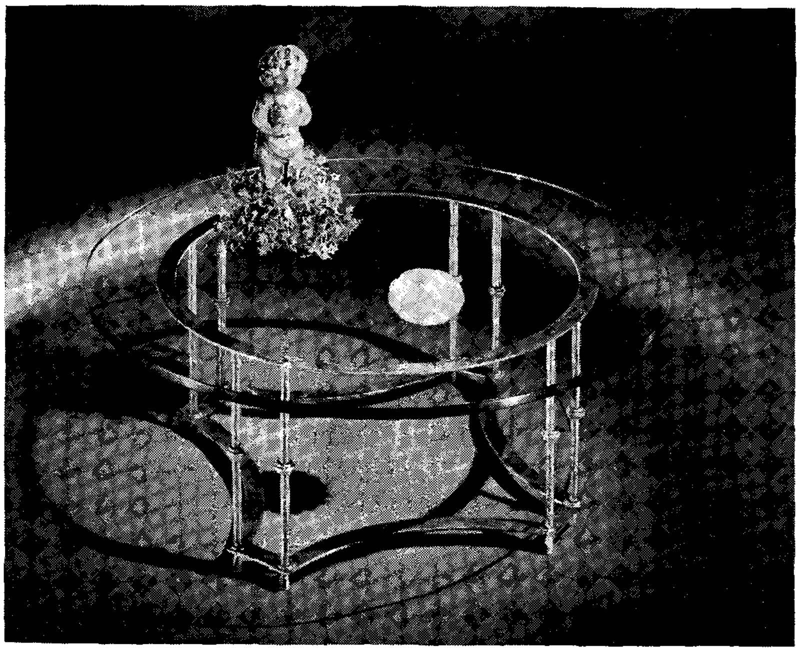
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Chapter VI

Pig and Pepper

FOR a minute or two she stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood—(she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish)—and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face and large eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and



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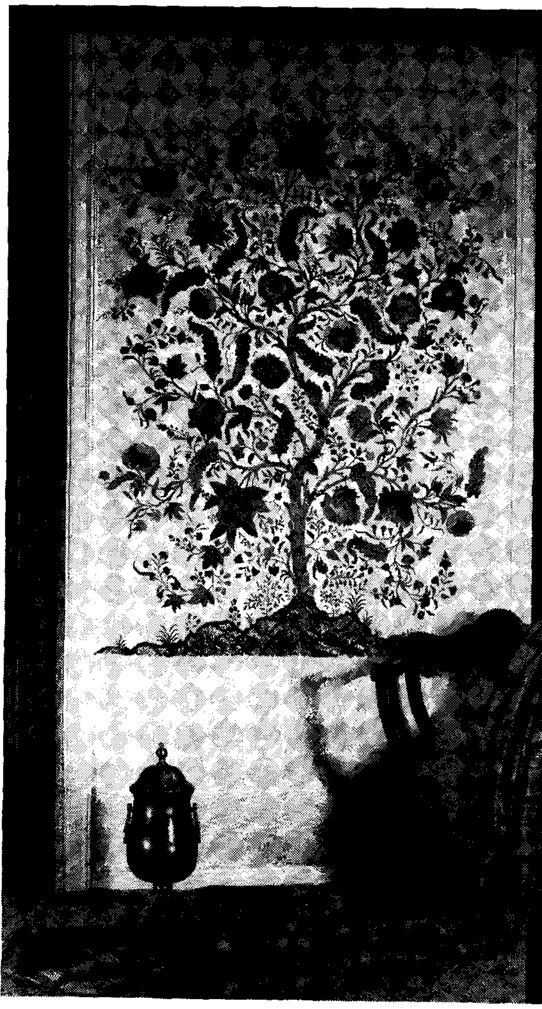

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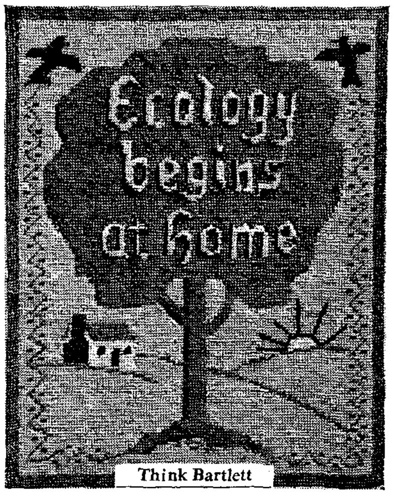

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this he handed over to the other saying, in a solemn tone, "For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet." The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, "From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alice laughed so much at this, that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and, when she next peeped out, the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice went timidly up to the door and knocked. . . .

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and the baby was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only things in the kitchen that did not sneeze, were the cook, and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please would you tell me," said Alice a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that!"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess; "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

"You don't know much," said the Duchess; "and that's a fact."

Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby—the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

"Oh, *please* mind what you're doing!" cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. "Oh, there goes his *precious* nose;" as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.

"If everybody minded their own business," the Duchess said in a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

"Which would *not* be an advantage," said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. "Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—"

"Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head."

Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily engaged in stirring the soup, and did not seem to be listening, so she ventured to go on again: "Twenty-four hours, I *think;* or is it twelve? I—"

"Oh, don't bother *me,*" said the Duchess; "I never could abide figures!" And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
  And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
  Because he knows it teases."

Chorus.

(In which the cook and the baby joined):—
"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice could hardly hear the words:

"I speak severely to my boy,
  I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
  The pepper when he pleases!"

Chorus.
"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" the Duchess said to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play cro-

"quet with the Queen," and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went out, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, "just like a star-fish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

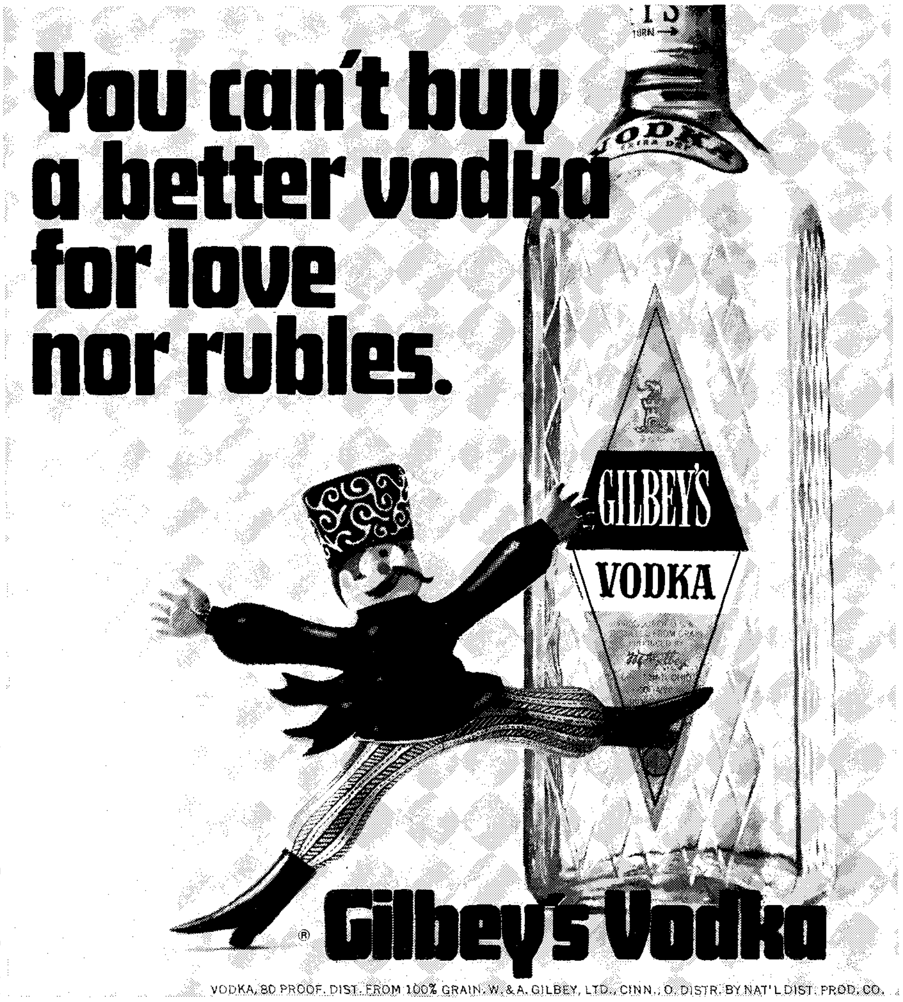
As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself), she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.

So she set the little creature down, and felt relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very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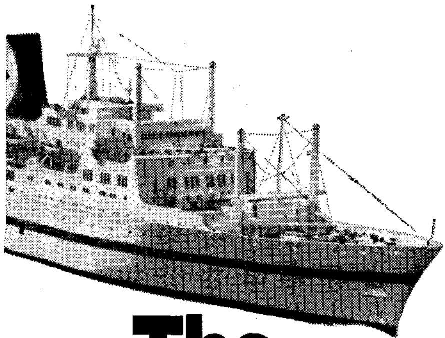

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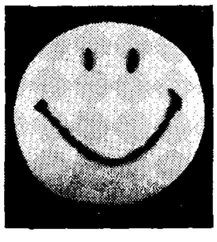

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well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "if one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on. "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-bye, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice quietly said, just as if it had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

(2)

Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland

Sechstes Kapitel

Ferkel und Pfeffer

NOCH ein bis zwei Augenblicke stand sie und sah das Häuschen an, ohne recht zu wissen was sie nun

thun solle, als plötzlich ein Lackei in Livree vom Walde her gelaufen kam—(sie hielt ihn für einen Lackeien, weil er Livree trug, *sonst*, nach seinem Gesichte zu urtheilen, würde sie ihn für einen Fisch angesehen haben)—und mit den Knöcheln laut an die Thür klopfte. Sie wurde von einem andern Lackeien in Livree geöffnet, der ein rundes Gesicht und grosse Augen wie ein Frosch hatte, und beide Lackeien hatten, wie Alice bemerkte, gepuderte Lockenperücken über den ganzen Kopf. Sie war sehr neugierig, was nun geschehen würde, und schlich sich etwas näher, um zuzuhören.

Der Fisch-Lackei fing damit an, einen ungeheuren Brief, beinah so gross wie er selbst, unter dem Arme hervorzuziehen; diesen überreichte er dem andren, in feierlichem Tone sprechend: "Für die Herzogin. Eine Einladung von der Königin, Croquet zu spielen." Der Frosch-Lackei erwiederte in demselben feierlichen Tone, indem er nur die Aufeinanderfolge der Wörter etwas veränderte: "Von der Königin. Eine Einladung für die Herzogin, Croquet zu spielen."

Dann verbeugten sich Beide tief, und ihre Locken verwickelten sich in einander.

Darüber lachte Alice so laut, dass sie in das Gebüsch zurücklaufen musste, aus Furcht, sie möchten sie hören, und als sie wieder herausguckte, war der Fisch-Lackei fort, und der andere sass auf dem Boden bei der Thür und sah dumm in den Himmel hinauf.

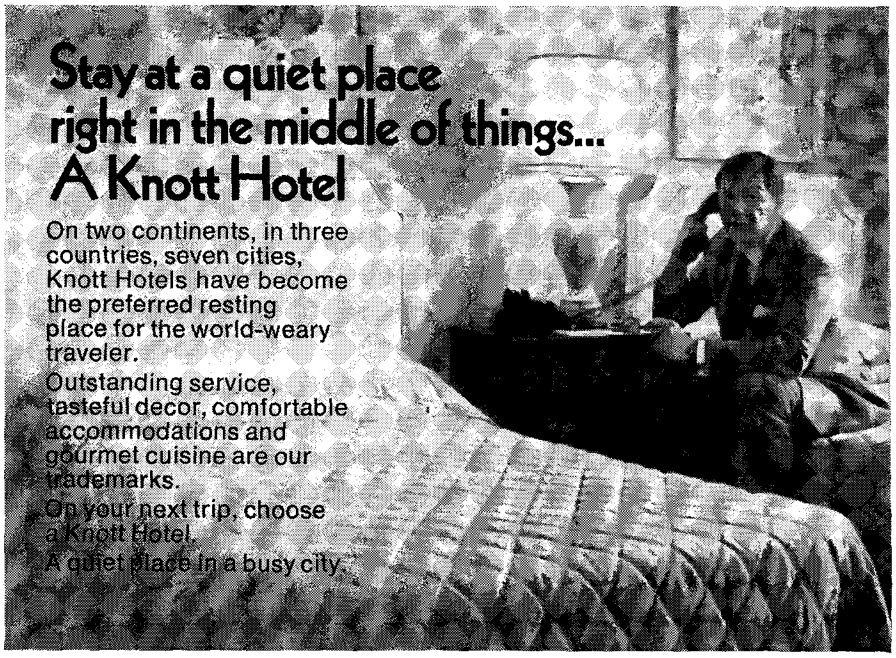
Alice ging furchtsam auf die Thür zu und klopfte. . . .

Die Thür führte geradeswegs in eine grosse Küche, welche von einem Ende bis zum andern voller Rauch war; in der Mitte sass auf einem dreibeinigen Schemel die Herzogin, mit einem Wickelkinde auf dem Schosse; die Köchin stand über das Feuer gebückt und rührte in einer grossen Kasserole, die voll Suppe zu sein schien.

"In der Suppe ist gewiss zu viel Pfeffer!" sprach Alice für sich, so gut sie vor niesen konnte.

Es war wenigstens zu viel in der Luft. Sogar die Herzogin nieste hin und wieder; was das Wickelkind anbelangt, so nieste und schrie es abwechselnd ohne die geringste Unterbrechung. Die beiden einzigen Wesen in der Küche, die nicht niesten, waren die Köchin und eine grosse Katze, die vor dem Herde sass und grinste, so dass die Mundwinkel bis an die Ohren reichten.

"Wollen Sie mir gütigst sagen," fragte Alice etwas furchtsam, denn sie wusste nicht recht, ob es sich für sie



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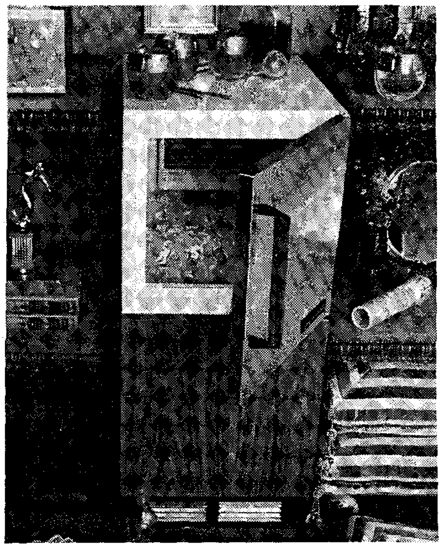

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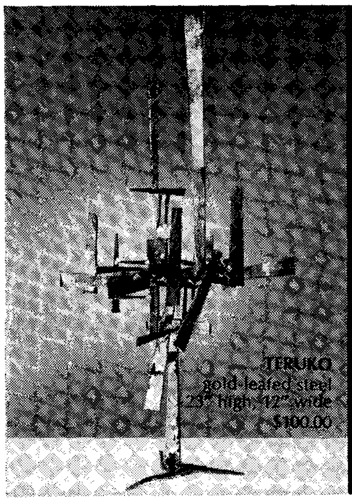

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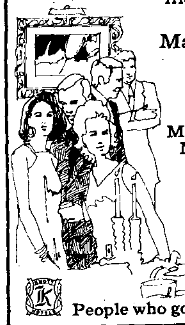

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schicke zuerst zu sprechen, “warum Ihre Katze so grinst?”

“Es ist eine Grinse-Katze,” sagte die Herzogin, “darum! Ferkel!”

Das letzte Wort sagte sie mit solcher Heftigkeit, dass Alice auffuhr; aber den nächsten Augenblick sah sie, dass es dem Wickelkinde galt, nicht ihr; sie fasste also Muth und redete weiter: —

“Ich wusste nicht, dass Katzen manchmal grinsen; ja, ich wusste nicht, dass Katzen überhaupt grinsen *können.*”

“Sie können es alle,” sagte die Herzogin, “und die meisten thun es.”

“Ich kenne keine, die es thut,” sagte Alice sehr höflich, da sie ganz froh war, eine Unterhaltung angeknüpft zu haben.

“Du kennst noch nicht viel,” sagte die Herzogin, “und das ist die Wahrheit.”

Alice gefiel diese Bemerkung gar nicht, und sie dachte daran, welchen andern Gegenstand der Unterhaltung sie einführen könnte. Wärend sie sich auf etwas Passendes besann, nahm die Köchin die Kasserole mit Suppe vom Feuer und fing sogleich an, Alles was sie erreichen konnte nach der Herzogin und dem Kinde zu werfen—die Feuerzange kam zuerst, dann folgte ein Hagel von Pfannen, Tellern und Schüsseln. Die Herzogin beachtete sie gar nicht, auch wenn sie sie trafen; und das Kind heulte schon so laut, dass es unmöglich war zu wissen, ob die Stösse ihm weh thaten oder nicht.

“Oh, bitte, nehmen Sie sich in Acht, was Sie thun!” rief Alice, die in wahrer Herzensangst hin und her sprang. “Oh, seine liebe kleine Nase!” als eine besonders grosse Pfanne dicht daran vorbeifuhr und sie beinah abstiess.

“Wenn Jeder nun vor seiner Thür fegen wollte,” brummte die Herzogin mit heiserer Stimme, “würde die Welt sich bedeutend schneller drehen, als jetzt.”

“Was kein Vortheil wäre,” sprach Alice, die sich über die Gelegenheit freute, ihre Kenntnisse zu zeigen. “Denken Sie nur, wie es Tag und Nacht in Unordnung bringen würde! Die Erde braucht doch jetzt vier und zwanzig Stunden, sich um ihre Achse zu drehen—”

“Was, du redest von Axt?” sagte die Herzogin. “Hau' ihr den Kopf ab!”

Alice sah sich sehr erschrocken nach der Köchin um, ob sie den Wink verstehen würde; aber die Köchin rührte die Suppe unverwandt und schien nicht zuzuhören, daher fuhr sie fort: “Vier und zwanzig Stunden, glaube ich; oder sind es zwölf? Ich—”

“Ach, lass mich in Frieden,” sagte die Herzogin, “ich habe Zahlen nie ausstehen können!” Und damit fing sie an, ihr Kind zu warten und eine Art Wiegenlied dazu zu singen, wovon jede Reihe mit einem derben Puffe für das Kind endigte: —

“Schilt deinen kleinen Jungen aus,
Und schlag' ihn wenn er niest;
Er macht es gar so bunt und kraus,
Nur weil es uns verdriest.”

Chor
(in welchen die Köchin und das Wikkelkind einfielen)
“Wau! wau! wau!”

Während die Herzogin den zweiten Vers des Liedes sang, schaukelte sie das Kind so heftig auf und nieder, und das arme kleine Ding schrie so, dass Alice kaum die Worte verstehen konnte: —

“Ich schelte meinen kleinen Wicht,
Und schlag' ihn, wenn er niest;
Ich weiss, wie gern er Pfeffer riecht,
Wenn's ihm gefällig ist.”

Chor
“Wau! wau! wau!”

“Hier! du kannst ihn ein Weilchen warten, wenn du willst!” sagte die Herzogin zu Alice, indem sie ihr das Kind zuwarf. “Ich muss mich zurecht machen, um mit der Königin Croquet zu spielen,” damit rannte sie aus dem Zimmer. Die Köchin warf ihr eine Bratpfanne nach; aber sie verfehlte sie noch eben.

Alice hatte das Kind mit Mühe und Noth aufgefangen, da es ein kleines unförmliches Wesen war, das seine Arme und Beinchen nach allen Seiten ausstreckte, “gerade wie ein Seestern,” dachte Alice. Das arme kleine Ding stöhnte wie eine Locomotive, als sie es fing, und zog sich zusammen und streckte sich wieder aus, so dass sie es die ersten Paar Minuten nur eben halten konnte.

Sobald sie aber die rechte Art entdeckt hatte, wie man es tragen musste (die darin bestand, es zu einer Art Knoten zu drehen, und es dann fest beim rechten Ohr und linken Fuss zu fassen, damit es sich nicht wieder aufwickeln konnte), brachte sie es in's Freie. “Wenn ich dies Kind nicht mit mir nehme,” dachte Alice, “so werden sie es in wenigen Tagen umgebracht haben; wäre es nicht Mord, es da zu lassen?” Sie sprach die letzten Worte laut, und das kleine Geschöpf grunzte zur Antwort (es hatte mittlerweile aufgehört zu niesen). “Grunze nicht,” sagte Alice; “es passt sich gar nicht für dich, dich so auszudrücken.”

Der Junge grunzte wieder, so dass Alice ihm ganz ängstlich in's Gesicht sah, was ihm eigentlich fehle. Er hatte ohne Zweifel eine *sehr* hervorstehende

Nase, eher eine Schnauze als eine wirkliche Nase; auch seine Augen wurden entsetzlich klein für einen kleinen Jungen: Alles zusammen genommen, gefiel Alice das Aussehen des Kindes gar nicht. "Aber vielleicht hat es nur geweint," dachte sie und sah ihm wieder in die Augen, ob Thränen da seien.

Nein, es waren keine Thränen da. "Wenn du ein kleines Ferkel wirst, höre mal," sagte Alice sehr ernst, "so will ich nichts mehr mit dir zu schaffen haben, das merke dir!" Das arme kleine Ding schluchzte (oder grunzte, es was unmöglich, es zu unterscheiden), und dann gingen sie eine Weile stillschweigend weiter.

Alice fing eben an, sich zu überlegen: "Nun, was soll ich mit diesem Geschöpf anfangen, wenn ich es mit nach Hause bringe?" als es wieder grunzte, so laut, dass Alice erschrocken nach ihm hinsah. Diesmal konnte sie sich nicht mehr irren: es war nichts mehr oder weniger als ein Ferkel, und sie sah, dass es höchst lächerlich für sie wäre, es noch weiter zu tragen.

Sie setzte also das kleine Ding hin und war ganz froh, als sie es ruhig in den Wald traben sah. "Das wäre in einigen Jahren ein furchtbar hässliches Kind geworden; aber als Ferkel macht es sich recht nett, finde ich." Und so dachte sie alle Kinder durch, die sie kannte, die gute kleine Ferkel abgeben würden, und sagte gerade für sich: "wenn man nur die rechten Mittel wüsste, sie zu verwandeln —" als sie einen Schreck bekam; die Grinse-Katze sass nämlich wenige Fuss von ihr auf einem Baumzweige.

Die Katze grinste nur, als sie Alice sah. "Sie sieht gutmüthig aus," dachte diese; aber doch hatte sie *sehr* lange Krallen und eine Menge Zähne. Alice fühlte wohl dass sie sie rücksichtsvoll behandeln müsse.

"Grinse-Mies," fing sie etwas ängstlich an, da sie nicht wusste, ob ihr der Name gefallen würde; jedoch grinste sie noch etwas breiter. "Schön, so weit gefällt es ihr," dachte Alice und sprach weiter: "willst du mir wohl sagen, wenn ich bitten darf, welchen Weg ich hier nehmen muss?"

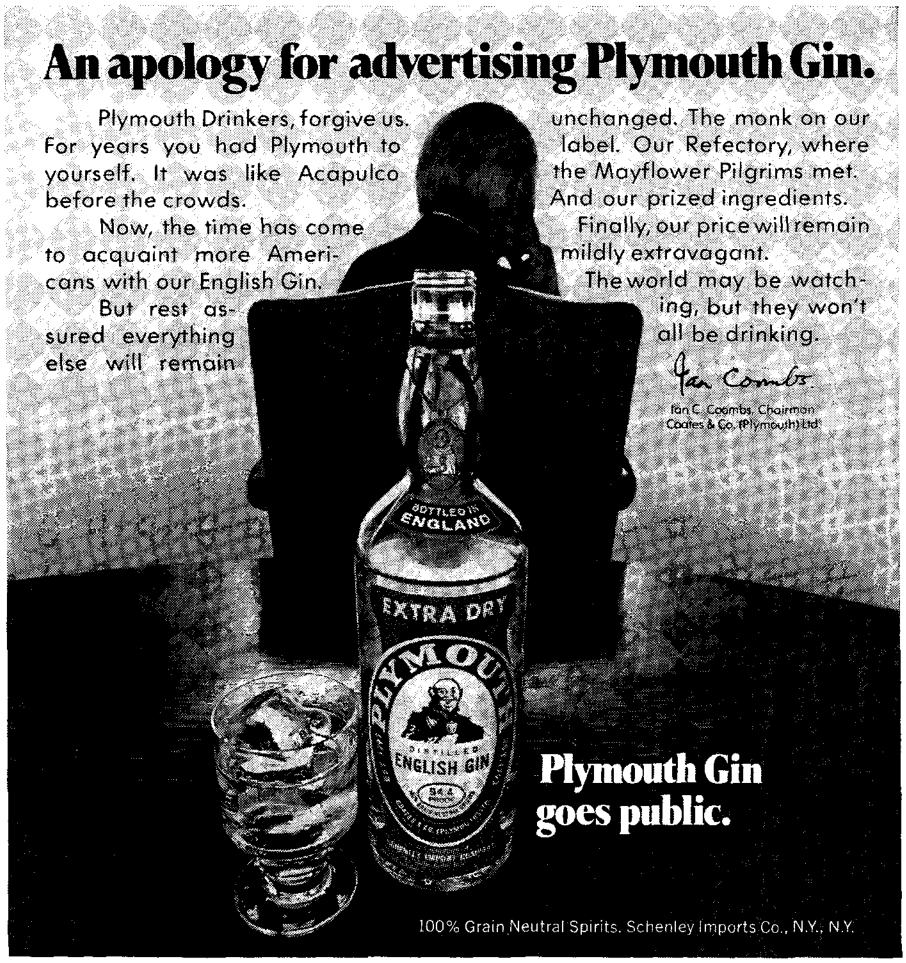
"Das hängt zum guten Theil davon ab, wohin du gehen willst," sagte die Katze.

"Es kommt mir nicht darauf an, wohin—" sagte Alice.

"Dann kommt es auch nicht darauf an, welchen Weg du nimmst," sagte die Katze.

"—wenn ich nur *irgendwo* hinkomme," fügte Alice als Erklärung hinzu.

"O, das wirst du ganz gewiss,"



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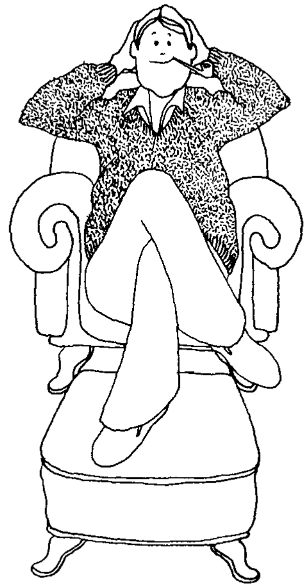

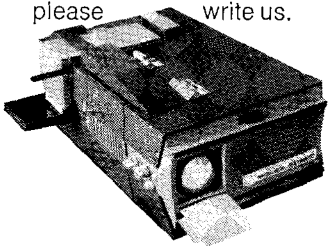

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sagte die Katze, "wenn du nur lange genug gehest."

Alice sah, dass sie nichts dagegen einwenden konnte; sie versuchte daher eine andere Frage. "Was für Art Leute wohnen hier in der Nähe?"

"In *der* Richtung," sagte die Katze, die rechte Pfote schwenkend, "wohnt ein Hutmacher, und in jener Richtung," die andere Pfote schwenkend, "woht ein Faselhase. Besuche welchen du willst: sie sind beide toll."

"Aber ich mag nicht zu tollen Leuten gehen," bemerkte Alice.

"O, das kannst du nicht ändern," sagte die Katze: "wir sind alle toll hier. Ich bin toll. Du bist toll."

"Woher weisst du, dass ich toll bin?" fragte Alice.

"Du musst es sein," sagte die Katze, "sonst wärest du nicht hergekommen."

Alice fand durchaus nicht, dass das ein Beweis sei; sie fragte jedoch weiter: "Und woher weisst du, dass du toll bist?"

"Zu allererst," sagte die Katze, "ein Hund ist nicht toll. Das giebst du zu?"

"Zugestanden!" sagte Alice.

"Nun, gut," fuhr die Katze fort, "nicht wahr ein Hund knurrt, wenn er böse ist, und wedelt mit dem Schwanze, wen er sich freut. Ich hingegen knurre, wenn ich mich freue, und wedle mit dem Schwanze, wenn ich ärgerlich bin. Daher bin ich toll."

"Ich nenne es spinnen, nicht knurren," sagte Alice.

"Nenne es, wie du willst," sagte die Katze. "Spielst du heut Croquet mit der Königin?"

"Ich möchte es sehr gern," sagte Alice, "aber ich bin noch nicht eingeladen worden."

"Du wirst mich dort sehen," sagte die Katze und verschwand.

Alice wunderte sich nicht sehr darüber; sie war so daran gewöhnt, dass sonderbare Dinge geschahen. Während sie noch nach der Stelle hinsah, wo die Katze gesessen hatte, erschien sie plötzlich wieder.

"Uebrigens, was ist aus dem Jungen geworden?" sagte die Katze. "Ich hätte beinah vergessen zu fragen."

"Er ist ein Ferkel geworden," antwortete Alice sehr ruhig, gerade wie wenn die Katze auf gewönliche Weise zurückgekommen wäre.

"Das dachte ich wohl," sagte die Katze und verschwand wieder.

Alice wartete noch etwas, halb und halb erwartend, sie wieder erscheinen zu sehen; aber sie kam nicht, und ein Paar Minuten nachher ging sie in der Richtung fort, wo der Faselhase wohnen sollte. "Hutmacher habe ich schon gesehen," sprach sie zu sich, "der Fa-

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selhase wird viel interessanter sein." Wie sie so sprach, blickte sie auf, und da sass die Katze wieder auf einem Baumzweige. "Sagtest du Ferkel oder Fächer?" fragte sie. "Ich sagte Ferkel," antwortete Alice, "und es wäre mir sehr lieb, wenn du nicht immer so schnell erscheinen und verschwinden wolltest: du machst Einen ganz schwindlig."

"Schon gut," sagte die Katze, und diesmal verschwand sie ganz langsam, wobei sie mit der Schwanzspitze anfing und mit dem Grinsen aufhörte, das noch einige Zeit sichtbar blieb, nachdem das Uebrige verschwunden war.

"Oho, ich habe oft eine Katze ohne Grinsen gesehen," dachte Alice, "aber ein Grinsen ohne Katze! so etwas Merkwürdiges habe ich in meinem Leben noch nicht gesehen!"

Sie brauchte nicht weit zu gehen, so erblickte sie das Haus des Faselhasen; sie dachte, es müsse das rechte Haus sein, weil die Schornsteine wie Ohren geformt waren, und das Dach war mit Pelz gedeckt. Es war ein so grosses Haus, dass, ehe sie sich näher heran wagte, sie ein wenig von dem Stück Pilz in ihrer linken Hand abknabberte, und sich bis auf zwei Fuss hoch brachte: trotzdem näherte sie sich etwas furchtsam, für sich sprechend: "Wenn er nur nicht ganz rasend ist! Wäre ich doch lieber zu dem Hutmacher gegangen!"

—*Translation by Antonie Zimmermann.*

(3)

AVENTURES D'ALICE AU PAYS DES MERVEILLES

Chapitre VI

Porc et Poivre

ALICE resta une ou deux minutes à regarder à la porte; elle se demandait ce qu'il fallait faire, quand tout à coup un laquais en livrée sortit du bois en courant. (Elle le prit pour un laquais à cause de sa livrée; sans cela, à n'en juger que par la figure, elle l'aurait pris pour un poisson.) Il frappa fortement avec son doigt à la porte. Elle fut ouverte par un autre laquais en livrée qui avait la face toute ronde et de gros yeux comme une grenouille. Alice remarqua que les deux laquais avaient les cheveux poudrés et tout frisés. Elle se sentit piquée de curiosité, et, voulant savoir ce que tout cela signifiait, elle se glissa un peu en dehors du bois afin d'écouter.

Le Laquais-Poisson prit de dessous son bras une lettre énorme, presque aussi grande que lui, et la présenta au Laquais-Grenouille en disant d'un ton solennel: "Pour Madame la Duchesse, une invitation de la Reine à une partie de croquet." Le Laquais-Grenouille répéta sur le même ton solennel, en changeant un peu l'ordre des mots: "De la part de la Reine une invitation pour Madame la Duchesse à une partie de croquet;" puis tous deux se firent un profond salut et les boucles de leurs chevelures s'entremêlèrent.

Cela fit tellement rire Alice qu'elle eut à rentrer bien vite dans le bois de peur d'être entendue; et quand elle avança la tête pour regarder de nouveau, le Laquais-Poisson était parti, et l'autre était assis par terre près de la route, regardant niaisement en l'air.

Alice s'approcha timidement de la porte et frappa. . . .

La porte donnait sur une grande cuisine qui était pleine de fumée d'un bout à l'autre. La Duchesse était assise sur un tabouret à trois pieds, au milieu de la cuisine, et dorlotait un bébé; la cuisinière, penchée sur le feu, brassait quelque chose dans un grand chaudron qui paraissait rempli de soupe.

"Bien sûr, il y a trop de poivre dans la soupe," se dit Alice, tout empêchée par les éternuements.

Il y en avait certainement trop dans l'air. La Duchesse elle-même éternuait de temps en temps, et quant au bébé il éternuait et hurlait alternativement sans aucune interruption. Les deux seules créatures qui n'éternuassent pas, étaient la cuisinière et un gros chat assis sur l'âtre et dont la bouche grimaçante était fendue d'une oreille à l'autre.

"Pourriez-vous m'apprendre," dit Alice un peu timidement, car elle ne savait pas s'il était bien convenable qu'elle parlât la première, "pourquoi votre chat grimace ainsi?"

"C'est un Grimaçon," dit la Duchesse; "voilà pourquoi.—Porc!"

Elle prononça ce dernier mot si fort et si subitement qu'Alice en frémit. Mais elle comprit bientôt que cela s'adressait au bébé et non pas à elle; elle reprit donc courage et continua:

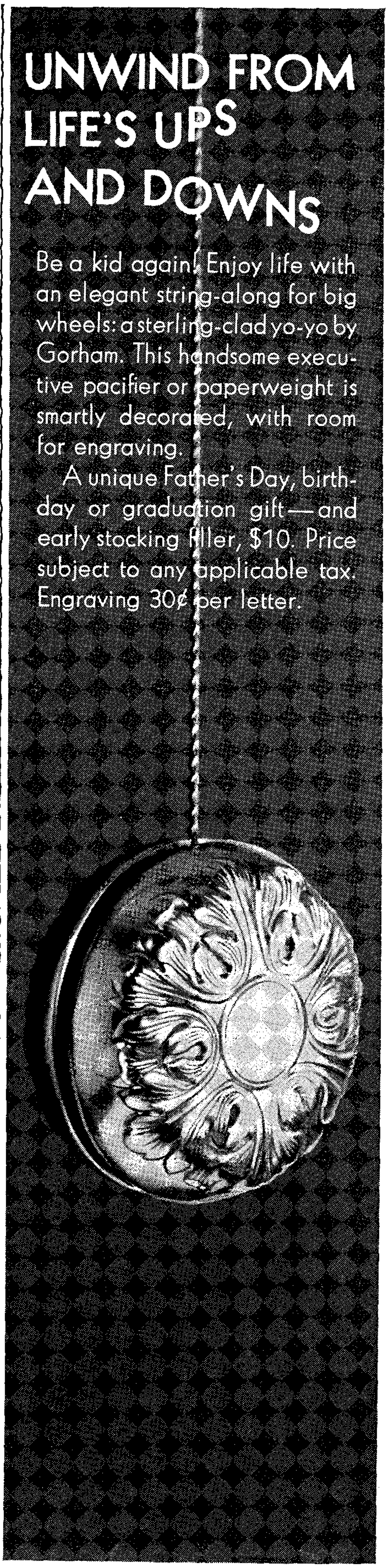
"J'ignorais qu'il y eût des chats de cette espèce. Au fait j'ignorais qu'un chat pût grimacer."

"Ils le peuvent tous," dit la Duchesse; "et la plupart le font."

"Je n'en connais pas un qui grimace," dit Alice poliment, bien contente d'être entrée en conversation.

"Le fait est que vous ne savez pas grand'chose," dit la Duchesse.

Le ton sur lequel fut faite cette observation ne plut pas du tout à Alice, et elle pensa qu'il serait bien de changer la conversation. Tandis qu'elle cherchait un autre sujet, la cuisinière retira de dessus le feu le chaudron plein de soupe, et se mit aussitôt à jeter tout ce



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qui lui tomba sous la main à la Duchesse et au bébé—la pelle et les pincettes d'abord, à leur suite vint une pluie de casseroles, d'assiettes et de plats. La Duchesse n'y faisait pas la moindre attention, même quand elle en était atteinte, et l'enfant hurlait déjà si fort auparavant qu'il était impossible de savoir si les coups lui faisaient mal ou non.

"Oh! je vous en prie, prenez garde à ce que vous faites," criait Alice, sautant çà et là et en proie à la terreur. "Oh! son cher petit nez!" Une casserole d'une grandeur peu ordinaire venait de voler tout près du bébé, et avait failli lui emporter le nez.

"Si chacun s'occupait de ses affaires," dit la Duchesse avec un grognement rauque, "le monde n'en irait que mieux."

"Ce qui ne serait guère avantageux," dit Alice, enchantée qu'il se présentât une occasion de montrer un peu de son savoir. "Songez à ce que deviendraient le jour et la nuit; vous voyez bien, la terre met vingt-quatre heures à faire sa révolution."

"Ah! vous parlez de faire des révolutions!" dit la Duchesse. "Qu'on lui coupe la tête!"

Alice jeta un regard inquiet sur la cuisinière pour voir si elle allait obéir; mais la cuisinière était tout occupée à brasser la soupe et paraissait ne pas écouter. Alice continua donc: "Vingt-quatre heures, je crois, ou bien douze? Je pense—"

"Oh! laissez-moi en paix," dit la Duchesse, "je n'ai jamais pu souffrir les chiffres." Et là-dessus elle recommença à dorloter son enfant, lui chantant une espèce de chanson pour l'endormir et lui donnant une forte secousse au bout de chaque vers.

> *"Grondez-moi ce vilain garçon!*
> *Battez-le quand il éternue;*
> *À vous taquiner, sans façon*
> *Le méchant enfant s'évertue."*

REFRAIN

(que reprirent en chœur la cuisinière et le bébé).

> *"Brou, Brou, Brou!"* (*bis.*)

En chantant le second couplet de la chanson la Duchesse faisait sauter le bébé et le secouait violemment, si bien que le pauvre petit être hurlait au point qu'Alice pût à peine entendre ces mots:

> *"Oui, oui, je m'en vais le gronder,*
> *Et le battre, s'il éternue;*
> *Car bientôt à savoir poivrer,*
> *Je veux que l'enfant s'habitue."*

REFRAIN

> *"Brou, Brou, Brou!"* (*bis.*)

"Tenez, vous pouvez le dorloter si vous voulez!" dit la Duchesse à Alice: et à ces mots elle lui jeta le bébé. "Il faut que j'aille m'apprêter pour aller jouer au croquet avec la Reine." Et elle se précipita hors de la chambre. La cuisinière lui lança une poêle comme elle s'en allait, mais elle la manqua tout juste.

Alice eut de la peine à attraper le bébé. C'était un petit être d'une forme étrange qui tenait ses bras et ses jambes étendus dans toutes les directions; "Tout comme une étoile de mer," pensait Alice. La pauvre petite créature ronflait comme une machine à vapeur lorsqu'elle l'attrapa, et ne cessait de se plier en deux, puis de s'étendre tout droit, de sorte qu'avec tout cela, pendant les premiers instants, c'est tout ce qu'elle pouvait faire que de le tenir.

Sitôt qu'elle eut trouvé le bon moyen de le bercer (qui était d'en faire une espèce de nœud, et puis de le tenir fermement par l'oreille droite et le pied gauche afin de l'empêcher de se dénouer), elle le porta dehors en plein air. "Si je n'emporte pas cet enfant avec moi," pensa Alice, "ils le tueront bien sûr un de ces jours. Ne serait-ce pas un meurtre de l'abandonner?" Elle dit ces derniers mots à haute voix, et la petite créature répondit en grognant (elle avait cessé d'éternuer alors). "Ne grogne pas ainsi," dit Alice; "ce n'est pas là du tout une bonne manière de s'exprimer."

Le bébé grogna de nouveau. Alice le regarda au visage avec inquiétude pour voir ce qu'il avait. Sans contredit son nez était très retroussé, et ressemblait bien plutôt à un groin qu'à un vrai nez. Ses yeux aussi devenaient très petits pour un bébé. Enfin Alice ne trouva pas du tout de son goût l'aspect de ce petit être. "Mais peut-être sanglotait-il tout simplement," pensa-t-elle, et elle regarda de nouveau les yeux du bébé pour voir s'il n'y avait pas de larmes. "Si tu vas te changer en porc," dit Alice très-sérieusement, "je ne veux plus rien avoir à faire avec toi. Fais-y bien attention!"

La pauvre petite créature sanglota de nouveau, ou grogna (il était impossible de savoir lequel des deux), et ils continuèrent leur chemin un instant en silence.

Alice commençait à dire en elle-même, "Mais, que faire de cette créature quand je l'aurai portée à la maison?" lorsqu'il grogna de nouveau si fort qu'elle regarda sa figure avec quelque inquiétude. Cette fois il n'y avait pas à s'y tromper, c'était un porc, ni plus ni moins, et elle comprit qu'il serait ridicule de le porter plus loin.

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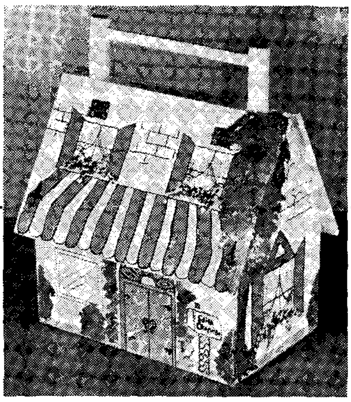
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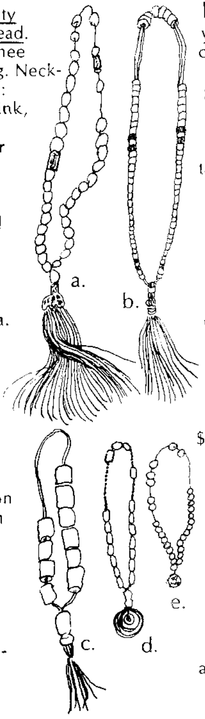

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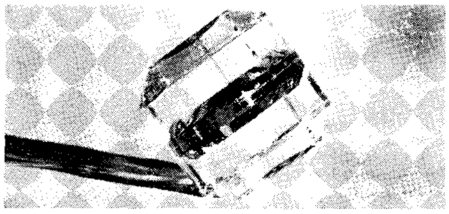

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animal, et se sentit toute soulagée de le voir trotter tranquillement vers le bois. “S’il avait grandi,” se dit-elle, “il serait devenu un bien vilain enfant; tandis qu’il fait un assez joli petit porc, il me semble.” Alors elle se mit à penser à d’autres enfants qu’elle connaissait et qui feraient d’assez jolis porcs, si seulement on savait la manière de s’y prendre pour les métamorphoser. Elle était en train de faire ces réflexions, lorsqu’elle tressaillit en voyant tout à coup le Chat assis à quelques pas de là sur la branche d’un arbre.

Le Chat grimaça en apercevant Alice. Elle trouva qu’il avait l’air bon enfant, et cependant il avait de très longues griffes et une grande rangée de dents; aussi comprit-elle qu’il fallait le traiter avec respect.

“Grimaçon!” commença-t-elle un peu timidement, ne sachant pas du tout si cette familiarité lui serait agréable; toutefois il ne fit qu’allonger sa grimace.

“Allons, il est content jusqu’à présent,” pensa Alice, et elle continua: “Dites-moi, je vous prie, de quel côté faut-il me diriger?”

“Cela dépend beaucoup de l’endroit où vous voulez aller,” dit le Chat.

“Cela m’est assez indifférent,” dit Alice.

“Alors peu importe de quel côté vous irez,” dit le Chat.

“Pourvu que j’arrive *quelque part*,” ajouta Alice en explication.

“Cela ne peut manquer, pourvu que vous marchiez assez longtemps.”

Alice comprit que cela était incontestable; elle essaya donc d’une autre question: “Quels sont les gens qui demeurent par ici?”

“De ce côté-ci,” dit le Chat, décrivant un cercle avec sa patte droite, “demeure un chapelier; de ce côté-là,” faisant de même avec sa patte gauche, “demeure un lièvre. Allez voir celui que vous voudrez, tout deux sont fous.”

“Mais je ne veux pas fréquenter des fous,” fit observer Alice.

“Vous ne pouvez pas vous en défendre, tout le monde est fou ici. Je suis fou, vous êtes folle.”

“Comment savez-vous que je suis folle?” dit Alice.

“Vous devez l’être,” dit le Chat, “sans cela vous ne seriez pas venue ici.”

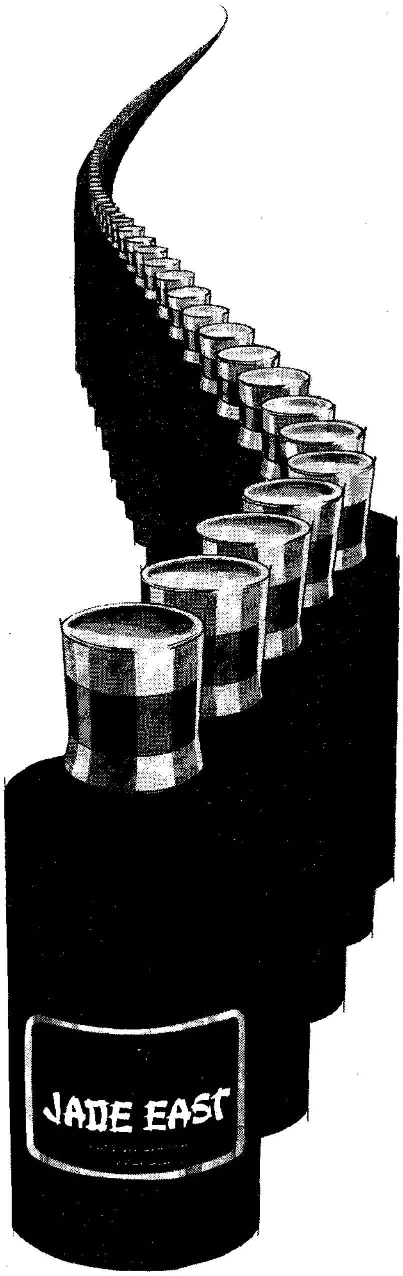
Alice pensa que cela ne prouvait rien. Toutefois elle continua: “Et comment savez-vous que vous êtes fou?”

“D’abord,” dit le Chat, “un chien n’est pas fou; vous convenez de cela?”

“Je le suppose,” dit Alice.

“Eh bien!” continua le Chat, “un

lover's lane



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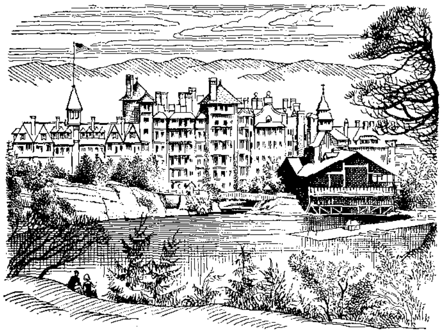

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chien grogne quand il se fâche, et remue la queue lorsqu'il est content. Or, moi, je grogne quand je suis content, et je remue la queue quand je me fâche. Donc je suis fou."

"J'appelle cela faire le rouet, et non pas grogner," dit Alice.

"Appelez cela comme vous voudrez," dit le Chat. "Jouez-vous au croquet avec la Reine aujourd'hui?"

"Cela me ferait grand plaisir," dit Alice, "mais je n'ai pas été invitée."

"Vous m'y verrez," dit le Chat; et il disparut.

Alice ne fut pas très étonnée, tant elle commençait à s'habituer aux événements extraordinaires. Tandis qu'elle regardait encore l'endroit que le Chat venait de quitter, il reparut tout à coup.

"À propos, qu'est devenu le bébé? J'allais oublier de le demander."

"Il a été changé en porc," dit tranquillement Alice, comme si le Chat était revenu d'une manière naturelle.

"Je m'en doutais," dit le Chat; et il disparut de nouveau.

Alice attendit quelques instants, espérant presque le revoir, mais il ne reparut pas; et une ou deux minutes après, elle continua son chemin dans la direction où lui avait dit que demeurait le Lièvre. "J'ai déjà vue des chapeliers," se dit-elle; "le Lièvre sera de beaucoup le plus intéressant." À ces mots elle leva les yeux, et voilà que le Chat était encore là assis sur une branche d'arbre.

"M'avez-vous dit porc, ou porte?" demanda le Chat.

"J'ai dit porc," répéta Alice. "Ne vous amusez donc pas à paraître et à disparaître si subitement, vous faites tourner la tête aux gens."

"C'est bon," dit le Chat, et cette fois il s'évanouit tout doucement à commencer par le bout de la queue, et finissant par sa grimace qui demeura quelque temps après que le reste fut disparu.

"Certes," pensa Alice, "j'ai souvent vu un chat sans grimace, mais une grimace sans chat, je n'ai jamais de ma vie rien vu de si drôle."

Elle ne fit pas beaucoup de chemin avant d'arriver devant la maison du Lièvre. Elle pensa que ce devait bien être là la maison, car les cheminées étaient en forme d'oreilles et le toit était couvert de fourrure. La maison était si grande qu'elle n'osa s'approcher avant d'avoir grignoté encore un peu du morceau de champignon qu'elle avait dans la main gauche, et d'avoir atteint la taille de deux pieds environ; et même alors elle avança timidement en se disant: "Si après tout il était fou

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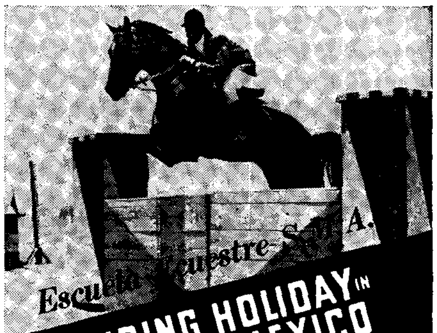
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furieux! Je voudrais presque avoir été faire visite au Chapelier plutôt que d'être venue ici."

—*Translation by Henri Bué.*

AT Adsdene, in winter, we used to have our tea in the billiard room, the children at one end, at their own little table in front of the fire, we grownups at the other, at the grownups' table, with the silver urn and the blue-and-white Worcester cups. After tea—which was bread and butter and a sultana cake at the children's end—when they cleared the table, the little girls used to move to the fire bench. The children's grandmother and I—because I preferred their grandmother's racy, old-fashioned way of reading "Alice" aloud to anything the grownups might be saying—would change into armchairs at either side.

David's uncle had just given him a tricycle. It was nearly Christmas. After tea, David liked to sit on it. If the reading was beyond him, he could always get away from it without disturbing anybody very much, by riding once or twice around the billiard table. A few days before, the children's grandmother had begun reading "Alice" to them, and David, who was really too little for such sophisticated, heady stuff, had to ride his tricycle most of the time, because he was certainly not allowed to interrupt.

Their grandmother opened the book to Chapter VI. She had been reading a chapter a day, and she had something marking the place—I think it was a bay leaf.

" 'Pig and Pepper,' " she said suddenly.

"What's *that* going to be?" said Pamela, trying to curl her legs up under her.

"It is the name of the next chapter. And do put your feet down, dear, or you will certainly fall into the fire. And, Patricia, dear, please, please to stop fiddling. Yesterday—do you remember?—we read the 'Advice from a Caterpillar' chapter."

The children's grandmother read Chapter VI wonderfully, in different voices, so that when she was Alice she was demure and very polite, and when she was the Duchess she bellowed among the flying plates. When the Fish-Footman spoke, she burbled under water, but when the Frog-Footman spoke she outdid herself. She had him sounding almost like a very old Negro, and when an English lady sounds almost like a very old Negro she is speaking in exactly the voice of the Frog-Footman. He was far and away her greatest role, and she had the little girls shouting with laughter. You were not forbidden to laugh during the reading, and David rode round and round laughing, too.

At the end of the chapter, with Alice on her way to the March Hare's house, David and his cousins said good night to everyone; the little girls flung themselves at their grandmother and thanked her for reading to them. At the door, they curtsied to her, and David and they were taken away. After a while, the grownups began moving upstairs to change for dinner. They were all talking at once, as they did every afternoon, disagreeing about all the things there were in England that year to disagree about. The children's grandmother and I were left alone. She sat there cheating a little, chuckling to herself, reading ahead for tomorrow. Then, putting back the bay leaf again to mark the place, she closed the book.

"Have you ever read 'Alice' in German?" she asked. She took a pack of cigarettes and a long ivory holder out of a pocket in her petticoat.

"No," I said, lighting her cigarette for her. "Heavens, no! Have you?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I have had it read to me again and again out of the beautiful copy Lewis Carroll presented to my mother's sister Beatrice when she was a child. We have it somewhere. I must try to find it for you."

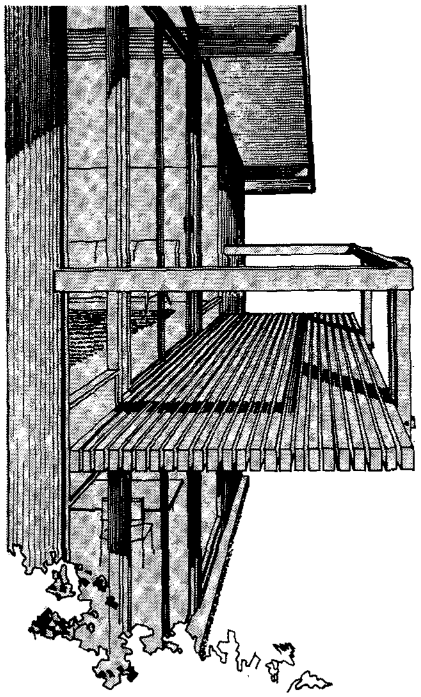
"How is it possible to translate 'Alice' into German? I don't see how the jokes made of plays on English words could ever be made to work in German."

"It has been done very cleverly—very, very cleverly." We stopped on the way upstairs. " 'Alice' is delicious in German!"

"How, for instance, do you make a joke like the 'speaking of axes' joke in German?"

"Wait," she said, on the landing, and she closed her eyes. "Wait. I think I can remember it for you. ' "*Was, du redest von Axt?*" *sagte die Herzogin.* "*Hau' ihr den Kopf ab!*" ' Do you see how well it goes? Perhaps by dinnertime I shall be able to remember 'The Lobster Quadrille.' "

I used to be put next to this remarkable old lady at dinner whenever the company was small enough or inconsequential enough for her to be given me. That night, in the midst of three conversations about the new polo rules, the morning's new litter of Sealyham puppies, and the number of additional portholes in the new destroyers, which she was carrying on simultaneously with three different people, she laid her



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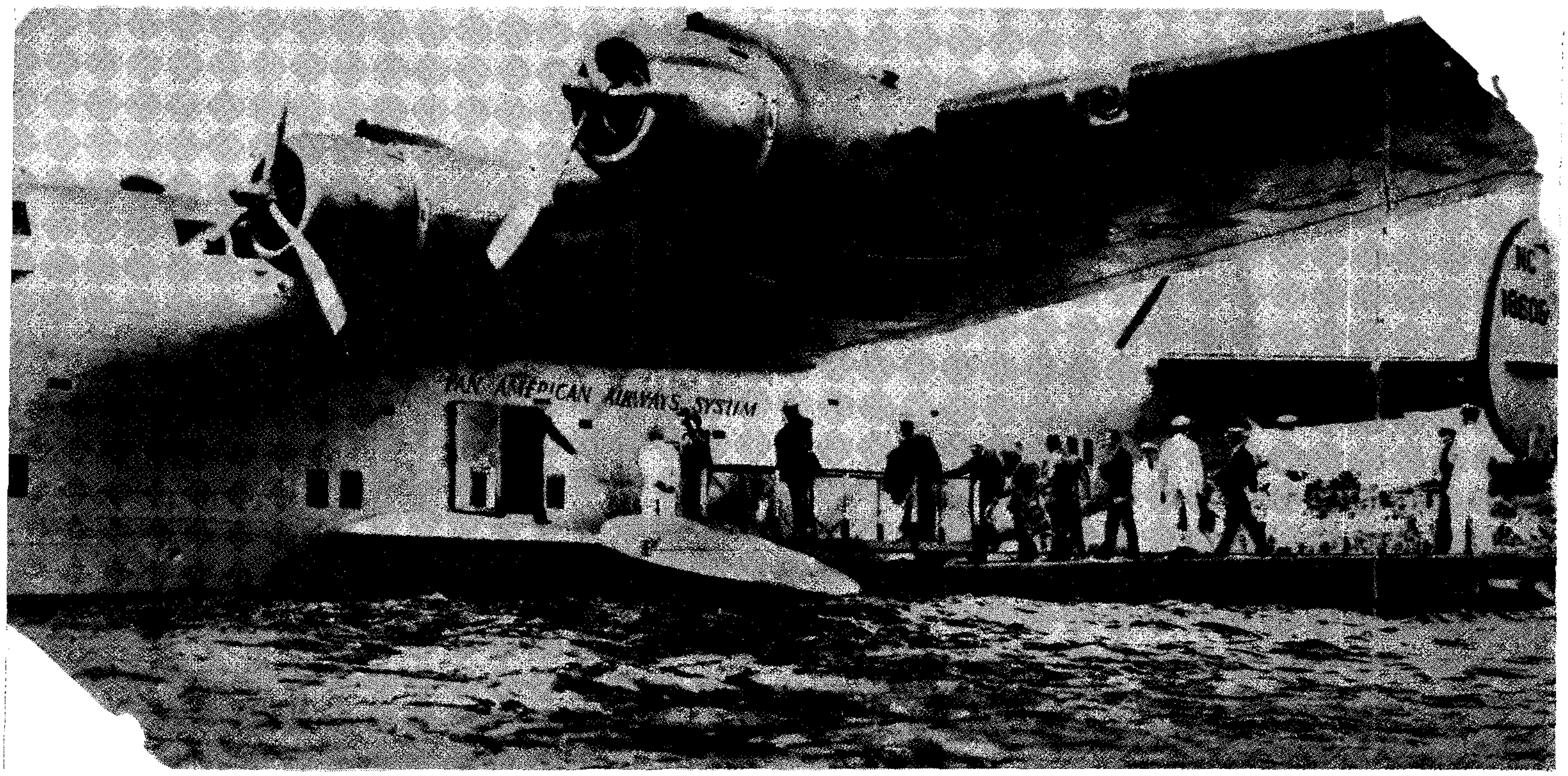

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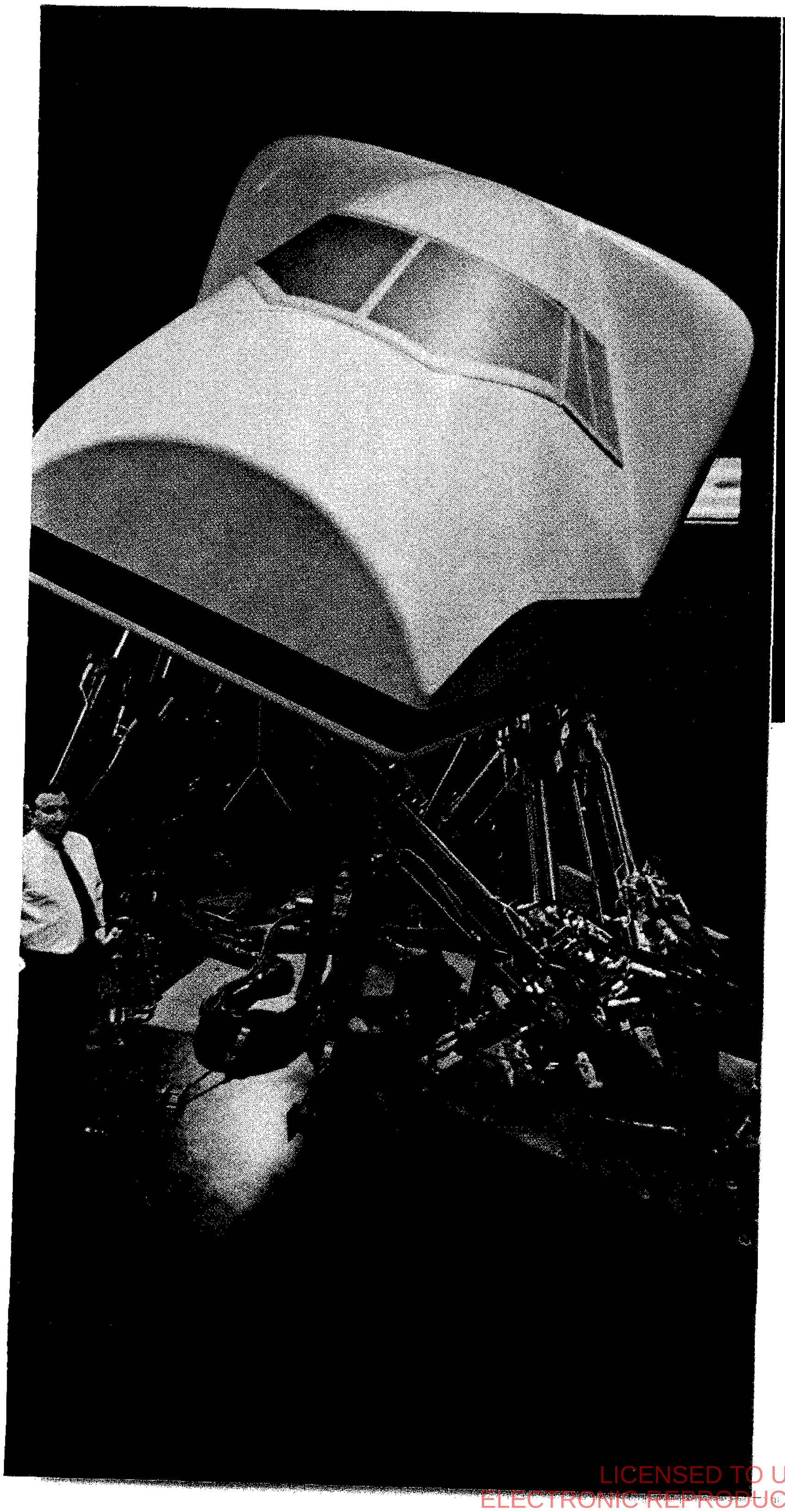

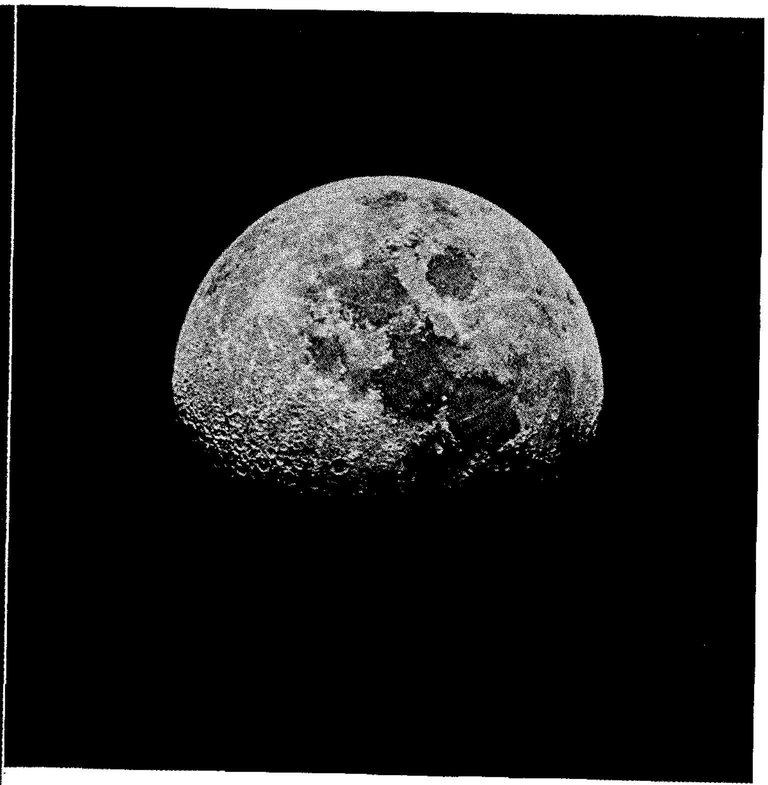

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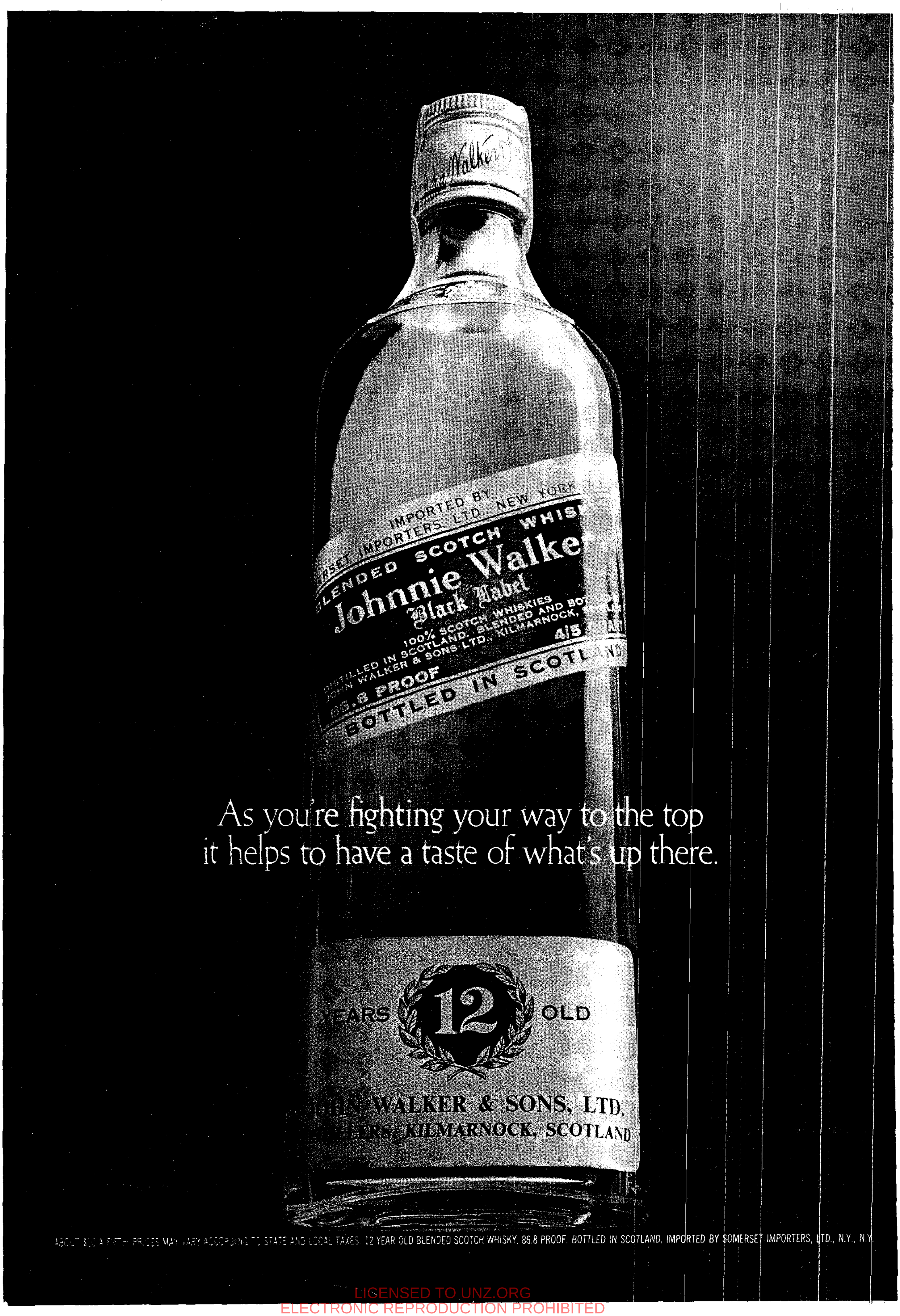

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hand on my arm and began softly saying:

"Zu der Schnecke sprach ein Weisfisch:
Kannst du denn nicht schneller gehn?
Siehst du denn nicht die Schildkröten
und die Hummer alle stehn?
Hinter uns da kommt ein Meerschwein,
und es tritt mir auf den Schwanz;
Und sie warten auf dem Strande,
dass wir kommen zu dem Tanz.
Willst du denn nicht, willst du denn nicht,
willst du kommen zu dem Tanz?
Willst du denn nicht, willst du denn nicht,
willst du kommen zu dem Tanz?

"Oh, yes," she said. "I must find it for you."

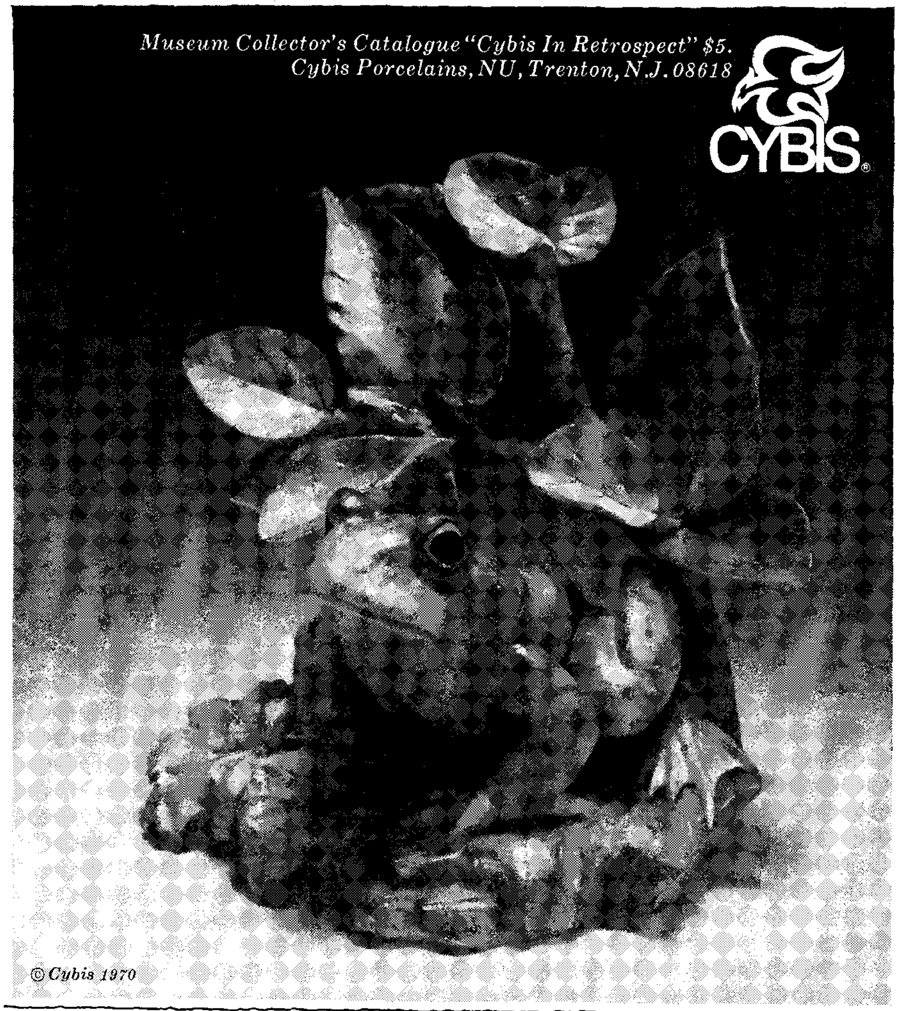
These were the Christmas holidays of 1935. The following winter, the abdication came, and in the spring the Coronation came, and then, after a while, came the war. Naturally, I was back in America, and we all forgot about the German "Alice." Even I forgot, until many years later. The remarkable old lady has died. The little girls are grown now. David is married.

On April 6, 1869, Lewis Carroll wrote in his diary, "On the 31st March I heard from Lady A. Stanley, that the Queen will allow Princess Beatrice to accept a German *Alice;* which accordingly is being bound for her."

So this was the beautiful book we forgot to find!

I can discover no trace of Fräulein Antonie Zimmermann, the sympathetic German translator of "Alice," except in the "Diaries" (Roger Lancelyn Green's "The Diaries of Lewis Carroll," published here by Oxford in 1954), and even there she appears only twice, very briefly. The first time is on April 13, 1867: "Heard from Aunt Caroline of a Miss Zimmermann, a teacher of German, who would like to translate *Alice:* suggested that she should name terms and translate as specimens pp. 36 and 183." Her second appearance is almost a year and a half later, on September 4, 1868. Apparently, her completed translation was being submitted on that day. Carroll writes, "Had two hours with Miss Zimmermann, looking over her German version of *Alice.*" This is all we hear of Fräulein Zimmermann, I regret to say.

M. Henri Bué, the French translator, is less obscure, although he never appears in the "Diaries" at all. Henri Bué, B. ès L., Officier de l'Instruction Publique, Principal French Master at Christ's Hospital, Horsham, published in 1897 his students' text of Racine's "Phèdre," "with argument of each act and grammatical and explanatory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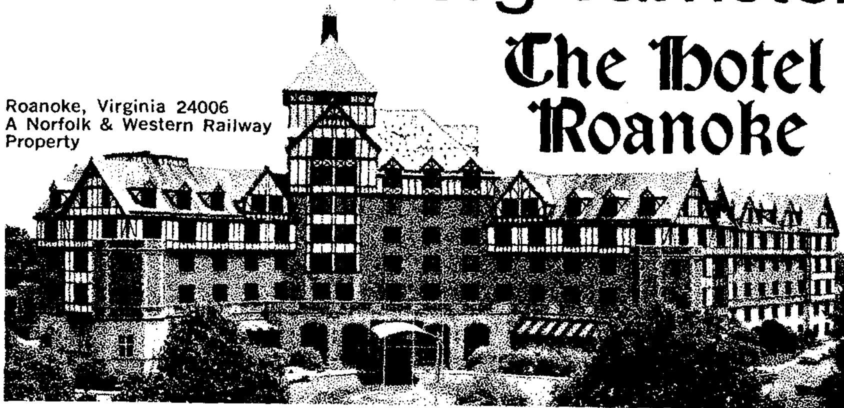

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notes." In 1906, he published a similarly annotated text of Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire."

Of the whole of "Alice," I have chosen "Pig and Pepper" because in it M. Bué reaches the great moment of his entire translation.

Carroll writes:

> "If everybody minded their own business," the Duchess said in a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."
> "Which would *not* be an advantage," said Alice.... "Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—"
> "Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head."

Bué makes it:

> "Si chacun s'occupait de ses affaires," dit la Duchesse avec un grognement rauque, "le monde n'en irait que mieux."
> "Ce qui ne serait guère avantageux," dit Alice.... "Songez à ce que deviendraient le jour et la nuit; vous voyez bien, la terre met vingt-quatre heures à faire sa révolution."
> "Ah! vous parlez de faire des révolutions!" dit la Duchesse. "Qu'on lui coupe la tête!"

Here Bué—with a stroke of wizardry and judgment that is not translation by *word* but translation by *change of word*—has instantaneously transformed a witty English idea *in its entirety* into a perfectly parallel, equally witty French idea. And, "the Duchess" having turned—by magic—into "la Duchesse," the axe, *by association*, becomes a guillotine.

This is great and dexterous translation, and perfection.

(1)

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

(2)

Der Jammerwoch

Es brillig war. Die *schlichten* Toven
Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben;
Und aller-mümsige Burggoven
Die mohmen Räth' ausgraben.

Bewahre doch vor Jammerwoch!
Die Zähne knirschen, Krallen kratzen!
Bewahr' vor Jubjub-Vogel, vor
Frumiösen *Banderschnaitzen!*

Er griff sein vorpals Schwertchen zu,
Er suchte lang das manchsam' Ding;
Dann, stehend *unter'm* Tumtum Baum,
Er an-zu-denken-fing.

Als stand er tief in Andacht auf,
Des Jammerwochen's Augen-feuer
Durch tulgen Wald mit wiffeln kam,
Ein burbelnd Ungeheuer!

Eins, Zwei! Eins, Zwei! Und durch und durch
Sein vorpals Schwert zerschnifer-schnück!
Da blieb es todt! Er, Kopf in Hand,
Geläumfig zog zurück!

Und schlugst Du ja den Jammerwoch?
Umarme mich, mein Böhm'sches Kind!
O Freuden-Tag! O Halloo-Schlag!
Er chortelt froh-gesinnt.

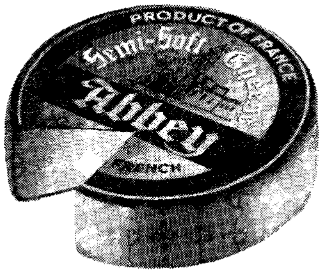
Es brillig war. Die *schlichten* Toven
Wirrten und wimmelten im Waben;
Und aller-mümsige Burggroven
Die mohmen Räth' ausgraben.
—*Translation by Dr. Robert Scott* ("*Thomas Chatterton*").

(3)

Le Jaseroque

Il brilgue: les tôves lubricilleux
Se gyrent en vrillant dans le guave,
Enmîmés sont les gougebosqueux,
Et le mômerade horsgrave.

How good can cheese taste? This good.



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Le frumieux Band-à-prend.

Son glaive vorpal en main il va-
T-à-la recherche du fauve manscant;
Puis arrivé à l'arbre Té-Té,
Il y reste, réfléchissant.

Pendant qu'il pense, tout uffusé
Le Jaseroque, à l'œil flambant,
Vient siblant par le bois tullegeais,
Et burbule en venant.

Un deux, un deux, par le milieu,
Le glaive vorpal fait pat-à-pan!
La bête défaite, avec sa tête,
Il rentre gallomphant.

As-tu tué le Jaseroque?
Viens à mon cœur, fils rayonnois!
O jour frabbejeais! Calleau! Callai!
Il cortule dans sa joie.

Il brilgue: les tôves lubricilleux
Se gyrent en vrillant dans le guave,
Enmîmés sont les gougebosqueux,
Et le mômerade horsgrave.

—*Translation by Frank L. Warrin, Jr.*

On a holiday in Durham in the summer of 1855, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was staying at Whitburn with his cousins. They were playing a rhyming game after dinner, composing nonsense poetry in a kind of imaginary Anglo-Saxon, for which they were inventing the vocabulary. Charles' contribution to the human race on this occasion was the first stanza of "Jabberwocky." He was twenty-three that year.

Almost seventeen years later, while Dodgson was writing "Through the Looking-Glass" to follow "Alice," he came upon the little quatrain in one of his scrapbooks, and made a ballad of it by adding five stanzas and the Jabberwock. During these years, which he had spent at Oxford lecturing in mathematics, he not only had written "Alice" and several works on mathematics but had been ordained a deacon and had become a competent photographer as well. When such a man at forty finds that a piece of nonsense verse of his own written at twenty-three is still worthy of him, something is bound to happen. Something did. The effect of "Jabberwocky" on the "Alice" enthusiasts was immediate and electric.

"Through the Looking-Glass" appeared in December, 1872, and it was only a matter of weeks before the Ger-

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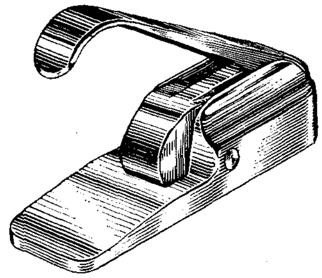

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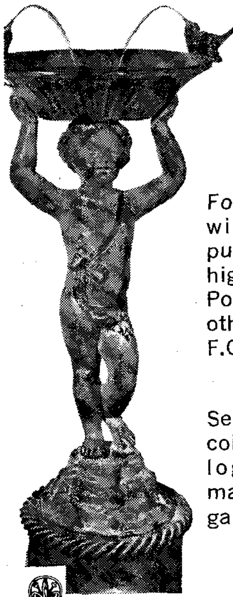

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man version appeared—in *Macmillan's* magazine, in a very funny letter to the editor from "Thomas Chatterton," who said he had had it rapped out for him by a German ghost at a spiritualistic séance. Shortly afterward, however, the letter-writer's son confessed that "Thomas Chatterton" was really Dr. Robert Scott, the distinguished classical scholar, once Master of Balliol College, Oxford, and then Dean of Rochester Cathedral, who had produced the translation overnight on a wager. The German version in the text here is the original *Macmillan's* version—with the exception of the italicized words, which are corrected mistakes. Sidney Herbert Williams and Falconer Madan, in "A Handbook of the Literature of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll)," are responsible for changing "*schlichte*," in the first line, to "*schlichten*," and "*unten*," in the eleventh line, which is not nonsense, to "*unter'm*," which is. But somehow *Macmillan's* "*Banderschnätzchen*," in the eighth line, which should have been "*Banderschnatzen*," was overlooked. In the first place, the Bandersnatch is very big—almost as big as a dinosaur, for instance—and, in the second, "*Banderschnätzchen*" does not rhyme with "*kratzen*," which it must have done in the manuscript, since all the other rhymes are impeccable. It is unimaginable that any of these mistakes could have been made by the learned Dr. Scott, of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon, who was a German scholar as well. They were more probably made by a muddled typesetter working with the unfamiliar Gothic type in which the *Macmillan's* version was printed.

"Through the Looking-Glass," chiefly because of insurmountable difficulties in the chess-playing parts, has never been attempted in any other language, and it was a long time before anybody undertook the French "Jaseroque." Frank Lord Warrin, Jr.'s, French translation appeared—some sixty years after Dr. Scott's German one—in *The New Yorker* for January 10, 1931, without a word of explanation or comment. His is probably the only French one there is. I am sorry that the mathematician Dodgson and the lexicographer Scott, who probably knew each other, were no longer alive when Mr. Warrin joined the distinguished company. They would have died of laughter upon learning that Mr. Warrin's contribution to English letters, outside of "Le Jaseroque," was "The Neutrality of Belgium," a definitive document on the subject, published in 1918 by the United States Government Printing Office.

Both translations are in the spirit in which Carroll wrote his ballad in the first place. That is to say, they were written for fun, and for no other reason. It is possible that no translation has ever been published either in Germany or in France. It is even probable that these two translations have never been looked up by any French or German person. They seem to have been written for us.

Why is it—I find it interesting and amusing to wonder—that so much of the finest nonsense in English comes out of rectories and deaneries, where it springs (full-panoplied) from the witty, gentle heads of clergymen? This is either very, very difficult to understand or—and God forgive me—it isn't difficult at all.

EMILY DICKINSON

(1)

I lost a World—the other day!
Has Anybody found?
You'll know it by the Row of Stars
Around its forehead bound.

A Rich man—might not notice it—
Yet—to my frugal Eye,
Of more Esteem than Ducats—
Oh, find it—Sir—for me!

(2)

Neulich verlor ich eine Welt.
Hat irgend Jemand g'funden?
Man kennt sie von der Sternenreih'
Um ihre Stirn gebunden.

Ein Reicher merkt vielleicht es nicht,
In meiner einfach Sitte,
Mein Herr, mehr wie Dukaten,
Werth.
O, finde sie mir, bitte!

—*Translation by Victor Proetz.*

(3)

J'ai perdu, l'autre jour, un monde;
Quelqu'un l'aurait-il retrouvé?
Un rang d'étoiles, à la ronde,
Autour de son front est lové.

Un riche n'en aurait point cure,
Mais pour mes économes yeux
Je vaut de l'or—avec usure:
Retrouvez-le pour moi, Monsieur!

—*Translation by Fernand Baldensperger.*

I feel almost sure that in public life Miss Emily Dickinson was one of the daughters of Edward Dickinson, Esq., and Mrs. Dickinson, of Amherst, Massachusetts, and nothing more. In private life, with the door closed, I believe,

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she thought of herself always as a poet—as an *undeniable* poet but as an *amateur* poet—and that, as far as her own wishes were concerned, was certainly enough. Emily Dickinson is not unlike one of those very exciting lesser painters whose sketchbooks are marvellous and whose finished paintings are not quite marvellous. She was an extraordinarily talented New England woman who liked terribly to invent poems and to write them down. I am not sure that she liked quite so much to read them after they were written.

What must have delighted her most to feel about herself, there in the security of Amherst and her little room in the middle of the nineteenth century, was that there would always be more poems than she could ever write down, crowding each other out of her mind. And so, to keep from exploding with excitement, she scribbled everything at breakneck speed, whether it was a poem or not, as though she were making watercolor sketches that had to be finished before the paper dried. Many of her verses sound as though she might have been a little bit too tired to listen any longer to what was still bubbling out of her head, but since nobody else was meant to hear, she allowed her private grammar to run away with her—and why not?—in the way that a pianist allows himself to play wrong notes when he is playing something new, just for himself, and batting it out faster than he can think, because he is so eager to hear how the thing goes.

After Emily Dickinson's death, in 1886, a few of her finished poems, at the suggestion of her sister Lavinia, were published, respectfully, with tenderness and discretion, by her friends Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel L. Todd. And surely that was meant to be the end of it. Luckily—up to a point—for us, it was not the end at all. Not until about thirty years after her death did Emily Dickinson become immortal—overnight, so to speak. She was suddenly "put over"—and I can't remember quite how it was done—by her niece (less tender and more canny than the earlier editors), and some others, as a kind of posthumous prodigy. Everybody loved her, for a variety of the damnedest reasons, and everybody began saying and writing all sorts of things about her. Some enthusiasts mistook her style for a special outcropping of the kind of slovenly free verse that was being written at the time, and began thinking of her poems as the best of it. Others began comparing her epigrams to Goethe's. Still others called her the greatest woman poet since Sap-

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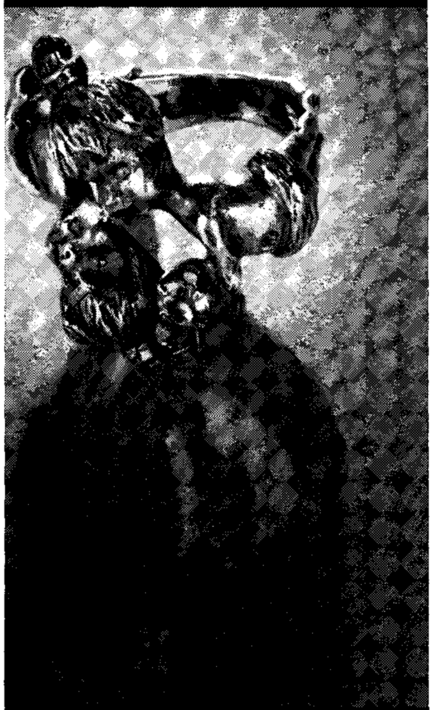

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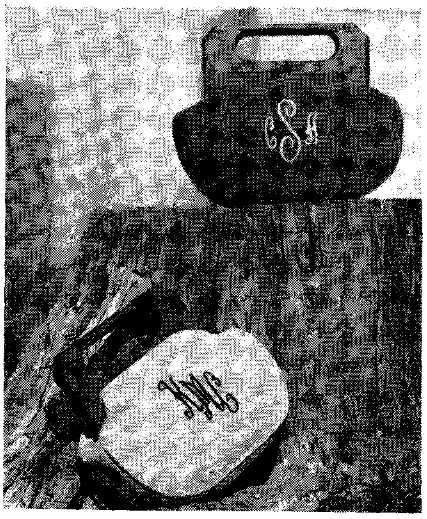

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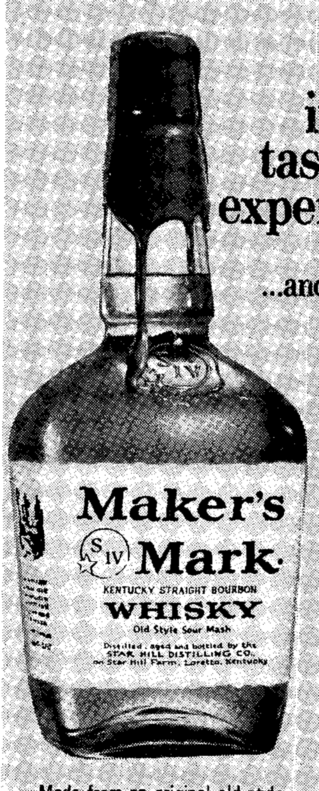
pho but criticized her grammar. For a while there, a great many people were all talking about her at once and being very flighty indeed. People began dancing to her poems. People were all losing their heads.

Later on—years later, after some more quiet opinions had been allowed to mellow—Miss Dickinson of Amherst reminded people less and less of the twenties, since nothing in her writing was either self-conscious or arty and none of her verse was properly "free verse." It was admitted that her epigrams resembled Goethe's only superficially—because they *were* epigrams, rather than for any other reason. It became apparent that her grammatical mistakes were not exactly affectations. They were there only because she never bothered to correct experiments once she had put them down on paper and rejected them. People began to agree that in ordinary, everyday speech it would probably never have occurred to the daughter of the Treasurer of Amherst College to use "found" as an intransitive verb, any more than she would habitually have talked baby talk.

As for the nonsense about Sappho, it is all very well for anybody to think of Emily Dickinson as a second Sappho in the privacy of his own head—in case he doesn't mind thinking just anything that comes along—but to say it is silly, and to write it down, for all of us to read again and again as it crops up in preface after preface of her poems, is unfair to Emily Dickinson, and impertinent. Emily Dickinson is not the *second* anything. Besides, if she were any Sappho at all, wouldn't she have had to be about the eighth? Aren't Clémence Isaure (c. 1450-1500), the Sappho of Toulouse; Mlle. Scudéry (1607-1701), the French Sappho; Catherine Cockburn (1679-1749), the Scotch Sappho; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762), Alexander Pope's candidate; Mrs. Mary D. Robinson, known as Perdita, (1758-1800), George IV's candidate; and Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton (1759-1846), the American Sappho, all ahead of her? (They are according to the entry headed "Sappho" in the *Reader's Encyclopedia*, edited by William Rose Benét and published in 1948 by Crowell.) Or aren't these eminent ladies required to line up?

My own slightly cast-iron translation into German carries through the highly special Dickinsonian intransitive "found," at the expense of almost everything else. The result is a little poem in a kind of housemaid's German, which I hope will not mislead any



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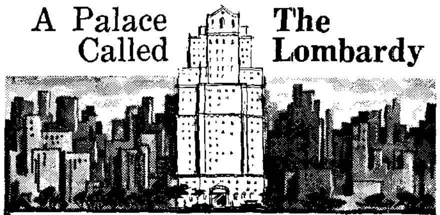

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German scholars into stumbling into the notion that Emily Dickinson wrote in a New England dialect that flourished around Amherst. Besides, I had better say to them, Emily Dickinson must never be judged on the strength of any *one* of her poems.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1)

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

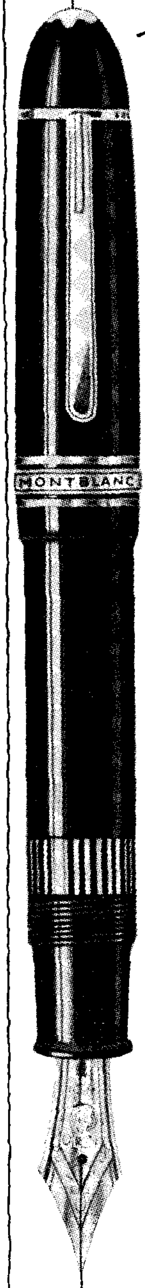
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

(2)

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu liess Kubla Khan
Der Lust geräumigen Dom erstehn,
Wo Alph, das heilige Wasser, rann
Durch Höhlen ohne Mass und Plan
Zu sonnenloser See.
Zehn Meilen so von Frucht und Grund
Umgürtet Wall und Mauerrund,
Die Gärten voll von Rinnsal vielgestalt,
Wo mit dem Laub von Weihrauch Bäume blühn
Und schwarze Wälder, wie die Hügel alt,
Mit Sonnenflecken zwischen Immergrün.

Doch oh, durch grüne Hügel die romantische Schlucht,
Der tiefe Spalt quer unter Zedernhainen,
O wilde Stätte! Heilig und verflucht,
Wie jene, die ein Weib je heimgesucht,
Dem liebsten der Dämonen nachzuweinen.
Aus diesem Spalt, da wilder Aufruhr kochte,
Als ob die Erd in steten Stössen pochte,
Ohn Aufenthalt hoch eine Springflut sprang,
In deren heissem, ungestaltem Drang
Bruchstücke flogen, rückgeschnellt wie Hagel,
Und wie die Spreu sprühte von des Dreschers Schlegel.
In diesem Tanz der Brocken und Getrümmer
Sprang auf das heilige Wasser, jählings immer.
Fünf Meilen wandernd irren Wandelgang
Durch Wald und Tal das heilige Wasser rann,



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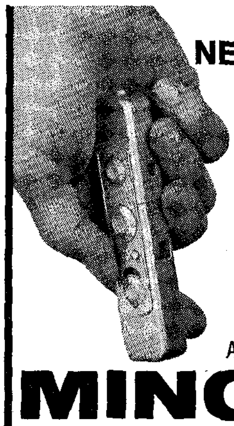

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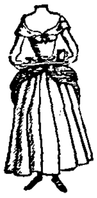

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Und spielte spiegelnd auf der Welle,
Da Rhythmus Rhythmus sich verwebte:
Der Höhlen Echo und der Quelle.
Ein seltner Plan und wundersam ersonnen:
Eisgrotten und der Dom der Lust voll
Sonnen.

Ein Fräulein mit dem Harfenspiel,
Die einst im Traum ich sah;
Sie kam aus Abessinienland,
Schlug ihre Harfe mit der Hand
Und sang vom Berge Abora.
Strömt' wieder durch die Brust mir
Süss ihr Zusammenklang,
Stieg' aus dem Sange Lust mir,
So dass mit Liedern laut und lang
In Luft ich liess' den Dom erstehn,
Den Sonnendom! Das Eisverliess!
Und die mich hörten, würden sehn
Und rufen: Wunder! Wunderbar!
Sein Aug aus Blitz! Aus Sturm sein
Haar!
Schlingt dreifach einen Kreis um
dies!
Schliesst euer Aug vor heiliger Schau,
Denn er genoss vom Honig-Tau
Und trank die Milch vom Paradies.

—*Translation by Heinz Politzer.*

(3)

KUBLA KHAN

À Xanadu Kubla Khan ordonna
De bâtir un majestueux palais;
Là où coulait Alph, le fleuve sacré,
Par des grottes insondables à
l'homme,
Jusqu'à une mer sans soleil.
Donc dix mille pas de terrain fertile
De murs et de tours furent ceinturés;
En des jardins, brillants de sinueux
ruisseaux,
Maint arbre fleurissait, tout chargé de
parfums;
Et des forêts aussi anciennes que le
monde
Entouraient des espaces verts ensoleillés.

Mais oh! le saisissant et le profond
abîme
Qui tranchait la colline verte, sous les
cèdres!
Lieu sauvage, aussi saint et aussi
enchanté
Que ceux qu'a pu hanter, sous la lune
au déclin,
Femme en pleurs appelant le démon,
son amant!
Et de ce gouffre, qui bouillonnait sans
répit,
Comme au souffle rapide et pesant de la
terre,
Par moments jaillissait un torrent
gigantesque;
Avec son jet, rapide et parfois
suspendu,
De grands rocs bondissaient comme
saute la grêle,
Ou la balle et le grain, sous les coups
du fléau;
Et, mêlée à ces rocs en mouvement, le
gouffre
Projetait par instants la rivière sacrée.
D'un lit tout en détours serpentant sur
cinq lieues,
Elle courait dans les forêts et les
vallons,
Puis atteignait les creux insondables à
l'homme,
Tombant avec fracas en un océan
mort;
Et dans ce bruit Kubla entendit, à
distance,
Par d'ancestrales voix prophétiser la
guerre!

L'image de ce palais de plaisir
Flottait sur l'onde au milieu du
courant;
Là s'entendait la cadence mêlée
Qui venait de la source et des
cavernes.
Tel était le succès d'un art miraculeux:
Un palais au soleil sur des grottes de
glace!

Une demoiselle avec un tympanon
M'est apparue en un songe jadis;
C'était une vierge abyssinienne,
Et de son tympanon elle jouait,
Célébrant le mont Abora.
Si je pouvais faire renaître
En moi sa musique et son chant,
J'en serais rempli d'un si grand plaisir,
Qu'avec des accords sonores et longs
Je bâtirais ce palais dans les airs,
Ce palais au soleil! Ces creux de glace!
Et tous, m'écoutant, les apercevraient,
Et tous s'écrieraient: "Prenez, prenez
garde!
A ses yeux de feu, ses cheveux
flottants!
Autour de lui tracez trois fois un
cercle,
Et ferme les yeux de sainte terreur,
Car il s'est nourri de rosée de miel,
Et du Paradis il a bu le lait."

—*Translation by Louis Cazamian.*

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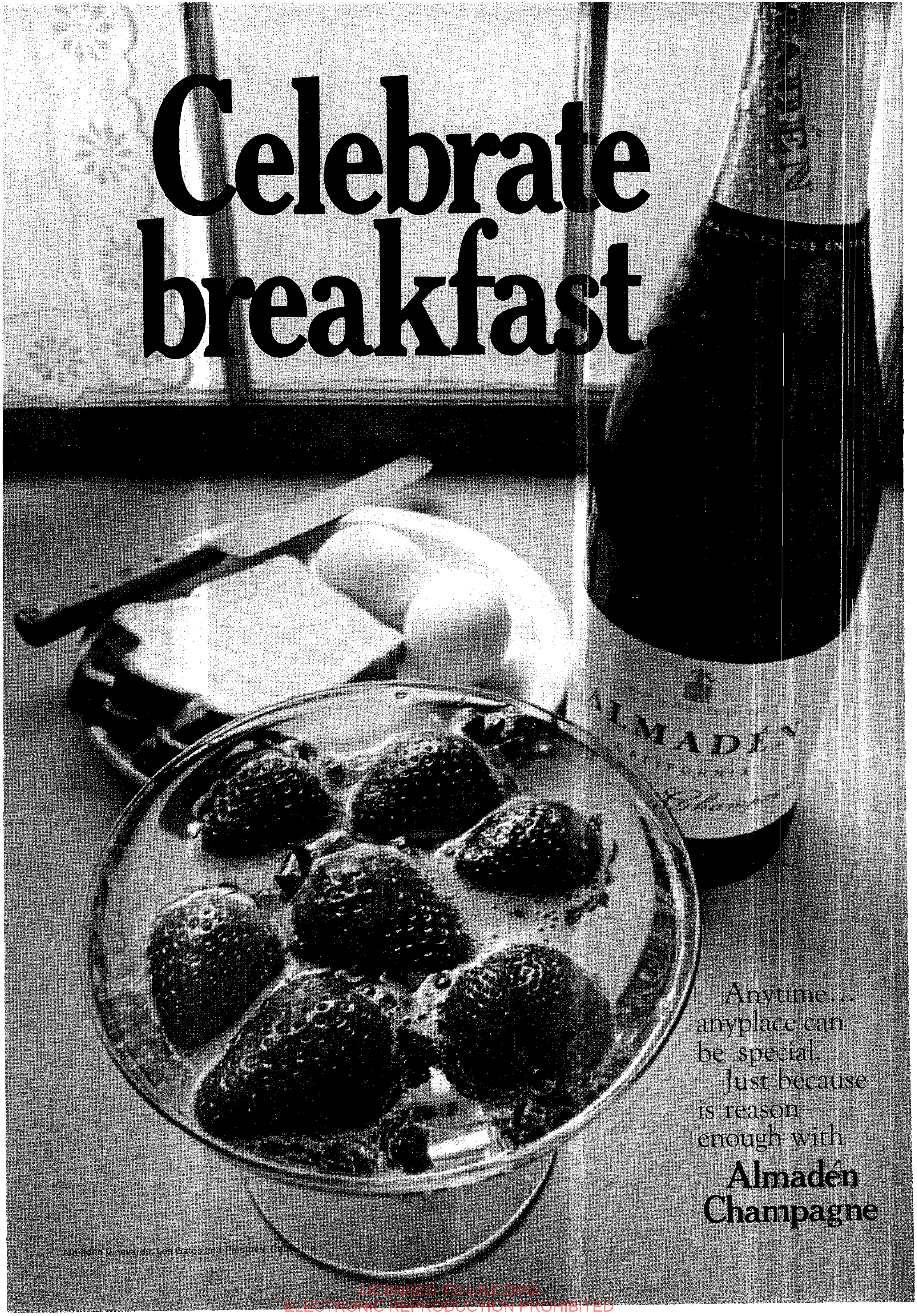
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Coleridge, which are obvious at once. Here are two outstanding examples of fine translation. The extraordinary circumstances under which the two existing fragments of "Kubla Khan" came to be are well known. Coleridge was literally enchanted when he dreamed them. His translators, on the other hand, were faced from start to finish not primarily with dreams but with almost insurmountable linguistic hazards. It is impossible to imagine how they managed these translations at all.

"Look," you will say, "how Coleridge's wonderful imagery is here, and how the sights and sounds and the music of the dreaming words are here. And they are all of them in both." You will say this after your first reading. "And all the blended portents of paradise and impending doom are balefully implicit in '*Der Ahnen Stimme fern vom Kriege künden*,' and in '*Un palais au soleil sur des grottes de glace!*' " you will say. "The metre and the changes in metre have been very delicately observed. And the wonderful cool change in pace and instrumentation that introduces the second fragment is remarkably as it should be. The '*demoiselle avec un tympanon*' and the '*Fräulein mit dem Harfenspiel*' seem to me as breathtakingly beautiful as they are in English." Even after your eighth, tenth, and twelfth readings, you will still be saying, "The slowly rising nightmare warning with which the poem ends is truly wonderful." And you will be right. I agree with you completely.

And don't you think, as I do, that these are fine poems in their own right, with something like the shadow of Coleridge himself coming through into both French and German? Only one thing—the impossible, I suppose—is missing from them both. This is not apparent at once. I can say it only because I have read the poems so very much oftener than you have. "*Ad pulcritudinem tria requiruntur integritas, consonantia, claritas*," Aquinas said. Both these translations are quite as remarkable to me now as they ever were for their "wholeness," and almost as remarkable for their "harmony," but a delicate sense of strain has taken the place of the *claritas*—which Joyce chooses to call "radiance." The translators' predicament is hopeless, since with Coleridge the radiance struck first of all and the rest followed.

Must this fading *claritas* always be the forfeit exacted from a conscientious translator for daring to undertake a lyric poem that rhymes? I am so afraid it must.

—VICTOR PROETZ

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mashed Potatoes

THERE is something about contemporary composers like Luciano Berio, John Cage, and Karlheinz Stockhausen that reminds me of an aborigine who has come across a Geiger counter dropped in the jungle by some scientific expedition and finds that it is a handy object to mash potatoes with. The point is that you can use it that way, but that is not what it was made for. The history of the construction and evolution of musical instruments is a noble one. Craftsmen like Stradivari (stringed instruments), Sébastien Érard (harp), Theobald Boehm (flute), Frédéric Triébert (oboe), Hyacinth Klosé (clarinet), Johann Adam Heckel (bassoon), and Bartolemeo Cristofori, John Broadwood, and a host of others (piano) labored a good part of their lifetimes to invent, improve, or refine these musical tools. Most of them are triumphs of art and of the science of acoustics. Then, in our self-indulgent day, Mr. Cage puts nuts and bolts and rocks inside Cristofori's piano, so that it can produce funny noises; Mr. Stockhausen asks his trombonists to slap their instruments with their hands instead of blowing them, and Mr. Berio finds that he can make a peculiar sound by having his harpist thump the sound box of his instrument instead of playing it as Sébastien Érard intended. To me, all this is indicative of a new barbarism like that which led urban-renewal types to tear down parts of the Acropolis for use as building stone.

Mr. Berio's concert with the American Symphony Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall last week (I attended the Tuesday-night performance) showed him in a somewhat different light from that in which I had last seen him. He was not exhibiting himself in the role of composer as impresario, presenting singers in slightly damaged Greek and Armenian folk songs. What he presented this time was his own—something called "Chemins I," for Harp and Orchestra, and something else called "Epifanie," for Voice and Orchestra, both of which were being performed in New York for the first time. On hand were Francis Pierre, a French harpist, and the dependable Cathy Berberian, a mezzo-soprano who specializes in this sort of music. While Sébastien Érard may have created the modern harp, God created Miss Berberian. But Mr. Berio treated his harp and his singer in practically the same way. Both were required to do things for which they were not originally constructed. M. Pierre thumped his sound box and stamped his pedals in odd combinations in order to produce cacophonic effects seldom heard on the harp. Miss Berberian sang a generally disjointed and unmelodic vocal part accurately, I am sure. (She is really quite a remarkable singer, with excellent diction in several languages and a large range. I would love to hear her sing in "Il Trovatore," where her gifts would not go to waste.) There was, of course, a full orchestra, which had to contend with similar bizarreries concocted by Mr. Berio. The strange thing about all this was that, in spite of the purportedly experimental or progressive tricks, the music sounded very much the way music of its type has sounded ever since Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," which was written more than a half century ago. Mr. Berio preceded his two new works with a performance of Bach's First Brandenburg Concerto, which he conducted studiously enough. What struck me in this performance was the perfect accuracy of the orchestra's two horn players, one of whom is a woman, in dealing with what are notoriously the highest and most difficult horn parts in existence.

VERDI'S Requiem is, as most concertgoers know, a sublime and awesome composition. Last Wednesday night, William Steinberg brought the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, the Westminster College Choir, and the requisite number of soloists to Carnegie Hall to perform it. On the whole, the evening was a moving one, though, for some reason, Mr. Steinberg insisted on placing an intermission between the Offertory and the Sanctus—a proceeding that tends to break the continuity of mood. He is a superb conductor for this particular work, and the Westminster College Choir, whose singing is the responsibility of Robert Carwithen, is a fine choral group. The soloists were not all quite up to this standard. One could not fault the experienced Martina Arroyo, who sang some beautiful floating soprano passages. And the Rumanian mezzo-soprano Viorica Cortez (who, I am told, is already signed to sing Carmen at the Met) disclosed on this occasion, her New York début, a rich, well-produced voice and a pleasing appearance. The male singers were William Cochran, tenor, a leading figure at the Frankfurt Opera, and Boris Carmeli, an Israeli bass who has sung at La Scala and elsewhere. There was not much velvet in Mr. Cochran's voice, but then he is primarily a *Heldentenor* type, where power counts more than emotional coloring. Mr. Carmeli is the possessor of an extremely foggy bass voice, and he forced it from time to time, making the fog even thicker. But, putting these small faults aside, the Requiem was well done, and Mr. Steinberg and his large forces were applauded resoundingly.

LAST Thursday night, I went to the New York State Theatre to see the Balanchine company in a new ballet called "Octandre," choreographed by Richard Tanner to music by Edgard Varèse. This turned out to be an entirely pleasant affair, danced by the women in skin-colored leotards and by bare-chested men in tights. The choreography was consistently ingenious, and there was evidently a cosmic idea lurking somewhere in the background. At first, I thought the ballet was about a mass defloration; then it occurred to me that it might be about Women's Lib. After that, I gave up, but certain hints continued to crop up that Mr. Tanner intended it to be something in the nature of a contemporary "Sacre du Printemps." With all the apparent nudity on the part of the women, it also suggested the influence of "Hair." Anyhow, the apparently naked bodies were beautiful ones, and the staging, including luminous wires hanging from the flies, was striking. The main roles were danced by Johnna Kirkland and Bryan Pitts, who seemed to be the encouragers of the action, while a slightly lesser part was danced by Christine Redpath.

The evening's program also included John Clifford's "Fantasies," which I had not seen before—a tender ballet about an exchange of partners between a real and a dream couple. It was beautifully danced by Johnna Kirkland and Anthony Blum as one pair and by Sara Leland and Conrad Ludlow as the other. The males were in street clothes and the females in tunics—costuming somewhat reminiscent of Robbins' "Dances at a Gathering." The choreography was pleasantly informal, with frequent departures from exact symmetry. This was followed by that old Balanchine bouquet "Divertimento No. 15," supplied with scenery that was new to me—a latticework rococo palace and garden—and done, of course, to Mozart's work of that name. This is a big ballet, in length and in number of dancers, and it is still a total delight, with Melissa Hayden at her most brilliant and Peter Martins a big, masculine partner for her. Among the many other soloists, those who took my eye particularly were Merrill Ashley and Susan Hendl. The evening ended with "Stars and Stripes," and although more jaded critics departed, I stayed on to see it, simply because I always enjoy it. The John Philip Sousa music is engaging, and the final pas de deux by Suki Schorer and Conrad Ludlow was well worth waiting for.

LAST Sunday night, the N.E.T. Opera Theatre broadcast over Channel 13 a new opera by Benjamin Britten written expressly for television and produced by members of the European Broadcasting Union. The opera, called "Owen Wingrave," after the story by Henry James on which it is based, is about a war resister—a young Englishman of a famous military family who refuses to fight, to the disgust of his family and his fiancée. Finally, the fiancée, thinking him a coward, dares him to sleep overnight in a haunted room where a former Wingrave general, enraged over his son's cowardice, killed him, and then himself died of mysterious causes. Owen takes the dare, and is discovered dead the next morning. The cast involved in this production is of the highest quality (Janet Baker as the fiancée, Benjamin Luxon as Owen, Peter Pears as his grandfather, Sylvia Fisher as his aunt, and Heather Harper as a Mrs. Coyle, his lone defender), and the scene—a forbidding old English mansion, full of family portraits and called Paramore—is convincingly designed by David Myerscough Jones. (The portraits, in particular, are wonderful, verging on caricature.) But I regret to say that the score is one of the weakest Britten has ever written. It is almost devoid of musical interest, and it turns what might have been a successful opera into a talky series of dialogues and concerted scenes accompanied by an atonal undercurrent. An opportunity for eloquence is lost, and what we have is a rather tedious play with unmemorable music. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

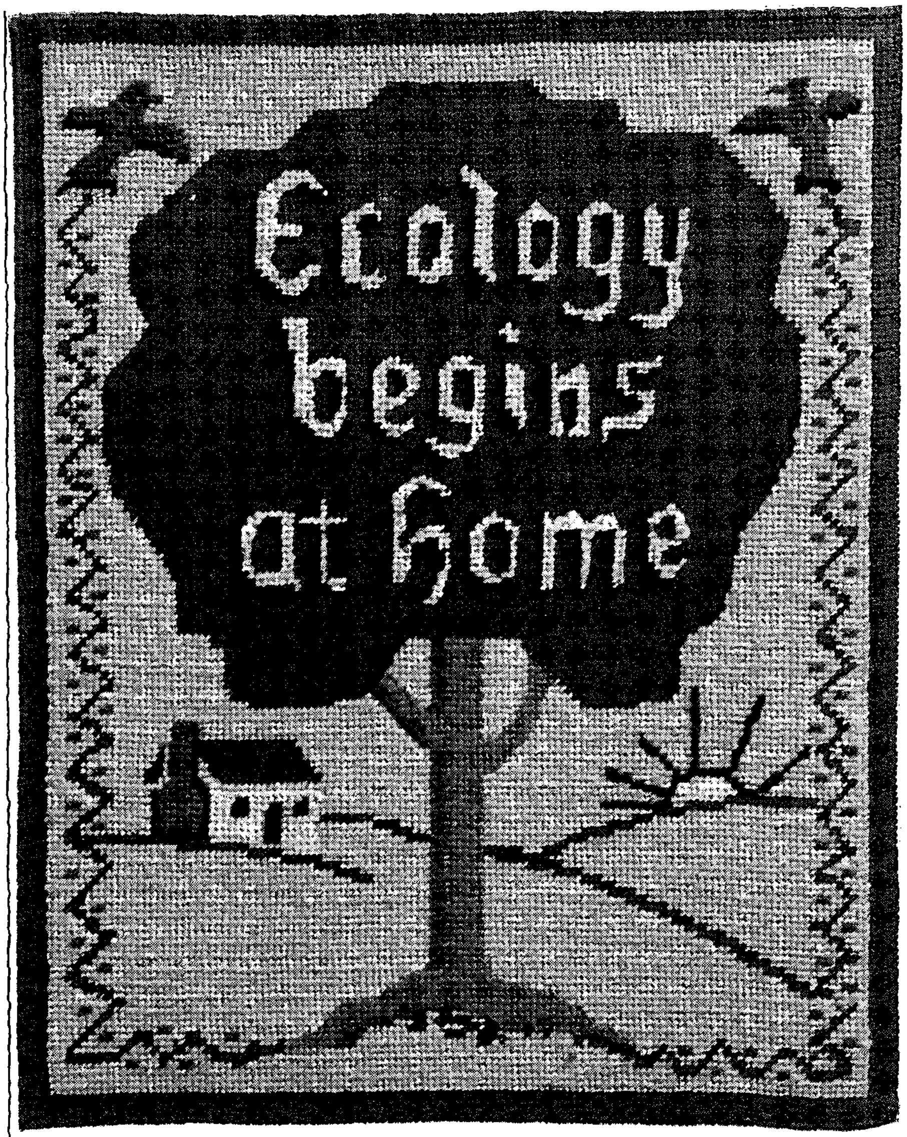
•

Is marriage less fattening than butter on bread or toast or in vegetables? (Miss K. M.)

ANS.—No.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

Next question.



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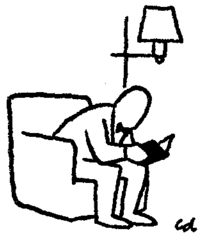
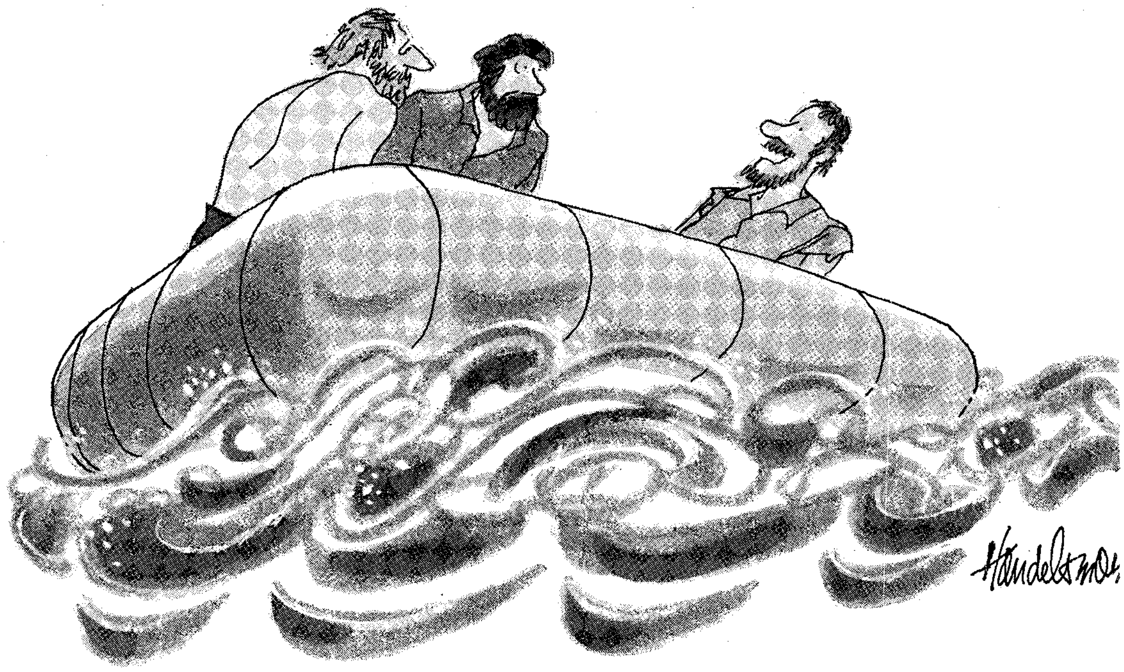


SOME time ago, the Committee on Science and Public Policy of our National Academy of Sciences began preparing a series of status reports to the public on the sciences. Reports on chemistry, physics, ground-based astronomy (as opposed to rocket astronomy), mathematics, and computer science have already been published. Apart from anything else, these reports are in a sense an acknowledgment of the debt American science owes to public support. The vast majority of all our basic research is federally financed. Even a small cut in funds can all but cripple many research programs, and during the last few years, when, in addition to cuts, the effects of inflation have not been met by compensating budgetary increases, the result has been nearly disastrous for a great number of scientific establishments. Young scientists have found it just about impossible to get jobs or funds for research, and a large proportion of them have simply abandoned the field, after years of training—often at government expense—that will now go to waste. Part of the diminution of support is, of course, the result of popular antagonism toward technology in general, and it is true that our environment *is* being horribly degraded by technology. But ignorance of cause and effect and simple antipathy will not restore it. It is very likely that the only tools we can use to restore it are the ones that are being, or will be, supplied by science.

The latest in the National Academy series of reports—the monumental "Biology and the Future of Man" (Oxford), which will shortly be issued in paperback, with a much needed index—deals in large measure with just this question: What has been happening to our environment and what can be done to reverse the trend? The book, in preparation for nearly four years, represents the combined work of about two hundred biologists. It has been edited by Philip Handler, president of the National Academy of Sciences and a distinguished biologist. To keep the price down—it is twelve-fifty, which is very low, considering that the book is over nine hundred pages long and is packed with charts, diagrams, and photographs—the authors have waived all royalties. Even more remarkable, they have resisted the temptation to festoon the book with references and with footnotes explaining who made which specific contribution. In general, the writing is excellent, and it is often even eloquent. Most readers will have some difficulty (as I did) with two early chapters—the ones that deal with the biochemistry of cells (molecular biology), for they are full of sentences like "The original *diploid zygote* nucleus will be heterozygous +/P, carrying both." Yet, as Dr. Handler says in his preface, "A general comprehension of these two chapters will markedly enhance and facilitate appreciation of many of the chapters which follow, but this is by no means imperative." He goes on, "We are confident that the reader who is uncomfortable with chemical detail will find much of interest and excitement throughout this work; he should feel free to browse as he pleases." I would put it even more strongly: "Biology and the Future of Man" is not merely a book; it is an opportunity to learn about what is perhaps the most interesting and exciting contemporary scientific discipline from the men who are at work in it and who have offered up their knowledge in a form that is exceptionally well suited to inform the public.

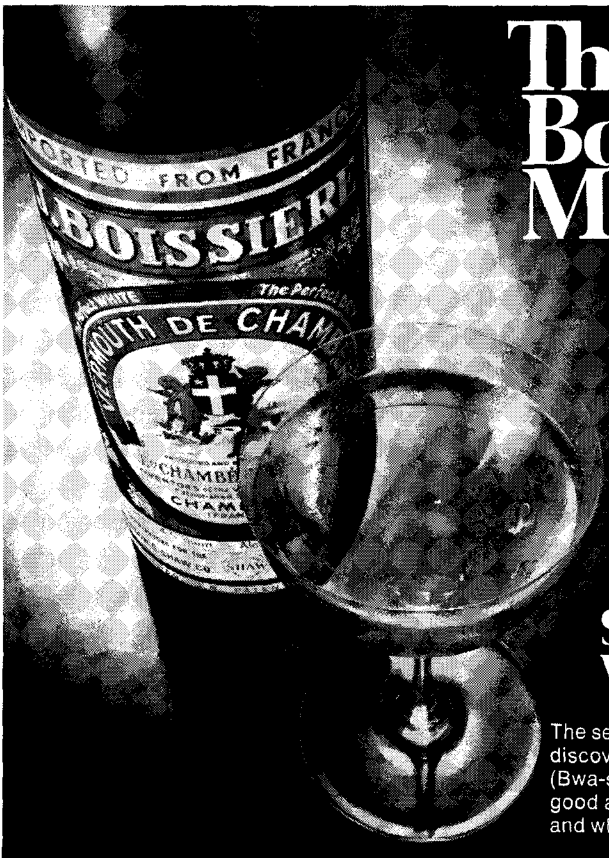
The book begins with a thorough description of the molecular units of life—cells, proteins, DNA, the viruses, and the like—the simplest elements of the biological universe. The variety of biological systems (living forms) is incredible. The authors of the chapter on "The Diversity of Life" note that "only he who studies it with great care can appreciate the magnitude of this organic diversity. Physicists deal with about fifty kinds of elementary particles. [With all due respect, I would put this number at closer to three hundred.] Three of these [the neutron, the proton, and the electron] combine to form just over a hundred different elements, and the number of naturally occurring simple molecules is a matter of a few thousand. In contrast, biologists estimate that five to ten million [million!] different species of organisms exist today, each differing significantly from its closest relative. . . . And yet currently living species are only a small fraction (far less than one per cent) of all the different kinds that have lived and died since life began on earth, some three or four billion years ago. The totality of biological diversity is almost incomprehensible to the hu-



"Hold on a minute! I didn't say I was in favor of cannibalism. I said I was in favor of capitalism."

man imagination." The authors also note that in the two centuries since Linnaeus about a million and a half species of organisms have been discovered and catalogued, and that ten thousand previously unknown species turn up and are described every year; at this rate, they say, it will take five hundred years to classify the remaining species that cohabit the earth with us. But many of these species are disappearing so rapidly that we will never know them. As the authors say, "The prospect of a planet populated exclusively by man and the few animal species he has domesticated is bleak indeed. How grim to think of a world without tigers, whales, condors, or redwoods!"

Marvellous as this diversity is, even more marvellous is the fact that the same chemical mechanisms, the same biochemistry, govern the functioning of all living things. All living things are composed of cells, the compact chemical units that contain the strands of DNA, the double helix on which the bits of information are stored that will make our descendants what they are. But no biologist would claim that he could predict exactly what sorts of species are still to evolve. We know that the cells of a sparrow contain DNA so organized that the offspring of sparrows is always a sparrow, but that would not have enabled us to predict in advance the evolutionary sequence that finally produced the sparrow. It is, I think, in this respect—the impossibility of prediction—that biology as a science differs most from other sciences, among them physics. In physics we study "equations of motion"—equations that tell us how certain structures are likely to appear at a future time if we feed into the equations as much information as is possible about how these structures appear now. But biological systems are too complicated to be described by such means. Biologists are beginning to discover in detail how things work, but they are still far from able to develop theories with, say, the predictive power of quantum mechanics. Perhaps this is why there are no theoretical biologists, the analogues of theoretical physicists. That is, there are no biologists who earn their livelihood purely by working out the mathematics of biology. In "Biology and the Future of Man" there is an excellent chapter on the uses of the computer in modern biology, but most of the instances cited seem removed from the heart of the matter. Why, for instance, don't cells continue to divide indefinitely? How do the dividing cells that heal a wound "know" that the wound has been healed and that



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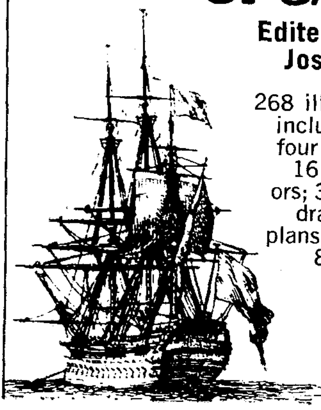

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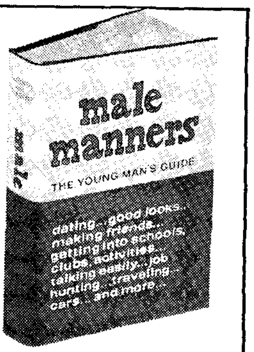

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the healing process must be turned off?

Much of the book is devoted to ecology and the environment. One is struck by how many environmental insults the human body is subject to. We are waging a constant war with viruses of all sorts, with radiation, with pollution. It seems a miracle that any of us continue to survive. The human animal has a wonderful series of defenses against many of these invaders. For the most part, the virus diseases cannot be cured by antibiotics, but the human system can manufacture a practically limitless number of antibodies—specific proteins that inhibit the function of specific viruses. Without this ability, the slightest infection of the common cold would be fatal. But by overpopulating the earth we are possibly stretching all of these defense mechanisms to their limit. Where whole families, or even several families, are crowded into one room, airborne or waterborne viral infections—cholera, tuberculosis—spread freely. If the population of this city were to double, the result would be disaster. In the chapter entitled "What Is Ecology?" the authors quote a prophetic poem by Coleridge:

> In Köln, a town of monks and
> bones,
> And pavements fanged with
> murderous stones
> And rags, and hags, and hideous
> wenches,
> I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
> All well defined, and separate
> stinks!
> Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers
> and sinks,
> The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne:
> But tell me, nymphs, what power
> divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river
> Rhine?

What power indeed! This marvellous book spells out in terms calm and clear that we are entering either one of the greatest of all human ages, in which biology will be at the service of man, or one of the darkest phases (perhaps the terminal phase) of human existence. Nature has never spared any species that do not meet the challenges of their environment. They simply disappear. Consider the final paragraph of "Biology and the Future of Man":

> Man's view of himself has undergone many changes. From a unique position in the universe, the Copernican revolution reduced him to an inhabitant of one of many planets. From a unique position among organisms, the Darwinian revolution assigned him a place among the millions of other species which evolved from one another. Yet, *Homo sapiens* has overcome the limitations of his origin. He controls the vast energies of the atomic nucleus, moves across his planet at speeds barely below escape velocity, and can escape when he so wills. He communicates with his fellows at the speed of light, extends the powers of his brain with those of the digital computer, and influences the numbers and genetic constitution of virtually all other living species. Now he can guide his own evolution. In him, Nature has reached beyond the hard regularities of physical phenomena. *Homo sapiens*, the creation of Nature, has transcended her. From a product of circumstances, he has risen to responsibility. At last, he is Man. May he behave so!

One can only hope that he may.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SMITH'S GAZELLE, by Lionel Davidson (Knopf). Mr. Davidson has invented for this entertaining fable a species of Palestinian gazelle that is believed by all competent authorities to have become extinct. He then produces a surviving handful of *Gazella smithii* and permits them to be glimpsed by an Israeli naturalist. One gazelle—a pregnant ewe—survives this sighting, and she is taken in hand by a dim-witted, God-addled, one-eyed, harelipped Arab shepherd, who delivers her in a secret ravine of a male and a female kid. From these, as the years go by, emerges a flock of dozens, scores, hundreds of *Gazella smithii*. Two boys—an Arab and an Israeli—appear on the scene, the Six-Day War breaks out, the now old Arab accepts God's will without complaint, and Mr. Davidson gives himself the pleasure of shaping it all into a lively examination of life and death and the nature of man.

THE WHITE DAWN, by James Houston (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The author's small, precise, beautiful drawings are the best part of this drearily sonorous novel about the adventures of three New England whaling men who first find joy and then find grief when they are lost from their ship and stranded among Eskimos. The first and last lines of the book are notes taken from the ship's log—"Tuesday, May 12, 1896," and "Tuesday, July 20, 1897." A Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

GENERAL

IMAGES AND SHADOWS: PART OF A LIFE, by Iris Origo (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). "Behind each biography," Iris Origo writes, "there should always be a rich treasury of unformulated knowledge, a tapestry that has not been unrolled." Her selective autobiography fulfills this requisite. Born with two gold spoons in her mouth, she divided her childhood among her paternal grandparents' Long Island estate, Westbrook; her maternal grandparents' Irish country house, Desart Court; and the Villa Medici, outside Fiesole, which her mother owned. Half of her book is a richly ruminated, lovingly detailed examination of the lives lived in the New York and Irish houses before she was born. The rest is highly civilized autobiography—growing up in Florence with a mercurial and self-centered mother, whose set included Berenson and Vernon Lee (but not Norman Douglas, Gordon Craig, or D. H. Lawrence, who "steered clear of villadom"), dancing at court balls at Buckingham Palace, coming out in New York the year Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" appeared, marrying an Italian, and settling down with him in Tuscany to revitalize a vast, sterile estate, which, forty-seven years later, is still her home. Mrs. Origo knows exactly what she wants to tell and how she wants to tell it. What she has chosen to unroll for us is a rich and beautiful work.

MAO'S GREAT REVOLUTION, by Robert S. Elegant (World). The author, who is now a foreign-affairs columnist for the Los Angeles *Times*, was until recently the chief of that newspaper's Hong Kong bureau, and this great big detailed study includes proof of his perceptiveness, for though it was written before the recent Sino-American ping-pong party, it suggests that something of the sort was likely to occur. Mr. Elegant starts his narrative in July, 1959, when Mao beat back an attempt to shelve him because his domestic policies (the Great Leap Forward) were ruining China's economy while his foreign policies (quarrelling with Russia and the United States) were asking for trouble. Although Mao won that round, Mr. Elegant says that his radical utopian policies were never enforced in the years that followed, since Communist functionaries found them impossible or impractical to execute. The thoughts of Chairman Mao were taken seriously in every place in the world except China, so the Chairman moved, in late 1965, to alter that state of affairs; he provoked a civil war that he lost. The

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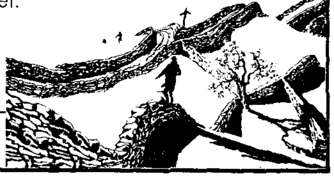

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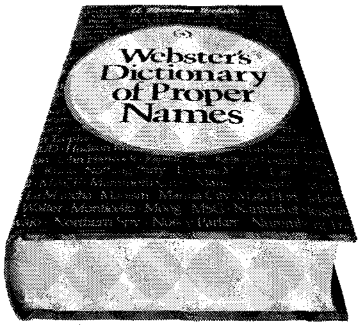

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conflict was costly in lives, in things, and in time. Mr. Elegant believes that moderation has won the day, yet he wonders whether the settlement has not made it harder for China to modernize. The greatest single problem of China has been the country's tendency to fall apart *economically*, and Mr. Elegant fears that the Chinese Communists, on the rebound from Mao's high-handed centralizing fantasies, may have accepted too much localism or regionalism for China's welfare. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE SOUTHERN STRATEGY, by Reg Murphy and Hal Gulliver (Scribners). The authors, who are editors on the Atlanta *Constitution*, concentrate not on the Southern strategy but on Southern politics, and particularly on Southern politics in November, 1970. Of this part, the story of how Lawton Chiles beat William Cramer, the odds-on favorite for a Senate seat, by *walking the entire* length of Florida and talking to people who had never met a politician before deserves a book in itself. As for the Southern strategy, the authors show that it was aimed not merely at winning control of Congress but at bringing the South into the Republican Party as a bloc. President Nixon could not have failed more thoroughly if he had sent Stokely Carmichael South to praise Abraham Lincoln. The result was the worst setback for the Republicans since Barry Goldwater—who originated the Southern strategy in his Presidential campaign—got buried under the Lyndon Johnson landslide. Throughout the South, Democratic candidates won with the help of black voters, and since the Southern strategy was anti-black, the authors are probably right in concluding that its failure "may be the most encouraging single comment possible on the political health of the South—and of the nation."

THE ENEMY: WHAT EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IMPERIALISM, by Felix Greene (Random House). Mr. Greene, an English journalist who lived for many years in the United States, has become a revolutionary of the Maoist variety. In this book, with few facts and much fervor, he tries to persuade us Americans to start a revolution as fast as we can. He argues that Christianity is a fraud, democracy is a sham, and force is not only necessary but wholesome. The work seems likely to convince only the convinced. Some passages are particularly implausible, such as when Mr. Greene says that writers and artists in Britain and the United States "often envy those who are working in socialist countries" or explains the distinction between "bourgeois" freedom and the "genuine" freedom preached and afforded by Mao Tse-tung.

SARAH SIDDONS: PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS, by Roger Manvell (Putnam). Acting, her husband, and her seven children were the life of this shy, hard-working woman, and for the early years of her career Mr. Manvell has chosen to tell of the world *around* her: the English theatre in the last half of the eighteenth century. Born Sarah Kemble, in 1755, the daughter of strolling players, and one of twelve children, most of whom went on the stage, she met and married her husband, who was in her parents' troupe. He had given up acting to be her business manager by the time she went to play for Garrick at Drury Lane. In middle age, Mrs. Siddons was separated from her husband, and her life became as wild as any melodrama she played in. Thomas Lawrence, the painter, falls in love with two of her sickly daughters because, Mr. Manvell suggests, he is really in love with her. She develops a passion for a young married fencing instructor and resolves to play Hamlet so he can teach her swordsmanship. His wife publishes an account of the affair, together with Mrs. Siddons' letters. Lawrence's beloveds die, and he paints her "by Lamplight, till 2 o'clock this morning," a scandalized contemporary records. In 1812, she retired from the stage, and until her death, in 1831, gave readings at teas in her house on Regent's Park. Mr. Manvell tells the story straight, without humor, but he succeeds in creating a portrait of an intelligent and emotional woman against an admirably researched backdrop of a dissolute and cynical age.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "John Is Easy to Please: Encounters with the Written and the Spoken Word," by Ved Mehta. There are six pieces in the book, and all of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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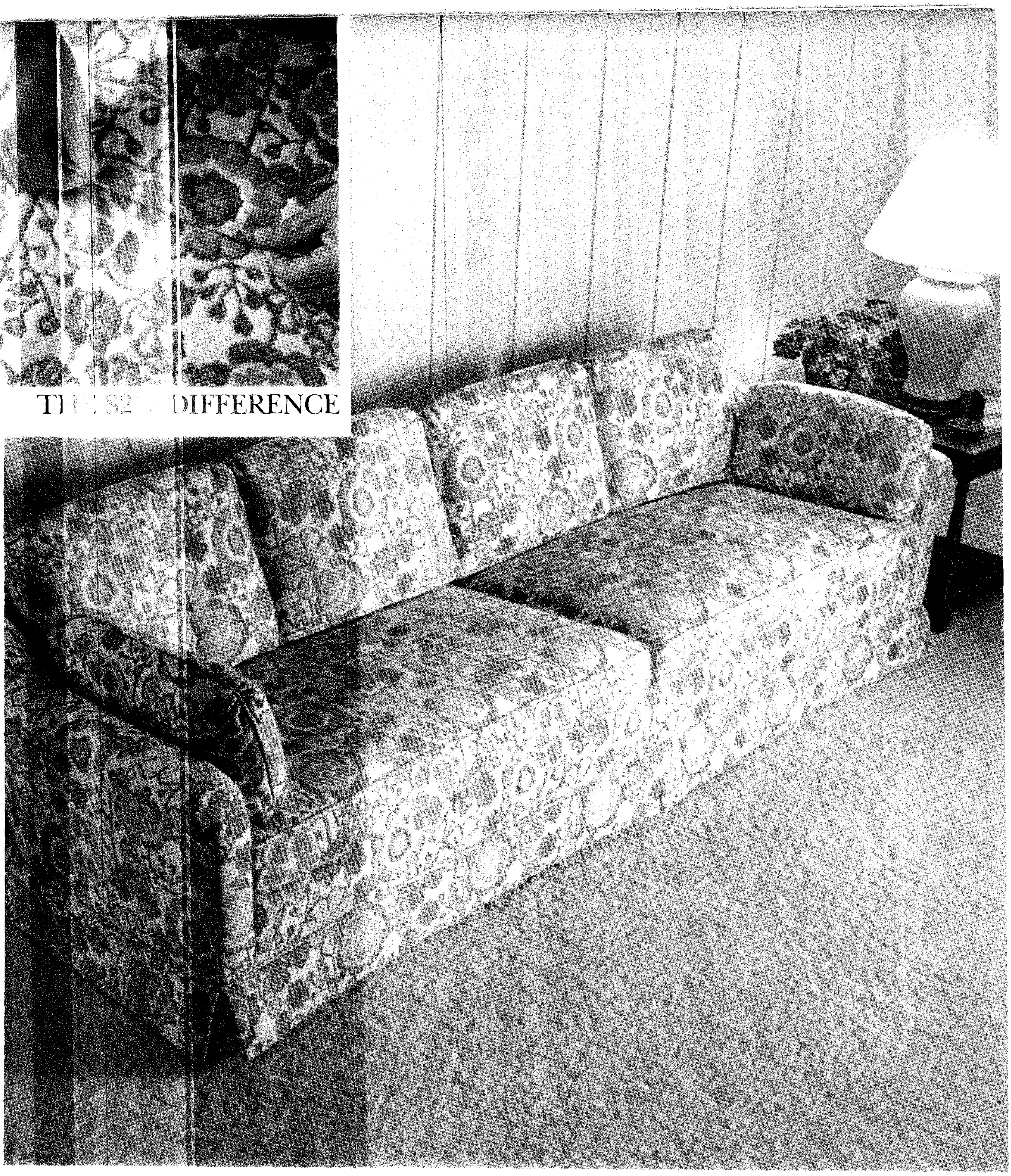
[*From the Washington Post*]

"We're just putty in the hands of circumstance, drifting in the tide," he said.



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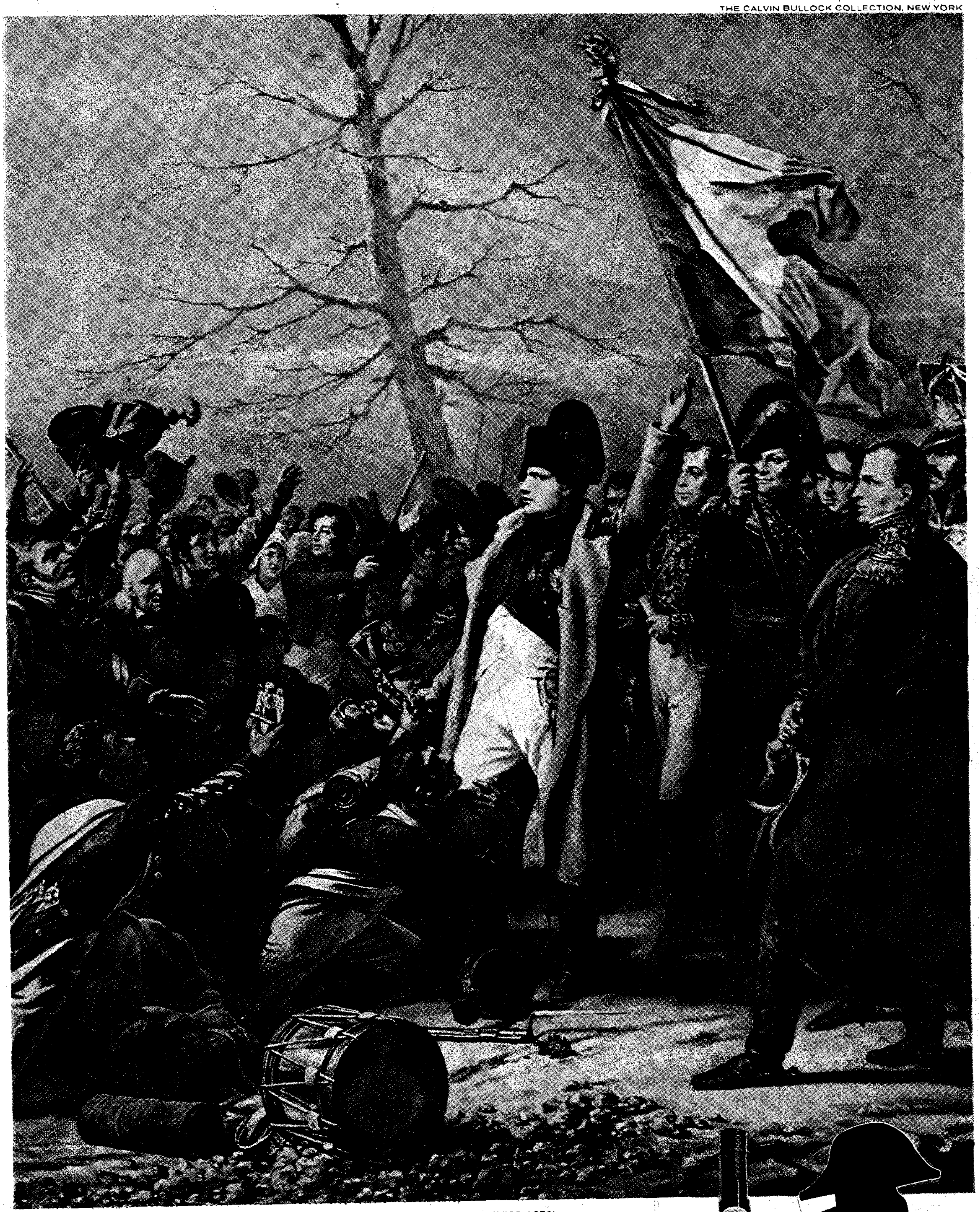

Retour de l'Ile d'Elbe Février 1815. Detail from the painting by Karl Steuben (1788-1856). Napoleon sailed from Elba on February 26th and nine days later reached Grenoble, where a garrison of troops marched out to stop him. Napoleon stepped forward: "If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, here I am." A pause, then "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from a thousand throats as his former troops knelt at his feet.

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